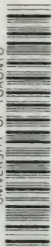


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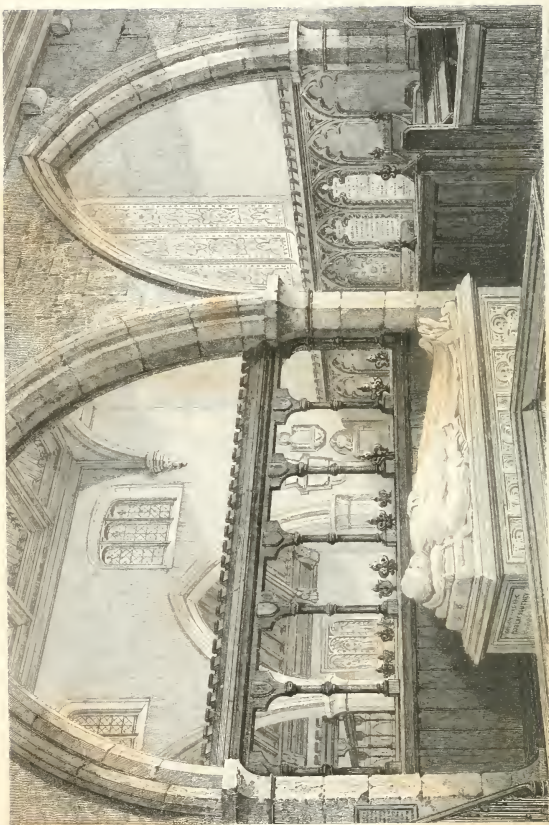


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1866

LETTERS & CORRESPONDENCE

1866

ROBERT SOUTHBY

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF

The East India College, Southby

1866

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THE
LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE
OF
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

EDITED BY HIS SON, THE
REV. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M.A.
CURATE OF PLUMBLAND, CUMBERLAND.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

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1850.

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THE
LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE
OF
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CHAPTER XXXII.

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HAVING now arrived at that portion of my father's life which comes within the immediate sphere of my

own recollections, I may be permitted to speak somewhat more familiarly than I have yet been enabled to do, both of himself personally and of the habits of his daily life. Being the youngest of all his children, I had not the privilege of knowing him in his best and most joyous years, nor of remembering Greta Hall when the happiness of its circle was unbroken. Much labour and anxiety, and many sorrows, had passed over him; and although his natural buoyancy of spirit had not departed, it was greatly subdued, and I chiefly remember its gradual diminution from year to year.

In appearance he was certainly a very striking looking person, and in early days he had by many been considered as almost the *beau idéal* of a poet. Mr. Cottle describes him at the age of twenty-two as "tall, dignified, possessing great suavity of manners, an eye piercing, a countenance full of genius, kindliness, and intelligence;" and he continues, "I had read so much of poetry, and sympathised so much with poets in all their eccentricities and vicissitudes, that to see before me the realisation of a character which in the abstract so much absorbed my regards, gave me a degree of satisfaction which it would be difficult to express." Eighteen years later Lord Byron calls him a prepossessing looking person, and, with his usual admixture of satire, says—"to have his head and shoulders I would almost have written his Sapphics;" and elsewhere he speaks of his appearance as "Epic," an expression which may be either a sneer or a compliment.

His forehead was very broad; his height was five feet eleven inches; his complexion rather dark,

the eyebrows large and arched, the eye well shaped and dark brown, the mouth somewhat prominent, muscular, and very variously expressive, the chin small in proportion to the upper features of his face. He always while in Keswick wore a cap in his walks, and partly from habit, partly from the make of his head and shoulders, we never thought he looked well or like himself in a hat. He was of a very spare frame, but of great activity, and not showing any appearance of a weak constitution.

My father's countenance, like his character, seems to have softened down from a certain wildness of expression to a more sober and thoughtful cast; and many thought him a handsomer man in age than in youth; his eye retaining always its brilliancy, and his countenance its play of expression.

The reader will remember his Republican independency when an under-graduate at Oxford, in rebelling against the supremacy of the College barber. Though he did not continue to let his hair hang down on his shoulders according to the whim of his youthful days, yet he always wore a greater quantity than is usual; and once on his arrival in town, Chantrey's first greetings to him were accompanied with an injunction to go and get his hair cut. When I first remember it, it was turning from a rich brown to the steel shade, whence it rapidly became almost snowy white, losing none of its remarkable thickness, and clustering in abundant curls over his massive brow.

For the following remarks on his general bearing and habits of conversation, I am indebted to a friend:—

“The characteristics of his manner, as of his appearance, were lightness and strength, an easy and happy composure as the accustomed mood, with much mobility at the same time, so that he could be readily excited into any degree of animation in discourse, speaking, if the subject moved him much, with extraordinary fire and force, though always in light, laconic sentences. When so moved, the fingers of his right hand often rested against his mouth and quivered through nervous susceptibility. But excitable as he was in conversation, he was never angry or irritable; nor can there be any greater mistake concerning him, than that into which some persons have fallen when they have inferred, from the fiery vehemence with which he could give utterance to moral anger in verse or prose, that he was personally ill-tempered or irascible. He was in truth a man whom it was hardly possible to quarrel with or offend personally and face to face; and in his writings, even on public subjects in which his feelings were strongly engaged, he will be observed to have always dealt tenderly with those whom he had once seen and spoken to, unless indeed personally and grossly assailed by them. He said of himself that he was tolerant of persons, though intolerant of opinions. But in oral intercourse the toleration of persons was so much the stronger, that the intolerance of opinions was not to be perceived; and indeed it was only in regard to opinions of a pernicious moral tendency that it was ever felt.

“He was averse from argumentation, and would commonly quit a subject when it was passing into

that shape, with a quiet and good-humoured indication of the view in which he rested. He talked most and with most interest about books, and about public affairs; less, indeed hardly at all, about the characters and qualities of men in private life. In the society of strangers or of acquaintances, he seemed to take more interest in the subjects spoken of than in the persons present, his manner being that of natural courtesy and general benevolence without distinction of individuals. Had there been some tincture of social vanity in him, perhaps he would have been brought into closer relations with those whom he met in society; but though invariably kind and careful of their feelings, he was indifferent to the manner in which they regarded him, or (as the phrase is) to his *effect* in society; and they might perhaps be conscious that the kindness they received was what flowed naturally and inevitably to all, that they had nothing to give in return which was of value to him, and that no individual relations were established.

“In conversation with intimate friends he would sometimes express, half humorously, a cordial commendation of some production of his own, knowing that with them he could afford it, and that to those who knew him well it was well known that there was no vanity in him. But such commendations, though light and humorous, were perfectly sincere; for he both possessed and cherished the power of finding enjoyment and satisfaction wherever it was to be found,—in his own books, in the books of his friends, and in all books whatsoever that were not morally tainted or absolutely barren.”

His course of life was the most regular and simple possible, and indeed in his routine he varied but little from the sketch he gave of it in 1806 (see Vol. III. p. 2.). When it is said that breakfast was at nine, after a little reading *, dinner at four, tea at six, supper at half-past nine, and the intervals filled up with reading or writing, except that he regularly walked between two and four, and took a short sleep before tea, the outline of his day during those long seasons when he was in full work will have been given. After supper, when the business of the day seemed to be over, though he generally took a book, he remained with his family, and was open to enter into conversation, to amuse and to be amused. It was on such times that the most pleasant fire-side chattings, and the most interesting stories came forth ; and, indeed, it was at such a time (though long before my day) that *The Doctor* was originated, as may be seen by the beginning of that work and the Preface to the New Edition. Notwithstanding that the very mention of “my glass of punch,” the one, temperate, never exceeded glass of punch, may be a stumbling block to some of my readers, I am constrained, by the very love of the perfect picture which the first lines of *The Doctor* convey of the conclusion of his evening, to transcribe them in this place. It was

* During the several years that he was partially employed upon the *Life of Dr. Bell*, he devoted two hours before breakfast to it in the summer and as much time as there was daylight for, during the winter months, that it might not interfere with the usual occupations of the day. In all this time, however, he made but little progress in it ; partly from the nature of the materials, partly from the want of sufficient interest in the subject.

written but for a few, otherwise The Doctor would have been no secret at all; but those few who knew him in his home will see his very look while they reperuse it, and will recall the well-known sound:—

“I was in the fourth night of the story of the Doctor and his horse, and had broken it off, not, like Scheherazade, because it was time to get up, but because it was time to go to bed. It was at thirty-five minutes after ten o'clock on the 20th of July, in the year of our Lord 1813. I finished my glass of punch, tinkled the spoon against its side, as if making music to my own meditations, and having fixed my eyes upon the Bhow Begum, who was sitting opposite to me at the head of her own table, I said, ‘It ought to be written in a book.’”

This scene took place at the table of the Bhow Begum *, but it may easily be transferred to his ordinary room, where he sat after supper in one corner, with the fire on his left hand and a small table on his right, looking on at his family circle in front of him.

I have said before, as indeed his own letters have abundantly shown, that he was a most thoroughly domestic man, in that his whole pleasure and happiness was centered in his home; but yet, from the course of his pursuits, his family necessarily saw but little of him. He could not, however he might wish it, join the summer evening walk, or make one of the circle round the winter hearth, or even spare time for conversation after the family meals (except during

* Miss Barker, the Senhora of earlier days, who was living at that time in a house close to Greta Hall. (See Vol. IV. p. 49.)

the brief space I have just been speaking of). Every day, every hour had its allotted employment; always were there engagements to publishers imperatively requiring punctual fulfilment; always the current expenses of a large household to take anxious thoughts for: he had no crops growing while he was idle. "My ways," he used to say, "are as broad as the king's highroad, and my means lie in an ink-stand."

Yet, notwithstanding the value which every moment of his time thus necessarily bore, unlike most literary men, he was never ruffled in the slightest degree by the interruptions of his family, even on the most trivial occasions; the book or the pen was ever laid down with a smile, and he was ready to answer any question, or to enter with youthful readiness into any temporary topic of amusement or interest.

In earlier years he spoke of himself as ill calculated for general society, from a habit of uttering single significant sentences, which, from being delivered without any qualifying clauses, bore more meaning upon their surface than he intended, and through which his real opinions and feelings were often misunderstood. This habit, as far as my own observation went, though it was sometimes apparent, he had materially checked in later life, and in large parties he was usually inclined to be silent, rarely joining in general conversation. But he was very different when with only one or two companions; and to those strangers, who came to him with letters of introduction, he was both extremely courteous in manner, and frank and pleasant in conversation, and

to his intimates no one could have been more wholly unreserved, more disposed to give and receive pleasure, or more ready to pour forth his vast stores of information upon almost every subject.

I might go on here and enter more at length into details of his personal character, but the task is too difficult a one, and is perhaps, after all, better left unattempted. A most intimate and highly valued friend of my father's, whom I wished to have supplied me with some passages on these points, remarks very justly, that "any portraiture of him, by the pen as by the pencil, will fall so far short both of the truth and the ideal which the readers of his poetry and his letters will have formed for themselves, that they would be worse than superfluous." And, indeed, perhaps I have already said too much. I cannot, however, resist quoting here some lines by the friend above alluded to, which describe admirably in brief my father's whole character: —

" Two friends
Lent me a further light, whose equal hate
On all unwholesome sentiment attends,
Nor whom may genius charm where heart infirm attends.

" In all things else contrarious were these two :
The one, a man upon whose laurelled brow
Grey hairs were growing ! glory ever new
Shall circle him in after years as now ;
For spent detraction may not disavow
The world of knowledge with the wit combined,
The elastic force no burthen e'er could bow,
The various talents and the single mind,
Which give him moral power and mastery o'er mankind.

" His sixty summers — what are they in truth ?
By Providence peculiarly blest,

With him the strong hilarity of youth
Abides, despite grey hairs, a constant guest.
His sun has veered a point towards the west,
But light as dawn his heart is glowing yet, —
That heart the simplest, gentlest, kindest, best,
Where truth and manly tenderness are met
With faith and heavenward hope, the suns that never set.” *

What further I will venture to say relates chiefly to the external circumstances of his life at Keswick.

His greatest relaxation was in a mountain excursion or a pic-nic by the side of one of the lakes, tarns, or streams; and these parties, of which he was the life and soul, will long live in the recollections of those who shared them. An excellent pedestrian (thinking little of a walk of twenty-five miles when upwards of sixty), he usually headed the “infantry” on these occasions, looking on those gentlemen as idle mortals who indulged in the luxury of a mountain pony; feeling very differently in the bracing air of Cumberland to what he did in Spain in 1800, when he delighted in being “gloriously lazy,” in “sitting sideways upon an ass,” and having even a boy to “propel” the burro (see Vol. II. p. 109.).

Upon first coming down to the Lakes he rather undervalued the pleasures of an al-fresco repast, preferring chairs and tables to the greensward of the mountains, or the moss-grown masses of rock by the lake shore; but these were probably the impressions of a cold wet summer, and having soon learnt thoroughly to appreciate these pleasures, he had his various chosen places which he thought it a sort

* Notes to Philip Van Artevelde; by Henry Taylor.

of duty annually to revisit. Of these I will name a few, as giving them perhaps an added interest to some future tourists. The summit of Skiddaw he regularly visited, often three or four times in a summer, but the view thence was not one he greatly admired. Sea-Fell and Helvellyn he ranked much higher, but on account of their distance did not often reach. Saddleback and Causey Pike, two mountains rarely ascended by tourists, were great favourites with him, and were the summits most frequently chosen for a grand expedition; and the two tarns upon Saddleback, Threlkeld and Bowscale tarns, were amongst the spots he thought most remarkable for grand and lonely beauty. This, too, was ground rendered more than commonly interesting, by having been the scenes of the childhood and early life of Clifford the Shepherd Lord. The rocky streams of Borrowdale, high up beyond Stone-thwaite and Seathwaite, were also places often visited, especially one beautiful spot, where the river makes a sharp bend at the foot of Eagle Crag. The pass of Honistar Crag, leading from Buttermere to Borrowdale, furnished a longer excursion, which was occasionally taken with a sort of rustic pomp in the rough market carts of the country, before the cars which are now so generally used had become common, or been permitted by their owners to travel that worst of all roads. Occasionally there were grand meetings with Mr. Wordsworth, and his family and friends, at Leatheswater (or Thirlmere), a point about half way between Keswick and Rydal; and here as many as fifty persons have sometimes met

together from both sides of the country. These were days of great enjoyment, not to be forgotten.

There was also an infinite variety of long walks, of which he could take advantage when opportunity served, without the preparation and trouble of a preconcerted expedition : several of these are alluded to in his Colloquies. The circuit formed by passing behind Barrow and Lodore to the vale of Watenlath, placed up high among the hills, with its own little lake and village, and the rugged path leading thence down to Borrowdale, was one of the walks he most admired. The beautiful vale of St. Johns, with its "Castle Rock" and picturesquely placed little church, was another favourite walk ; and there were a number of springs of unusual copiousness situated near what had been apparently a deserted, and now ruined village, where he used to take luncheon. The rocky bed of the little stream at the foot of Causey Pike was a spot he loved to rest at ; and the deep pools of the stream that flows down the adjoining valley of New Lands —

" Whose pure and chrysolite waters
Flow o'er a schistose bed,"

formed one of his favourite resorts for bathing.

Yet these excursions, although for a few years he still continued to enjoy them, began in later life to wear to him something of a melancholy aspect. So many friends were dead who had formerly shared them, and his own domestic losses were but too vividly called to mind with the remembrance of former days of enjoyment, the very grandeur of the scenery

around many of the chosen places, and the unchanging features of the "everlasting hills," brought back forcibly sad memories, and these parties became in time so painful that it was with difficulty he could be prevailed upon to join in them.

He concealed, indeed, as the reader has seen, beneath a reserved manner, a most acutely sensitive mind, and a warmth and kindness of feeling which was only understood by few, indeed, perhaps, not thoroughly by any. He said, speaking of the death of his uncle Mr. Hill, that one of the sources of consolation to him was the thought, that perhaps the departed might then be conscious how truly he had loved and honoured him; and I believe the depth of his affection and the warmth of his friendship was known to none but himself. On one particular point I remember his often regretting his constitutional bashfulness and reserve; and that was, because, added to his retired life and the nature of his pursuits, it prevented him from knowing anything of the persons among whom he lived. Long as he had resided at Keswick, I do not think there were twenty persons in the lower class whom he knew by sight; and though this was in some measure owing to a slight degree of short-sightedness which, contrary to what is usual, came on in later life, yet I have heard him often lament it as not being what he thought right; and after slightly returning the salutation of some passer by, he would again mechanically lift his cap as he heard some well-known name in reply to his inquiries, and look back with regret that the greeting had not been more cordial. With

those persons who were occasionally employed about the house he was most familiarly friendly, and these regarded him with a degree of affectionate reverence that could not be surpassed.

It may perhaps be expected by some readers that a more accurate account of my father's income should be given than has yet appeared ; but this is not an easy matter from its extreme variableness, and this it was that constituted a continual source of uneasiness both to others and to himself, rarely as he acknowledged it. A common error has been to speak of him as one to whom literature has been a mine of wealth. That his political opponents should do this is not so strange ; but even Charles Lamb, who if he had thought a little would hardly have written so rashly, says, in a letter to Bernard Barton recently published, that "Southey has made a fortune by book drudgery." What sort of a "fortune," that was which never once permitted him to have one year's income before hand, and compelled him almost always to forestall the profit of his new works, the reader may imagine.

His only certain source of income* was his pension, from which he received 145*l.*, and the Laureateship, which was 90*l.* : the larger portion of these two sums, however, went to the payment of his life-insurance, so that not more than 100*l.* could be calculated upon as available, and the Quarterly Review was therefore for many years his chief means of support. He received latterly 100*l.* for an article, and commonly furnished one for each number. What

* I speak of a period prior to his receiving his last pension, which was granted in 1835.

more was needful had to be made up by his other works, which as they were always published upon the terms of the publisher taking the risk and sharing the profits, produced him but little, considering the length of time they were often in preparation, and as he was constantly adding new purchases to his library, but little was to be reckoned upon this account. For the Peninsular War he received 1000*l.*, but the copyright remained the property of the publisher.

With regard to his mode of life, although it was as simple and inexpensive as possible, his expenditure was with difficulty kept within his income, though he had indeed a most faithful helpmate, who combined with a wise and careful economy a liberality equal to his own in any case of distress. One reason for this difficulty was, that considerable sums were, not now and then, but regularly, drawn from him by his less successful relatives.

The house which for so many years was his residence at Keswick, though well situated both for convenience and for beauty of prospect, was unattractive in external appearance, and to most families would have been an undesirable residence. Having originally been two houses, afterwards thrown together, it consisted of a good many small rooms, connected by long passages, all of which with great ingenuity he made available for holding books, with which indeed the house was lined from top to bottom. His own sitting-room, which was the largest in the house, was filled with the handsomest of them, arranged with much taste, according to his own fashion, with due regard to size, colour, and condition ;

and he used to contemplate these, his carefully accumulated and much prized treasures, with even more pleasure and pride than the greatest connoisseur his finest specimens of the old masters: and justly, for they were both the necessities and the luxuries of life to him; both the very instruments whereby he won, hardly enough, his daily bread, and the source of all his pleasures and recreations — the pride of his eyes and the joy of his heart.

His Spanish and Portuguese collection, which at one time was one of the best, if not itself the best to be found in the possession of any private individual, was the most highly prized portion of his library. It had been commenced by his uncle Mr. Hill, long prior to my father's first visit to Lisbon; and having originated in the love Mr. Hill himself had for the literature of those countries, it was carried forward with more ardour when he found that his nephew's taste and abilities were likely to turn it to good account. It comprised a considerable number of manuscripts, some of them copied by Mr. Hill from rare MSS. in private and convent libraries.

Many of these old books being in vellum or parchment bindings, he had taken much pains to render them ornamental portions of the furniture of his shelves. His brother Thomas was skilful in calligraphy; and by his assistance their backs were painted with some bright colour, and upon it the title placed lengthwise in large gold letters of the old English type. Any one who had visited his library will remember the tastefully arranged pyramids of these curious-looking books.

Another fancy of his was to have all those books of lesser value, which had become ragged and dirty, covered, or rather bound, in coloured cotton prints, for the sake of making them clean and respectable in their appearance, it being impossible to afford the cost of having so many put into better bindings.

Of this task his daughters, aided by any female friends who might be staying with them, were the performers; and not fewer than from 1200 to 1400 volumes were so bound by them at different times, filling completely one room, which he designated as the Cottonian library. With this work he was much interested and amused, as the ladies would often suit the pattern to the contents, clothing a Quaker work or a book of sermons in sober drab, poetry in some flowery design, and sometimes contriving a sly piece of satire at the contents of some well-known author by their choice of its covering. One considerable convenience attended this eccentric mode of binding, — the book became as well known by its dress as by its contents, and much more easily found.

With respect to his mode of acquiring and arranging the contents of a book, it was somewhat peculiar. He was as rapid a reader as could be conceived, having the power of perceiving by a glance down the page whether it contained anything which he was likely to make use of — a slip of paper lay on his desk, and was used as a marker, and with a slight pencilled S he would note the passage, put a reference on the paper, with some brief note of the subject, which he could transfer to his note-book, and in the course of a few hours he had classified and

arranged everything in the work which it was likely he would ever want. It was thus, with a remarkable memory (not so much for the facts or passages themselves, but for their existence and the authors that contained them), and with this kind of index, both to it and them, that he had at hand a command of materials for whatever subject he was employed upon, which has been truly said to be "unequalled."

Many of the choicest passages he would transcribe himself at odds and ends of times, or employ one of his family to transcribe for him; and these are the extracts which form his "Common Place Book," recently published; but those of less importance he had thus within reach in case he wished to avail himself of them. The quickness with which this was done was very remarkable. I have often known him receive a parcel of books one afternoon, and the next have found his mark throughout perhaps two or three different volumes: yet if a work took his attention particularly, he was not rapid in its perusal; and on some authors, such as the Old Divines, he "fed," as he expressed it, slowly and carefully, dwelling on the page and taking in its contents deeply and deliberately, — like an epicure with his "wine searching the subtle flavour."

His library at his death consisted of about 14,000 volumes; probably the largest number of books ever collected by a person of such limited means. Among these he found most of the materials for all he did, and almost all he wished to do; and though sometimes he lamented that his collection was not a larger one, it is probable that it was more to his advantage that

it was in some degree limited. As it was, he collected an infinitely greater quantity of materials for every subject he was employed upon than ever he made use of, and his published Notes give some idea, though an inadequate one, of the vast stores he thus accumulated.

On this subject he writes to his cousin Herbert Hill, at that time one of the librarians of the “ Bodleian ”: — “ When I was at the British Museum the other day, walking through the rooms with Carey, I felt that to have lived in that library, or in such a one, would have rendered me perfectly useless, even if it had not made me mad. The sight of such countless volumes made me feel how impossible it would be to pursue any subject through all the investigations into which it would lead me, and that therefore I should either lose myself in the vain pursuit, or give up in despair, and read for the future with no other object than that of immediate gratification. This was an additional reason for being thankful for my own lot, aware as I am that I am always tempted to pursue a train of inquiry too far.”

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

“ Keswick, Jan. 19. 1829.

“ My dear H. T.,

“ You are right in your opinion of the last scene in *Eleemon**, but it cannot be altered now, and I am

* This poem is entitled “ All for Love, or a Sinner well saved.”

not sure that it ever can, for the bond is there. When you read the original story, you will see how much it owes to the management of it; what was offensive I could remove, but there remained an essential part which I could neither dignify nor get rid of. All I could do was to prepare for treating it in part satirically, by concluding the interest in the penultimate canto, and making the reader aware that what remained was to be between the Bishop and the Arch Lord Chancellor. And after all, the poem is only a sportive exercise of art, an *extravaganza* or *capriccio* to amuse myself and others.

“ Dear H. T., however fast my thoughts may germinate and flower, my opinions have been of slow growth since I came to years of discretion; and since the age of forty they have undergone very little change; but increase of knowledge has tended to confirm them. My friends — those whom I call so — have never been the persons who have flattered me; if they had, they would not have held that place which they possess in my esteem.

“ The experiment of pauper colonies has been long enough in progress to satisfy such a man as Jacob of its success. Remember what a matter-of-fact man he is: all the travels which have fallen in my way agree with him.

“ I require a first outlay, from the money expended in workhouse and poor-rates. Feed the pauper while he builds his cottage, fences his allotment and digs his garden, as you feed him while he breaks stones or lives in idleness. You think of the plough, I of the spade; you of fields, I of gardens;

you of corn land, I of grass land: and I treat these measures not as substitutes for emigration, but as co-operatives with it; I want to increase potatoes and pigs as well as peasantry, who will increase whether pigs and potatoes do or do not. The land on which this is going on in Germany and Holland is worse than the worst of our wastes. The spade works wonders. God bless you!

R. SOUTHEY."

To the Rev. Neville White.

"Keswick, Jan. 20. 1829.

"My dear Neville,

"Among the other causes which have from day to days, and from days to weeks, and from weeks to months, put off the intention of writing to you, one has been the hope and expectation of hearing from you. Of you I heard an ugly story—that my head had fallen on yours*; in which accident I, as well as you, had a merciful escape, for if that bust had been your death, it would have left a life-long impression upon my spirits.

• • • • •
 "I am very much taken up with reviewing; without which, indeed, I should be in no comfortable situation; for the sale of my books in Longman's hands, where the old standers used to bring in about

* A bust of my father, which Mr. Neville White possessed, had fallen upon him, but fortunately without doing serious injury.

200*l.* a-year, has fallen almost to nothing: at their present movement, indeed, they would not set my account with him even before seven years' end. The Book of the Church, too, is at a dead stand-still; and for the *Vindiciæ*, that book never produced me so much as a single paper in the *Quarterly Review*. The *Foreign Review* enables me to keep pace with my expenditure; but the necessity of so doing allows far too little time for works on which I might more worthily be employed.

“Though I am not sanguine, like my brother Tom, and have no dreams of good fortune coming to me on one of the four winds, I have, God be praised, good health, good spirits, and goodwill to do whatever work is necessary to be done. Next month I trust you will receive a volume of poems, which I hope may have better fortune in Murray's hands than the *Tale of Paraguay* had in Longman's; for of that 1500 copies have not sold, nor are likely to sell. My *Colloquies*, also, will follow it, if they are not ready quite as soon. These will be read hereafter, whatever be their fortune now. I should tell you that Murray sent me an extra 50*l.* for my paper on the *Roman Catholic Question*.*

“My last paper in the *Foreign Review* was upon the *Expulsion of the Moriscoes*; a subject chosen because it was well timed, showing what dependence

* “You will have seen my paper upon the *Catholic Question* in the *Quarterly Review*, — very deficient, as every thing must be which is written upon the spur of the moment. There is so much more to be said which was not said for want of room, that if I thought it would avail anything I would have a pamphlet ready for the meeting of Parliament.” — *R. S. to J. R., Nov. 1, 1828.*

may be placed upon the most solemn engagements of any Roman Catholic Power. For the next I have promised a Life of Ignatius Loyola, and, for the Quarterly Review, a paper upon Surtees' History of Durham. In the forthcoming number I have an article upon Elementary Education and the new King's College.

“ Our best and kindest remembrances to all who are near and dear to you. Mine, in particular, to your excellent mother. I can hardly hope to see her again on earth, but assuredly we shall meet hereafter, and in joy; in the land where all things are *remembered*.

“ God bless you, my dear Neville !

Yours most affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To Mrs. Hodson.

“ Keswick, Feb. 10. 1829.

“ My dear Madam,

“ If it were true that misfortunes never come singly, it would be a merciful dispensation of them. I at least should choose (if there were the power of choosing) to have my sorrows come thick and three-fold, and my pleasures one by one; to drink of misery at a draught, however deep the bowl, but to sip of enjoyment, and taste its full flavour in every glass. The same post brought me the news from York*, and

* Of the burning of York Minster.

the King's speech, and I believe each would have weighed more heavily upon my spirits had it come separately, than both did together. Better a disturbed grief than a settled one. And, to confess the truth, the minster bore a larger part than the constitution, not only in our fireside talk, but in my solitary feelings; for the other evil is the more remediable one, and, moreover, Sir Robert Inglis had prepared me for it.

“ We have been betrayed by imbecility, pusillanimity, and irreligion. Our citadel would have been impregnable if it had been bravely defended; and these are times when it becomes a duty to perish rather than submit; for

‘ When the wicked have their day assign'd,
Then they who suffer bravely save mankind.’

If we have not learnt this from history, I know not what it can teach.

“ And now, you will ask, where do I look for comfort? Entirely to Providence. I should look to nothing but evil from the natural course of events, were they left to themselves; but Almighty Providence directs them, and my heart is at rest in that faith. The base policy which has been pursued may *possibly* delay the religious war in Ireland; possibly the ulcer may be skinned over, and we may be called on to rejoice for the cure while the bones are becoming carious. But there are great struggles which must be brought to an issue before we shall be truly at peace; between Infidelity and Religion, and be-

tween Popery and Protestantism. The latter battle must be fought in Ireland, and I would have it fought now : two or three years ago I would have prevented it. Fought it must be at last, and with great advantage to the enemy from the delay ; but the right cause will triumph at last.

“ About three years ago I wrote a paper in the *Quarterly Review* on Britton’s Cathedral Antiquities, and spoke then of the danger to which these edifices are always liable, in a manner that ought to entitle me, if I were but a little crazy, to set up for a prophet. God grant that other and more definite forefeelings may not be in like manner confirmed.

Believe me, my dear Madam,

Yours with sincere regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart.

“ Keswick, Feb. 22. 1829.

“ My dear Friend,

“ You need not be assured that I most heartily wish you success at Oxford, and that if I had a vote to give you I would take a much longer journey than that from Keswick to Oxford for the satisfaction of giving it. So would Wordsworth, who was with me yesterday, and entirely accords with us in our views of this momentous subject.

“ Some old moralist has said that misfortunes are blessings in disguise ; and I am trying to persuade myself that this turn of affairs, which upon every

principle of human prudence is to be condemned, may eventually verify the saying, and be directed by Providence to a happier end than could otherwise have been attained. We are now placed in somewhat like the same situation with regard to the Irish Catholics that we were thirty years ago to Buonaparte; and are yielding to them as we did to him at Amiens. Will the peace be concluded? and if so, will it last quite as long?

“The feeling of the country is so decidedly Protestant, that I verily believe a man with Pitt’s powers of elocution and Pitt’s courage in the House of Commons might do as he did with the Coalition. Our pieces are lost, but we are strong in pawns, and were there but one of them in a position to be queen’d we should win the game. But this would *now* be at the cost of a civil war; and this it is that constitutes the *gravamen* of the charge against Ministers. They took none of those measures which might have prevented this alternative; they suffered the danger to grow up, knowingly, wilfully, and I cannot but add *treacherously*; and now they make the extent of that danger their excuse for yielding to it. They have deceived their friends, and betrayed the constitution.

“Now any war is so dreadful a thing, that even when it becomes (as it may) a duty to choose it as the least of two evils, a good man in making such a choice must bid farewell for ever to all lightness of heart. There will be hours of misgiving for him, let his mind be ever so strong; and sleepless nights and miserable dreams when the thorns in his pillow

prevent him not from sleeping. This we shall be spared from. It is not our resistance to this pusillanimous surrender that will bring on the last appeal. It must be made at length; but under circumstances in which our consciousness will be that the course which we should have pursued from the beginning would have prevented it.

“This is our position. Let us now look at that in which Mr. Peel and his colleagues have placed themselves. They have pledged themselves to impose securities; the more violent Catholics have declared that they will submit to none: and the Bishop of London (who said he should be satisfied with the *minimum* of security) has said in Parliament that he can devise none. And here Phillpotts, who, I dare say, was honestly upon the quest, is at fault. The difficulties here may again break off the treaty, and in such a manner that those Emancipators who think securities necessary must come round, in which case as much may be gained by an accession of strength as has been lost by this pitiful confession of weakness. I am inclined to think that these preliminary difficulties will not be got over.

“But if the measure be passed, and the Protestant flag should be struck, and the enemy march in with flying colours, there may possibly be a sort of honeymoon session after the surrender. Then comes the second demand for despoiling the Irish Church, and the Catholic Association is renewed in greater strength, and upon much more formidable grounds. Meantime the Irish Protestants will lose heart, and great numbers will emigrate, flying while they can

from the wrath to come. Grief enough, and cause enough of fear, there will be for us in all this; but as to peace of mind, we should be in a Goshen of our own. And there is hope in the prospect; for all pretext of civil rights is then at an end. It becomes a religious claim leading at once to a religious war. The infidel party may still adhere to the Papists; their other partisans can no longer do so. And I think, also, that France is not so likely to take part in a war upon papal grounds, as in one which would be represented as a liberal cause.

“I know but one danger in the present state of things which might have shaken a constant mind; that arising from the great proportion of Irish Catholics in the army. The Protestant strength of Ireland was enough to counterpoise it. But if the Duke was affected by this danger, he will take means for lessening it before the crisis comes on.

“These are my speculations, partaking perhaps of the sunshine of a hopeful and cheerful disposition. Had I been intrusted with political power at this time, I would, upon the principle that we are to trust in Providence, but act according to the clear perception of duty, have resisted this concession even to blood. In this I differ from Blanco White. I am sorry to see the part which he is taking; but I am quite sure he has a single eye, and casts no sinister looks with it.

“God speed you, my dear friend, not in this contest alone, but in every thing. I wish you success the more, because it will be creditable to the University, — to the national character. The mass

of mankind, while we are what our institutions make us, *must* be time-servers. (The old Adam in our nature is less active than the old Serpent in our system of society.) When they shift with the wind they only change *professions*, not principles, upon questions which they understand imperfectly. But if I see a good majority of persons who have preferment to look for, either in the Church or the Law, voting according to their former convictions, when tergiversation is the order of the day, it will be a hopeful symptom, and serve in a small degree as a set-off against the mortification which individual cases of defection cannot but occasion at this time.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

My father's Paper on the Catholic Question in the Quarterly Review appears to have met with royal approbation, for the King expressed a wish that it should be printed in a separate form for more general circulation. This, however, Mr. Murray, apparently having more regard to profit than loyalty, would not consent to, saying that those who wished to read the article might purchase the number which contained it. But as it found favour with many persons, as might be expected, it was extremely unpalatable to those who held views of an opposite nature; and in a pamphlet upon the Roman Catholic claims by the Rev. Mr. Shannon, it was alluded to in very strong terms, and the writer further expressed his confident hopes that my father was not the author, because there was a spirit in it so "utterly inhuman" towards

Ireland and its Catholic population, and because, when in his company several times more than twenty years previously, he “remembered well the enthusiasm of his feelings in speaking of the wrongs and sufferings of Ireland, and the energy of language in which he expressed his ardent wishes for the restoration of Catholic rights* ;” and he went on to say,

* This passage was extracted in the Times newspaper with this remark :—“The Article against the Irish Roman Catholics and their claims, which appeared in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, has generally been ascribed to the pen of Dr. Southey ; we are not in the secret on such matters, nor do we think it of any consequence to settle the authorship of such a piece of acrimonious declamation ; but we allude to it for the purpose of introducing a note relative to the doctor from a convincing and able *Address to the Clergy on behalf of the Roman Catholic Claims*, just published by the Rev. Mr. Shannon of Edinburgh. As we take it for granted that the reverend gentleman is stating a fact, we must conclude, that if Dr. Southey be the author of the article in question, he has to add another inconsistency to that long list of tergiversations and conflicting professions which have occurred in his transition from the Jacobin leveller of altars and thrones to the loyal and high church Poet-Laureate, of which he ought to be reminded every year by receiving a copy of *Wat Tyler* along with the annual butt of sack.”

In consequence of this, a long letter was addressed to the editor of the Times by Mr. Henry Taylor, some portions of which I subjoin here as answering well both Mr. Shannon's charges and those of the Times' editor.

“Mr. Shannon has found in the article ‘an inhuman spirit towards the Irish.’ I have searched the article through, and I know not where in it Mr. Shannon could find a trace of such a spirit, or a pretext for his charge. At page 573. the writer speaks of the readiness with which the Irish would rebel for the sake of their religion. ‘In that faith,’ he says, ‘they would be ready to inflict or to endure any thing, to deserve the heaviest punishment that outraged humanity might demand, and offended justice exact, and, to undergo it with a fortitude which, arising from deluded conscience, excites compassion even more than it commands respect.’ If these are the feelings with which the writer would regard the Irish in rebellion, what are the measures by which he would keep them out of it ? ‘The Emperor Achar bore upon his signet this saying — “I never saw any one lost upon a straight road.” This is a straight road,—to restrain treason, to punish sedition, to disregard clamour, and by every possible means to better the condition of the Irish peasantry, who are not more miserably ignorant than they are miserably oppressed. Give them employment in

that "The generous warmth of indignant feeling may easily be supposed to abate in the cooler temper-

public works, bring the bogs into cultivation, facilitate for those who desire it the means of emigration. Extend the poor laws to Ireland; experience may teach us to guard against their abuse—they are benevolent, they are necessary, they are just. . . . Better their condition thus—educate the people, execute justice, and maintain peace. . . . Let every thing be done that can relieve the poor—everything that can improve their condition, physically, morally, intellectually, and religiously.'

"As far as human feelings and not political opinions are in question, I know not by what spirit Mr. Shannon would desire this writer to have been actuated, nor do I know by what spirit any writer could have been actuated who could find 'an inhuman spirit' in this.

"Surely Mr. Shannon might find it in his power to differ from Mr. Southey (as I do) on the Catholic question, without imputing to him malevolent feelings, corrupt motives, and an advocacy of gross oppressions. The difference is on a controvertible political question, to the advocates of which, on either side, injurious language is obviously misapplied; and at the same time that I am willing to give due credit to Mr. Shannon for his exertions in a cause to which I wish all success, I regret that he has been betrayed, in this instance, into a mode of proceeding which is no evidence of the abilities attributed to him, and which is, moreover, in more than one respect, rather inconsistent with the feelings of propriety which belong to his profession, and, I have no doubt (political zeal apart), to himself also.

"Mr. Southey has been, at all times, an enemy to oppression of all sorts. Mr. Shannon found him so in his conversations twenty-five years ago, and whether in his writings or in his discourse, to those who understand his views, he will never appear otherwise. True it is that at the present time Mr. Southey considers the nearest dangers of society to arise from a too rapid accession of power to the ill-instructed. A man acting under this conviction will naturally apply himself with more solicitude to exhibit to the people the benefits which they derive from existing institutions, than to detect for them their grievances. But, as in this article (if it be his), so in all his other writings, he never stints the language of reprobation, when there is real oppression to be written of. Men may differ from him as to the measures which may be applicable to our system of society; but if they see him aright, they will see him, in spirit and in purpose, as sincere a lover of liberty, and as indignantly opposed to injustice, as ever he was in his boyhood, when he thought that he saw a short way out of the evils of society.

"You, or the writer of your paragraph, have spoken of 'the long list of his tergiversations.' In so speaking you have joined the common cry of those enemies of Mr. Southey whom his political writings have raised up against him. The only fact which can be assumed as

ament of an advancing age; but it is impossible that the moral sense should undergo so complete a transformation, except from causes which are liable to suspicion."

This misrepresentation of a private conversation which had taken place so long ago, naturally surprised and annoyed exceedingly my father, and he wrote to Mr. Shannon on the first instant very courteously, saying, that he had no doubt he had persuaded himself that the statement was correct, but that it was altogether inaccurate in everything which would

a foundation for such charges is, that Mr. Southey held republican opinions in his very early youth, and that he changed them soon after he had arrived at man's estate. That he profited by the change is wholly false. And to suppose that any worldly considerations could have affected his opinions, or touched for a moment the sincerity of his mind, would seem to any one who knew him as absurd, as to suppose that Nelson wanted courage or that Sheridan wanted wit. When with the growth of his knowledge and understanding, his Utopian systems gave way, he attached himself to the constitution of his country, — and here 'the long list of his tergiversations' comes to an end.

"Mr. Southey is a public man, and you have a right to animadvert on the opinions of his which are or have been before the public, whether they come out in a way which is usual, or by the means of gentlemen who shall conceive themselves to have mastered them in two or three private conversations at Mr. Southey's table, and to be enabled to expound them now. You must allow me, however, to express regret that an editor, whose paper owes, I think, a part of its weight to the use of some little discrimination in the language of invective, should have suffered himself to join in a vulgar cry of inferior party writers, and to cast a reflection for what he can scarcely think to be matter of reproach. For the distinguished individual in question, men of ability ought to have at least one sort of respect, and all who know him must have every possible respect. I cannot help thinking, therefore, that you would have better prefaced your extract from Mr. Shannon's publication, if you had admonished him (with all due acknowledgment of his merits and exertions) that he would do well, in making towards a just end, to be just on the way, and to pursue liberality with a liberal feeling.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

H. T."

appear to him material; and he concluded by saying, that Mr. Shannon owed him a public acknowledgment for a public wrong.

This, however, Mr. Shannon was not inclined to make; and as he persisted in maintaining that his impression of what my father's opinions had been was correct, and that he had not committed any offence against the established usages of society in thus bringing forward his recollections of a private conversation, the correspondence assumed a somewhat angry tone. The following letter, which concluded it, I insert here, as giving pretty clearly a summary both of these circumstances and of my father's opinions respecting Ireland.

To the Rev. Richard Shannon.

Keswick, March 2. 1829.

"Sir,

"I thank you for your pamphlet; but I find that the extract from it in *The Times* is faithfully given, and I repeat that you have offered me a personal wrong, as unprovoked as it is unwarrantable. You have egregiously mistaken what my opinions were when we met. You have uncharitably misrepresented what they are now; and you have imputed to me suspicious motives for a change, which has no other existence than in your own erroneous recollections and intemperate judgment.

"If what you called the Catholic rights were touched upon in our table-talk, it is likely that a

subject which was not at that time prominent would be lightly dismissed, willing as we both were to dwell rather upon points of agreement than of difference. I remember distinctly our difference concerning the union with England, and no other. Nor do I suppose that we differ now upon anything else relating to Ireland, except upon the question whether concession to the Romanists is likely to remedy the evils of that poor country, or to aggravate them. On that question it is well known to all my friends that my views have never undergone any alteration; and they were formed and declared as early as the year 1801, when the question first came before me. For what possible motive could I have dissimulated them to you? I have never expressed an opinion which I did not hold; nor held one which I feared to express,—to maintain when I was persuaded that it was right, or to abandon if convinced that it was wrong.

“With regard to the Quarterly Review, I never will allow that any one has a right to call upon me individually respecting any composition (not of a personal character) which has not my name affixed to it. But I maintain every argument which is urged in that paper; I assent to every assertion which it contains; I hold every opinion which is advanced there. Elsewhere I have published arguments, assertions, and opinions of the same kind, bearing upon the same conclusion. And whosoever charges me with inhumanity for this, or affirms that it is designed to render the Irish objects of horror and execration, calumniates me. I have been used to misrepresenta-

tion and calumny, but I did not expect them, Sir, from you.

“It is a fair course of argument to assert that the miseries of Ireland were not caused by the laws which exclude the Roman Catholics from legislative power, and to infer that they cannot be remedied by the repeal of those laws; and the question is, whether those premises can be proved by historical facts, and that inference established by just reasoning. You cannot condemn the British Government more severely than I do, for having suffered the great body of the Irish people to remain to this day in as barbarous a state as the Scotch and the Welsh were till they were civilised, the first by their Kirk, the second by the laws. That the Irish have been thus barbarous from the earliest times may be learned by their own annals; that they are so still is proved at every assizes in that unhappy country, and almost in every newspaper. That they should be in this condition is the fault of their aristocracy, their landlords, and their priests, and the reproach of their rulers. But in what state of mind must that person be who accuses another of inhumanity, and holds him up as the enemy of the Irish nation, because he has asserted these truths!

“I could say more, Sir, were it not vain to address one whose sense of the usages of society is so perverse that he deems it no breach of honour and hospitality to bring old table-talk before the public for the purpose of depreciating me; whose prepossessions are so obstinate that rather than think it possible his own recollections, after more than twenty

years, may have deceived him, he will believe me guilty of deliberate falsehood: whose Christian charity is so little that because I think the Protestant Church establishments in England and Ireland will be endangered by admitting Roman Catholics into the legislature, he imputes suspicious motives to me, and accuses me of seeking to render the Irish people objects of horror and execration; and finally, whose notions of moral feeling are so curiously compounded that because these heinous charges are accompanied with some complimentary phrases to the injured person on the score of his talents, he is actually surprised that an indignant remonstrance should be expressed in a tone which he calls uncourteous! Finding it, therefore, in vain to expect from you a reparation of the wrong which you have offered, I shall take a near and fitting opportunity for publicly contradicting* your statement, and repelling your injurious charges and calumnious insinuations.

ROBERT SOUTHBY."

My father's convictions upon the subject of the admission of Roman Catholics into the legislature were most strongly rooted in his mind: he had indeed always held, that all rights should be conceded to them, and all restrictions removed in matters which had not a close relation to political power; but to invest them with that power he considered as the most perilous experiment that could by possibility

* This was done by a few brief remarks in the Preface to the *Colloquies with Sir Thomas More*.

be tried in a Protestant country. Deeply read in Roman Catholic history, and probably more fully acquainted with the principles and practices of that Church, as set forth by her own writers, than most of his contemporaries, he could not divest himself of the idea that her sincere members must necessarily be actuated by the same spirit as of old. He felt that if he were of that faith his whole heart and soul would be bent upon the overthrow of the Protestant Church, — that he would have striven to be a second Loyola; and believing one of the moving principles of the Roman Catholic religion to be that the end justified the means, he did not see how any securities that might be taken from members of that persuasion could be strong enough to overcome what he considered *ought* to be a paramount duty on their part.

Some of his friends, indeed, endeavoured to persuade him that Romanism would accommodate itself to the times if it were permitted to do so; but he could not be convinced of this; and he consequently viewed the passing of the Roman Catholic bill with very dark forebodings.

To George Ticknor, Esq.

“Keswick, March 17. 1829.

“My dear Sir,

“Mere shame has for some time withheld me from writing, till I could tell you that my *Colloquies*, which have so long been in the press, were on the

way to you. They will be so by the time this letter is half seas over. I am expecting by every post the concluding proofs; and you will receive with them a little volume consisting of two poems*, from the subjects of which (both are Romish legends), and perhaps a little from the manner also, you might suppose the writer was rejuvenescent. Both were, indeed, intended for some of our *Annuals*, which are now the mushrooms of literature; but the first in its progress far outgrew all reasonable limits for such a collection; and the latter was objected to because it might prevent the annual from selling in Roman Catholic circles,—an anecdote this which is but too characteristic of the times.

“Rejuvenescent, however, in a more important sense of the word, thank God, I am. When your consignment arrived at Keswick last summer, I was in London under Copeland the surgeon’s hands. By an operation which some years ago was one of the most serious in surgery, but which he (more than any other person) has rendered as safe as any operation can be, I have been effectually relieved from an infirmity which had afflicted me about twelve years, and which often rendered me incapable of walking half a mile. Now I am able to climb the mountains; and as then I was never without a sense of infirmity when I moved, I never walk now without a consciousness of the blessing that it is to have been thus rendered sound. This sort of second spring

* The titles of these were—“All for Love, or a Sinner well saved;” and “The Pilgrim to Compostella.”

prevents me from feeling the approach of age as I otherwise might do. Indeed Time lays his hand on me gently : I require a glass only for distant objects ; for work, my eyes serve me as well as ever they did ; and this is no slight blessing when most of my contemporaries have taken to spectacles.

“ Nevertheless I have mementos enough in myself and in those around me. The infant whom you saw in his basket, has now entered upon his eleventh year, and is making progress in Dutch and German as well as in Greek and Latin. The youngest of my remaining daughters has ceased to be a girl. She who was the flower of them (and never was there a fairer flower)—you will remember her—is in heaven ; and were it not for the sure hope we have in looking forward, I could not bear to look back.

“ This year, I trust, will see good progress made in *Oliver Newman*, the poem being so far advanced that it becomes an object to take it earnestly in hand and complete it. With us no poetry now obtains circulation except what is in the *Annals* ; these are the only books which are purchased for presents, and the chief sale which poetry used to have was of this kind. Here, however, we are overrun with imitative talent in all the fine arts, especially in fine literature ; and if it is not already the case with you, it will very soon be so. I can see some good in this : in one or two generations imitative talent will become so common, that it will not be mistaken, when it first manifests itself, for genius ; and it will then be cultivated rather as an embellishment for private life, than with aspiring views of

ambition. Much of that levelling is going on with us which no one can more heartily desire to promote than I do,—that which is produced by raising the lower classes. Booksellers and print-sellers find it worth while now to publish for a grade of customers which they deemed ten years ago beneath their consideration. Good must result from this in many ways; and could we but hope or dream of any thing like long peace, we might dream of seeing England in a state of intellectual culture and internal prosperity such as no country has ever before attained. But all the elements of discord are at work; and though I am one of the last men to despair, yet I have no hope of living to see the end of the troubles which must ere long break out,—the fruits of this agitated Catholic question, let it now take what course it may.

“Wordsworth has had a most dangerous fall, head-long, from his own mount, but providentially received no serious injury. He is looking old, but vigorous as ever both in mind and body. Remember me to all my Boston friends, and present my thanks to Mr. Norton for his edition of Mrs. Hemans's poems, which reached me safely. I was very sorry that he found me here in a crowd, in consequence of which I saw much less of him and his very agreeable companions than we all wished to have done.

“God bless you, my dear Sir!

Yours, with sincere regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

My father had given commission for a considerable number of books to the great “bibliopole” of Brussels, which were so long in making their appearance that Mr. Taylor had expressed some opinions derogatory to his qualities as a good and punctual bookseller, which called forth the following amusing letter in his defence.

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

“April 13. 1829.

“My dear H. T.,

“I must not let you think ill of Verbeyst. He had sundry books to provide for me, some of which are not easily found; for example, the continuators of Baronius, a set of Surius, and Colgar’s very rare Lives of the Irish Saints, without which I could not review O’Connor’s collection of the *Res Hibernicarum Script.* Last year, when he had collected these, his wife fell ill and died. *Bien des malheurs*, he says, he has had since he saw me, and that they had left him in a lethargic state, from which he is only beginning to recover. . . .

“You must not think ill of Verbeyst: he has the best stock of books I ever met with, and at the lowest prices. . . . No, H. T., if you had bought as many books of Verbeyst as I have, and had them in your eye (as they are now in mine), and had talked with him as much as I have done (and in as good French), and had drunk his Rhenish wine and his beer, which is not the best in the world because

there is, or was, as good at West Kennet, but than which there is not, never was, and never can be better;—no, H. T., if you remembered the beer, the wine, and the man himself, as I do, you would not and could not entertain even the shadow of an ill or an angry thought towards Verbeyst. Think ill of our fathers which are in the Row, think ill of John Murray, think ill of Colburn, think ill of the whole race of bibliopoles, except Verbeyst, who is always to be thought of with liking and respect.

“A joyful day it will be when the books come, and he promises them by the first ship,—perhaps it may be the second. But come they will at last, if wind and waters permit; and, if all be well, when they arrive I shall not envy any man’s happiness (were I given to envy) on that day.

“I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when he was about to eat cherries, that they might look the bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments, and, though I do not cast my cares away, I pack them in as little compass as I can, carry them as conveniently as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others. God bless you!

R. S.”

The next letter is out of place as to date, but, I think, so peculiarly in it as to subject, that I may be excused the anachronism.

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

“Oct. 8. 1829.

“My dear H. T.,

“I have been jumping for joy : Verbeyst has kept his word ; the bill of lading is in Longman’s hands, and by the time this reaches you I hope the vessel, with the books on board, may be in the river, and by this day month they will probably be here. Then shall I be happier than if his Majesty King George the Fourth were to give orders that I should be clothed in purple, and sleep upon gold, and have a chain about my neck, and sit next him because of my wisdom, and be called his cousin.

“Long live Verbeyst ! the best, though not the most expeditious of booksellers ; and may I, who am the most patient of customers, live long to deal with him. And may you and I live to go to the Low Countries again, that I may make Brussels in the way, and buy more of his books, and drink again of his Rhenish wine and of his strong beer, better than which Jacob von Artevelde never had at his own table, of his own brewing ; not even when he entertained King Edward and Queen Philippa at the christening. Would he have had such a son as Philip if he had been a water-drinker, or ever put swipes to his lips ? God bless you !

R. S.”

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

“April 14. 1829.

“The bookseller sent me the first volume of your unpublished series. Some things in it I wished away; with very many more you know how truly I must be delighted. Lucullus and Cæsar especially pleased me, as one of the most delightful of these conversations throughout.

“You will not suppose that I am one of the sudden converts to Catholic Emancipation. Those conversions have the ill effect of shaking all confidence in public men, and making more converts to parliamentary reform than ever could have been made by any other means. For myself, I look on almost as quietly at these things from Keswick as you do from Florence, having done my duty in opposing what I believe to be a most dangerous measure, and comforting myself with the belief that things will end better than if it had been in my power to have directed their course. I suppose the next movement of the Irish Catholics, when the next movement of the drama begins, will be put down by the Duke of Wellington with a high hand; but the ghost of the Catholic Question will be far more difficult to lay than the Question itself would have been: there will be a great emigration of Protestants from Ireland; the struggle will be for Catholic domination there, and we shall have the war upon a religious ground, not upon a civil pretext.

“We are likely to have Historians of the American

War on both sides of the water. Jared Sparks, who is to publish Washington's correspondence, came over to examine our state papers. In his search, and in that which took place in consequence of it, so much matter has been ferreted out that the Government wishes to tell its own story, and my pulse was felt; but I declined, upon the ground that others could perform the task as well, and that I have other objects which it was not likely that any other person would take up with the same good-will, and equal stock in hand to begin with.

“ My health, thank God, is good, and the operation I underwent last June has restored me to the free use of my strength in walking, a matter of no trifling importance for one who was born to go a-foot all the days of his life. I can now once more climb the mountains, and have a pleasant companion in my little boy, now in his eleventh year. Whatever may be his after fortunes, he will have had a happy childhood, and, thus far, a happy boyhood. The change which my death would make in his happiness, and in that of others, is the only thing which casts a cloud over my prospect towards eternity. I wish I could see you and your children; and I have a hope that this may yet be, though I know not when.

“ God bless you!

R. S.”

At the close of the last volume my father speaks of an intended visit to the Isle of Man in the following May, and all preparations were now made for this

excursion, which was, however, destined to be cut short by what seemed an untoward circumstance, though it did not prove so in its results. On arriving at Whitehaven we found some accident had occurred to the machinery of the steam-vessel in which we were to have crossed, and in consequence it was determined that we should fix ourselves for a time at some watering-place on the coast. Chancing, however, on our road to call at Netherhall, the seat of my father's old friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. Senhouse, he found him just recovering from an illness, and glad of the cheerful change my father's company afforded him; and our morning call was prolonged, by his hospitable pressure, to a five weeks' visit.

This led further to Mr. Senhouse being induced to remove with his family to Keswick for the latter part of the summer and the autumn, which he did for several successive years, and a great addition was thus made to the pleasant summer society there. Many were the morning excursions and evening dances held in consequence; and although my father was at no time a partaker of the latter, and occasionally looked grave at late hours, yet no one rejoiced more to see others enjoy themselves.

These were the best days of Keswick in my recollection: there were always parties of Oxford and Cambridge students passing the long vacation there, and with the resident society and the frequent presence of visitors, for some years our season was a very gay and joyous one. My father's occupations, however, though suffering some necessary interruptions, slackened little because of the idleness around him.

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

“ June 20. 1829.

“ My dear H. T.,

“ Here is a tit-bit of information to you respecting publishers and public taste. One of ——’s best novelists writes to me thus : ‘ You are not aware, perhaps, that my publisher employs supervisors, who strike out anything like dissertation, crying out ever for bustle and incident, the more thickly clustered the better. Novel readers, say these gentry, are impatient of anything else ; and they who have created this depraved appetite must continue to minister to it.’

“ I have been amused by reading in the Atlas that I resemble Leigh Hunt very much both in my handwriting and character, both being ‘ elegant *pragmatics*.’ A most queer fish, whose book and epistle will make you laugh when you come here next, calls me, in verse, ‘ a man of Helicon.’ ‘ Elegant Pragmatic ’ I think pleases me better.

“ I am now working at the Peninsular War. Canga Arguelles has published a volume of remarks upon the English histories of that war : it is in the main a jealous but just vindication of his countrymen against Napier. In my case he has denied one or two unimportant statements, for which my authorities are as good as his ; and pointed out scarcely any mistake except that of paper money, for stamps, in a case where the people burnt those of the intrusive government. I am not a little pleased to see that he has not discovered a single error of the slightest im-

portance ; but I am justly displeased that professedly writing to vindicate his countrymen against the injurious and calumniating representation of the English writers, he has not specially excepted me from such an imputation, as he ought in honesty to have done.

“ I am also in the last part of a queer poem for Allan Cunningham. The hay asthma keeps off and on with me, sometimes better sometimes worse, sometimes wholly suspended, and never much-to-be-complained of. As soon as my despatches are made up I shall set off with it, in the intention of bathing in the Greta, unless a shower should prevent me.

“ God bless you !

R. S.

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

“ July 8. 1829.

“ My dear H. T.,

“
I have no wish to see the Examiner.* What there is there proceeds either from the Elegant Pragmatic himself, or from Hazlitt, both of whom hate me, but have a sort of intellectual conscience which makes them respect me in spite of themselves. But it is evident that the constant hostility of newspapers and journals must act upon an author's reputation, like continued rain upon grass which is intended to be

* A review of the Colloquies had appeared in that paper, and Mr. Taylor had offered to send him the number that contained it.

cut for hay ; it beats it to the ground and ruins the harvest, though the root may remain unhurt. Booksellers, if they understood their own interest, ought to counteract this.

“ As for my readiness to admit any exculpation of the Spaniards, I shall not acknowledge any such bias, till I see that any writer has more distinctly perceived their manifold errors, or more plainly stated them.

“ Lockhart has sent me Doddridge's Correspondence to review : a pleasant and easy subject, though the first half volume, which is all I have read, is a most curious specimen of elaborate insipidity. From his youth Doddridge kept short-hand copies of all the letters which he wrote ! and the series begins in his nineteenth year, and anything so vapid, so totally devoid of easy and natural playfulness, I could hardly have conceived. Withal he was an excellently good man, and when I have read his works (to which I am an entire stranger at present, but I have sent to Lockhart for them), I may then perceive that he has deserved his reputation as a writer. At any rate, insipid materials may be made into a good dish by the help of suitable seasoning and sauces, and I like to deal with no subjects so well as those which I can play with.

“ Blackwood I have not seen.

“ I have the raw materials of more ballads ready to be worked out, and am about a prelude, which I think you will like, to the next. Allan offers 35*l*.

per sheet, which is good pay for light and pleasant work, and I retain the right of reprinting hereafter.

“ God bless you !

R. S.”

To John Rickman, Esq.

“ Keswick, July 9. 1829.

“ My dear R.,

“ Do you know anything of an association which began at Brighton about two years ago, and which Gooch writes me word from thence ‘is prospering splendidly considering the paucity of its means.’ It is a slip of Owenism grafted upon a sound common sense stock. ‘The whole principle is (Gooch *loquitur*) for a number to join to form a common property by small weekly subscriptions, which, instead of being vested in savings’ banks or benefit societies, is vested in business. They have already got a shop, a mackerel boat, and a garden of twenty-eight acres, all of which are prospering; so that the common property in capital accumulates in two ways, by the weekly subscriptions and by the profits of trade. In conducting these trades they employ their own members, and as they increase their trade they will employ more, till the whole number will be employed in the service: then the community will be complete, although scattered; but they hope, ultimately, to live together on their own land in a kind of village, like the Beguines of Ghent. The practice is spreading among the working classes in various parts of the

island, and seventy similar institutions have already been formed. The knowledge of it has been diffused by a weekly paper called the Co-operator, consisting of four pages, price one penny; it sells upwards of 12,000. I have drawn up (Gooch *loquitur*) an account of it for the Quarterly; but will the editor put it in?' Brighton is near enough to one of your haunts for you to inquire further into this, if it strikes you as it does me at this distance and Gooch upon the spot.

“ God bless you !

R. S.”

To the Rev. Nicholas Lightfoot.

“ Keswick, July 12. 1829.

“ My dear Lightfoot,

“ The very wish which you have expressed to me, that your sons should become acquainted with my kinsmen (who, though my first cousins, are of their generation, not of yours or mine), I had formed, and was thinking of expressing to you. I dearly love inherited attachments, and am never better pleased than when I see a likelihood of their striking root.

“ Your bishop (Dr. Philpotts) was at the head of the school when I entered it in its midway form, so there should be four or five years' difference in our age. Of course I well remember him, because of his station; but had he been in any other part of the school among the *οι πολλοι*, I should call him to

mind as distinctly by his profile as he does me by my name; though I do not suppose that a single word was ever exchanged between us.

“Whether the seed which I have scattered in my Colloquies will produce fruit in due season I perhaps may not live to see; but some of it appears to have taken root. Among the letters pertinent and impertinent which have reached me relating to it, there are two from strangers which show this. The one is from Sir Oswald Mosely, about the Church Methodists, entering into the views which I have expressed, and proposing to form an association for furthering their progress. Upon this subject I have declined giving him any opinion till I shall have seen Sadler the member for Newark, whom I have engaged to see at Lowther in the autumn, and who, I know, takes much interest in this attempt. The other relates to the scheme for directing the personal charity of females to hospitals rather than prisons; to the sick rather than to the profligate. This is from Mr. Hornby, the Rector of Winwick, who had before hinted at such a thing in a sermon preached upon the opening of the Liverpool Infirmary, and who now offers his purse and his personal exertions to promote it. You will readily suppose that I am gratified by this. But I have neither time nor inclination, nor talents to take upon myself any part in forming such societies. If the voice of one crying in the mountains is heard, all that I am capable of doing is done.

.

“One way in which I feel the effect of time is that I

neither walk so fast as formerly nor willingly so far, and that I have sometimes a sense of weakness, which is, no doubt, as a memento that I shall presently be an old man. And yet I hope to have some pleasant days with you upon the lakes and the mountains yet. God bless you, my dear old friend!

Yours most affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY."

To Allan Cunningham.

"Keswick, July 23. 1829.

"My dear Allan,

"I have read your first volume, and with very great pleasure. You need not ask any one how biography ought to be written. A man with a clear head, a good heart, and an honest understanding will always write well; it is owing either to a muddy head, an evil heart, or a sophisticated intellect that men write badly, and sin either against reason, or goodness, or sincerity.

"There may be secrets in painting, but there are none in style. When I have been asked the foolish question, what a young man should do who wishes to acquire a good style, my answer has been that he should never think about it; but say what he has to say as perspicuously as he can, and as briefly as he can, and then the style will take care of itself.

"Were you to leave nothing but these Lives, you need not doubt of obtaining the remembrance which you court and desire.

“I wish I could tell you any thing which might be found useful in your succeeding volumes. I knew Barry, and have been admitted into his den in his worst (that is to say, his maddest) days, when he was employed upon his Pandora. He wore at that time an old coat of green baize, but from which time had taken all the green that incrustations of paint and dirt had not covered. His wig was one which you might suppose he had borrowed from a scarecrow; all round it there projected a fringe of his own grey hair. He lived alone, in a house which was never cleaned; and he slept on a bedstead with no other furniture than a blanket nailed on the one side. I wanted him to visit me. ‘No,’ he said, ‘he would not go out by day, because he could not spare time from his great picture; and if he went out in the evening the Academicians would waylay him and murder him.’ In this solitary, sullen life he continued till he fell ill, very probably for want of food sufficiently nourishing; and after lying two or three days under his blanket, he had just strength enough left to crawl to his own door, open it, and lay himself down with a paper in his hand, on which he had written his wish to be carried to the house of Mr. Carlisle (Sir Anthony) in Soho Square. There he was taken care of; and the danger from which he had thus escaped seems to have cured his mental hallucinations. He cast his slough afterwards; appeared decently drest and in his own grey hair, and mixed in such society as he liked.

“I should have told you that, a little before his illness, he had with much persuasion been induced to

pass a night at some person's house in the country. When he came down to breakfast the next morning, and was asked how he had rested, he said remarkably well; he had not slept in sheets for many years, and really he thought it was a very comfortable thing.

“He interlarded his conversation with oaths as expletives, but it was pleasant to converse with him; there was a frankness and animation about him which won good will as much as his vigorous intellect commanded respect.

“There is a story of his having refused to paint portraits, and saying, in answer to applications, that there was a man in Leicester Square who did. But this he said was false; for that he would at any time have painted portraits, and have been glad to paint them. God bless you!

Yours very truly,
R. S.”

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

“Keswick, Aug. 6. 1829.

“My dear H. T.,

“I have declined a proposal from Fraser to write a popular history of English literature, *à-la-mode* Murray's Family Library; in four volumes. Because, in the first place, it cannot be prudent to engage in schemes where, besides author and bookseller, there is a certain middle man, or undertaker, to have his portion of the profits: secondly, because I hope to execute such a work upon a fitting scale, and in a

manner correspondent to the subject: and lastly, because I will clean my hands of all existing engagements and projects before I admit even a thought of any thing new, except in the way of mere recreation.

“Lockhart tells me my paper upon Portugal has had the rare fortune of pleasing all parties: I looked at it therefore to find out what there was wrong in it, but I could not discover. He asks for a similar paper upon Spain, but cannot have it; because much that is true of the one country is true of the other, and because I am not so thoroughly acquainted with the subject. Concerning Portugal no other foreigner can know so much; concerning Spain many may know more.

“It is well for me that I like reviewing well enough to feel nothing irksome in the employment; but as life shortens on me I cannot help sometimes regretting that so large a share of the little which is left, must continue so to be employed, till the last.

“When are you coming? we talk of you and wish for you every day.

“You think me easily pleased with people. Perhaps no one tolerates them more easily; but I am not often contented, in the full sense of that term, any more with men than with books. In both I am thankful for the good that is mixed with ill; but there are few of either which I like well enough to take to my heart and incorporate them, as it were, with it.

“ But I must go on with the Life of Loyola, so
God bless you !

R. S.”

To Dr. Gooch.

“ Keswick, Aug. 8. 1829.

“ My dear Gooch,

“ If your letter had contained a pleasanter account of your own convalescence, it would have been one of the most agreeable that I ever received. There is zeal enough in the world and good will enough to do all the work which is wanted if they can but be rightly directed. It is neither a natural nor a fit state of things that there should be more zeal and activity on the wrong side than the right.

“ I believe, as you do, that great and permanent good may be effected by colonisation, by cultivating waste lands, and by co-operative societies. There will be difficulties in these latter, when the question arises where the limits of private property are to be fixed. In every Utopian romance which has fallen in my way a despotism of laws, as strict as any military discipline, is always part of the scheme.

“ Such a man as is wanted in Parliament I think we shall find in Sadler, whom I am to meet in the course of next month at Lowther. I have to talk about Church Methodism with him ; the first time I ever heard his name was in connection with that subject, as being the person on whose countenance and support the prime mover (Mark Robinson of

Beverley) most counted. Sir Oswald Mosely has been moved by my Colloquies to consult me about the fitness of forming a lay association for promoting this scheme ; in my reply I deferred answering that question till I should have conversed with Sadler. I will talk to him also about the co-operation and the poor. We have ground on which to fix our levers, and strong arms with which to work them.

“As for the political economists, no words can express the thorough contempt which I feel for them. They discard all moral considerations from their philosophy, and in their practice they have no compassion for flesh and blood.

“I am writing a life of Ignatius Loyola for the Christmas number of the Foreign Review. The last number has not reached me, and of its contributors I only know that an Edinburgh person, by name Carlisle, has written the most striking ones upon German literature, and that the paper upon Klopstock is by a young man whom I introduced to it, whose name is Heraud,—a man of extraordinary powers, and not less extraordinary industry and ardour ; he seems capable of learning any thing, except how to check his own exuberance in verse.

“God bless you, my dear Gooch ! With hands fuller than I could wish them, and with a head fuller than my hands, and perhaps a heart fuller than my head, I must leave books and papers to go pic-nic-ing upon the hills, where I wish you could be with us.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.”

To the Rev. Neville White.

“ Keswick, Aug. 21. 1829.

“ My dear Neville,

“ I am very glad that you have got through your degrees, and in a way to satisfy yourself as well as others, which in your case (contrary to most other cases) was the more difficult thing. Set your heart now at rest with the certain knowledge that you have taken more pains to qualify yourself for your profession than most members of it who have entered it in the ordinary course of education for that purpose. One great evil of our church is, that men are ordained at too early an age. How it could be otherwise I do not know in our state of society, but of this I am very sure, that at such an age it must be by rare circumstances that either the heart or understanding are ripe for such a charge.

“ You will have perceived that in those Colloquies I have been careful not to offend those whom I endeavoured to impress, and that I have sometimes rather pointed at a wound than probed it. Prudence required this. Some effect the book is producing, for it has drawn on some correspondence respecting Sisters of Charity and Church Methodists, and will in all likelihood cost me in this way more time than I can well afford.

“ As for the sale of the book I know nothing, which no knowledge is proof sufficient that it has not as yet been great. Nor indeed is it likely to be. But I am satisfied with myself for having written it,

and believe that in due time it will bring forth fruit after its kind; setting many persons to think, some, I should expect, to feel, and some few, I should hope, to act.

“This has been hastily written amid much interruption; and I must now conclude, with our best remembrances to your fireside (for I conclude you have a fire) and my more especial ones to your good mother, who, if we looked at things as we ought, should be considered now as one of the happiest of human beings, sure as she is of her reward, and near it. I thank God for many things, and for nothing more than that he has enabled me to look onward to death with desire rather than with dread.

“God bless you, my dear Neville!

Yours most affectionately,

R. S.”

In consequence of the subject of Female Hospital Nurses and Church Methodism having been touched upon in the “Colloquies,” my father had been led into a correspondence with the Rev. J. Hornby of Winwick, who took a lively and active interest in both these subjects. The following is the only letter of my father to Mr. Hornby which has been preserved.

To the Rev. J. J. Hornby.

“Keswick, Aug. 27. 1829.

“Dear Sir,

“It is long since anything has given me so much pleasure as your letter. You have looked at the

subject in all its hopeful bearings with the true spirit of Christian philosophy.

“When I received the first communication concerning Church Methodism from Mark Robinson (in February 1824), I thought it of sufficient importance to send a copy to the present Primate, with whom I had personal acquaintance enough to authorise me in so doing. I did not let Robinson know this, because it would have been giving myself a false appearance of consequence in his eyes, — would have been taking upon myself more than I had any right or reason to do; and might also have raised vain expectations in him. In my letters to him, then and afterwards, I could do nothing more than express hearty wishes for the success of what appeared to me a most desirable attempt.

“The answer which I received from Fulham was in these words. [See letter from the Bishop of London, Vol. V. p. 165.]

“It seemed to me at the time that the Bishop of London supposed these seceding Methodists to ask for more than they actually did, that they required nothing like a formal treaty, but merely to have their offered services accepted and countenanced. I thought also that there could be little danger in this case, from the description of clergy to which he alluded; because, such among them as hold Calvinistic doctrines (and these are the only dangerous ones), would not be likely to co-operate with Wesleyan Methodists.

“Robinson told me that Archdeacon Wrangham favoured his views: and he counted also, through

his means, upon the good wishes of the Archbishop of York. He tried to effect a union with the Irish Church Methodists, and some of their preachers came over in consequence; but this attempt failed. And I know nothing more of the connection which he was endeavouring to form. I read, indeed, sundry pamphlets, which related mainly to personal disputes, the sort of matter into which such things easily degenerate: and I made inquiries concerning Robinson's character, which were satisfactorily answered. When I see Mr. Sadler I shall no doubt be able to obtain full information.

“You and I are perfectly agreed in this, that without some such assistance from without, as well as strenuous exertions within, the Church Establishment of this kingdom cannot hold its place. The Dissenting minister has his subordinate helpers everywhere, the clergyman acts alone. Would I could persuade myself that even with such assistance the overthrow of the Establishment might be averted! But no better means of strengthening it can now be devised, and no likelier ones of preparing the way for its eventual restoration; if, as I too surely fear, this generation should not pass away without seeing it as prostrate as it was in the Great Rebellion.

“You say that you would not ministerially co-operate in any plan of this kind which was disapproved by those to whom ministerial deference and subordination are due. This, of course, I should have expected from you; and, indeed, if the scheme were pursued upon any other principle, it could end

only as Methodism has ended, in producing another schism. In the movers and promoters of such a scheme there is too much probability of meeting either with much zeal, or too little, — with fervent sincerity untempered by discretion, or with mere worldly wisdom, — with wild enthusiasts, or with men who look to it only as a politic expedient for supporting a Church which it is their interest to uphold, which they plainly perceive to be in danger, and which they suppose to be even weaker than it is, because they are conscious that they themselves have none of the spirit whereby alone it can be preserved. I know not whether there is more danger from the hot head or the cold heart, but I know which is to be regarded with most dislike. No good work, however, upon any great scale has ever been undertaken in which fanatics and formalists have not thrust themselves forward to make and to mar. Both must be counted on; and if the work go forward with a blessing upon its purpose, both will be made useful.

“You would not concur in any plan the object of which was to create schism in the body of the Methodists. Neither would I bestow a thought upon any such object. But Methodism is already torn by schisms; the specific schism which a mere politic churchman would have wished to bring about, has been made, and in that schism the only organised Methodists are to be found with whom we could co-operate, or who would co-operate with us. For the Revivalists and Ranters are out of the question; and the Conference have something to lose by such co-operation, and nothing to gain by it. The Conference

would not give up its system of confession, even if it were to concede matters less demonstrably mischievous. It would not allow you to be rector in your own parish, nor the bishop to be bishop in his own diocese. Its ministers would stand upon their privileges, preach during the hours of Church service, and administer the sacrament. Instead of assisting you to feed your flock, their aim would be to collect as many of your sheep as they could into their own fold.

“But the Church Methodists, if they are true to their own professions, would be just such auxiliaries as are wanted. The scheme, as relating to any single parish, should seem not to be difficult with their help; they would bring whatever is good in the Wesleyan discipline, rejecting its watch-nights and its confessions; they would act as catechists when parents are unable to perform that duty in their own families; and by their meetings and their local preachers, they would introduce and keep up devotional habits. Much may be done in this way. But for the work of startling the sinner and making the deaf hear, I think that in most places the aid of itinerant preachers will be wanted; and when we come to itinerancy, we come upon the difficulties and some of the dangers of organising, supporting, and governing such a class of men. Yet these are the men who can ‘create a soul under the ribs of Death,’ these are the firemen who seem to be in their proper element when they are breathing amid flames and smoke; whom practice has rendered as it were fire-proof, and who are thus enabled to snatch brands

from the burning. I know not whether any such men have as yet appeared among the Church Methodists; but when work of this kind is to be done, the supply of labourers seldom fails of being equal to the demand.

“In any parish where a society were once methodized, it might be possible to engraft upon their discipline a plan of looking after the sick for the purpose of administering to their bodily necessities. Women might be found to take upon themselves, if not, like the Beguines, the charge of nursing, yet of assisting in, and in some degree superintending it, avoiding, however, any perilous exposure of themselves, and thereby their own families, to infection; for by such exposure the probable evil that may be incurred exceeds the good that can possibly be done.

“There is some hope also (though fainter), that Methodism, thus regulated and kept in subordination, may be rendered useful in another way. The Co-operative societies are spreading, and must spread. I believe that their principle will act upon the whole foundation of society, with a force like that of crystallization. And every society which is formed into a little community of its own, will surely be withdrawn from the national Church, unless by some such aid as that of Methodism it can be kept or brought within the pale. But this is a wide as well as most momentous subject. And it is time that I should conclude.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours, with sincere respect,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

Mrs. Opie to R. Southey, Esq.

“Tottenham, 6th mo. 8. 1829.

“My dear Friend,

“I did not know till our yearly meeting was begun the obligation which thou hadst conferred on me, so little worthy of such an enviable distinction as that of being noticed by thee. I will own to thee, that my first emotion on reading thy animated and eloquent words * was one of uncontrollable anguish, because the bitter recollection instantly came over my mind that *he* whom they would *most* have pleased would never see them; but happier feelings succeeded, attended by a strong sense of gratitude to thee.

“On the important subject which thou hast thus brought before my consideration I have not time even to give an opinion, as I am preparing to set off for Paris next fourth day (Wednesday). . . . I was in hopes of being able to read thy valuable and interesting book through before I wrote to thee, but I have scarcely had an hour of uninterrupted leisure since our yearly meeting closed, and have not read more than a third of the first volume. The introduction is exquisite I think, and amusing enough to allure even *common* readers to their benefit.

“I intend to turn my visit to Paris to the best account *possible*; and shall see their hospitals, prisons,

* In the Colloquies, vol. ii. p. 230., my father had mentioned, only not by name, Mrs. Fry and Mrs. Opie, as women prepared by charitable enthusiasm to take the lead in establishing societies for improving hospitals, &c.

&c.; and I hope to spend a month pleasantly and profitably, though in that city of *abominations*—past, present, and to come.

“It is twenty-seven years since I was there last; what changes in nations, men, and things, have taken place since that time! And how many individuals whom we admired and respected have gone to their long homes since 1802!

“But there is One above ‘*who changeth not* ;’ and from this conviction I always derive consolation, when the sense of what I have lost presses heavily upon me.

“Farewell! with the best wishes for thy happiness, and that of thy interesting group, which I picture to myself in thy library, welcoming the wet and wandering guest.

“I am thy affectionate and obliged,

Λ. OPIE.”

To Mrs. Opie.

“Keswick, Aug. 30. 1829.

“My dear Mrs. Opie,

“I should have replied to your letter immediately upon receiving it, if the answer could have reached you before your departure for Paris; because I suspect from one part of that letter, that the copy of my *Colloquies* which I requested Murray to send you as soon as they were published, had not found its way to you. Should this be the case, I pray you cause inquiry to be made for it of his people. You

might well wonder that having been moved to call upon you as I have there done, I should leave you to hear of it by chance.

“ Though far from any approach to Quakerism myself, I have always justified your transition to it, thinking that under your circumstances the change was both a natural and a happy one. I should have been better pleased if you had not consented to corrupt the King’s English, against which debasement, I think, your example, when you conformed in other things, might perhaps have produced some effect; proud of such a proselyte as, however it may *seem*, the Society must be; not that this is a matter of any moment, except that I do not like to see you conform to anything which is not reasonable and worthy of yourself. But the mere change to a state of religious feeling, and a strict sect, would not have induced me to address you so publicly and pointedly upon a subject which I have very much at heart, from a deep sense of its utility, if I had not heard an expression of yours relating to ‘prison duties,’ which I think (though highly meritorious in itself) is not the best direction which heroic charity can take. But the words proved that *that* charity had taken possession of you, and that you were ready to follow wherever it might lead.

“ You and I have lived in an age of revolutions, and the greatest, as affecting this country, and ultimately the whole of Europe and of the Christian world, is yet to come. The evils of the manufacturing system, and the misery of the poor, are approaching a crisis; and unless some effectual re-

medies are speedily applied, the foundations of society will be overthrown. You will agree with me that moral and religious discipline must be one of those remedies, though we might differ concerning its form. But forms will not stand in the way between us here. Quakers and Moravians will co-operate in any great and good work with a single mind; where other sectarians have always a secondary motive, lurking in all of them, and uppermost in many or in most.

“ I see so distinctly the dangers which beset us, and the only means by which they are to be resisted, that if the objects which I have at heart could be promoted by my preaching in the fields and market places, I would go forth and do so. But my power is in the inkstand, and my place is here, where I will take every opportunity of enforcing upon such of the public as have ears to hear, truths necessary for their political salvation, did they look no farther.

“ When I designated you so plainly in that Colloquy, I wrote under the influence of strong feeling; but I have ever since been calmly convinced that I neither spoke too strongly, nor said too much. Amelia Opie, I know no person so qualified, and let me say so *prepared*, as you to take the lead in a great work of goodness; and if you are of one mind with me in this, I verily believe it will be done.

“ God bless you!

Yours with sincere regard,

R. S.”

I place the next letter a little out of order in respect of date, as being a reply to the preceding one.

Mrs. Opie to R. Southey, Esq.

“Norwich, 11th mo. 24. 1829.

“My dear Friend,

“Illness and other circumstances over which I have seemed to have no power, have ever since my return to Norwich prevented my writing to thee, though I can say with truth that I have thought of thee every day, and pondered often over thy letter with grateful and increasing interest.

“It reached me at Paris. I did not for a moment think of answering it then, because I was wholly unacquainted with the societies to which it alludes, and could not obtain the necessary information. But on my return to England I found Elizabeth Fry deep in thy book, and *believing* that she had *already* made a few steps at least in the career to which thou hast pointed in thy eloquent address to me.

“I did not agree with her as to the expediency of the delay, but consented to accompany her on a visit to Dr. Gooch, the result of which he has probably communicated to thee. He gave us ample information relative to the Co-operative societies, and last night the friend with whom I am staying read aloud an excellent article on that subject in the Quarterly, and I greatly admire many of the plans on which

the society act. I wish it was indispensable for every member to be a religious as well as a moral character.

“ *En attendant*, let me know more of thy views in relation to Elizabeth Fry and myself. Thy letter was truly gratifying to me, but humbling also, as it led me to look into myself and feel how little worthy I am of such an appeal, and how little able to answer it as it ought to be answered.

“ I left Paris (where I staid four months and a fortnight at the house of a near and dear relation) with a heart full of love and gratitude towards every person there, but also filled with pity, strong disapprobation, and alarm. Still, when I consider the efforts making by many pious and good persons to spread the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus amongst them, I can answer the question, ‘ *Can these bones live!*’ not only ‘ *Thou knowest,*’ but that I think *they will*. Farewell!

“ I am thy grateful and affectionate friend,

A. OPIE.”

I do not find traces of any further correspondence with Mrs. Opie upon this subject; several other letters, however, passed between my father and Mr. Hornby, chiefly upon the plan of educating a better order of persons as nurses for the poor; and through the exertions of the latter, a beginning was made, which unfortunately was prevented by untoward circumstances from producing any permanent results.

It appears that Mr. Hornby, in concert with Adam Hodgson, Esq. of Liverpool, undertook to

set on foot an institution for this purpose as an experiment, and to maintain it for two years. They hired a house, engaged a matron, received a number of inmates, and had educated and sent out some few as nurses. Other individuals now became anxious to join them in the responsibility and superintendence; and there not being a sufficient unity of purpose among all the managers, the scheme, which was prospering admirably, fell to the ground. As soon as it appeared that they were educating a valuable class of persons, it was sought to make them available to the upper classes as monthly nurses; and this being an entire perversion of the original plan, Mr. Hornby and Mr. Hodgson withdrew at the end of the two years, and the whole scheme quickly fell to the ground.

The autumn of the year was marked by a great change in the household at Greta Hall. From the time of my father's first settling at Keswick, where it will be remembered he found Mr. and Mrs. Coleridge residing, she and her only daughter had formed part of the family circle, and now the latter was to change, not her name (for she was about to marry her cousin, the late Henry Nelson Coleridge), but her state and residence; and Mrs. Coleridge was about to take up her permanent residence with them. This, of course, was like the parting with a sister.

To John May, Esq.

“ Keswick, Sept. 19. 1829.

“ My dear Friend,

“
I will tell you Murray’s opinion of the Colloquies. The sale, he says, would have been tenfold greater if religion and politics had been excluded from them ! The profits, I dare say, will be very little.

“
“ My third volume of the War is in the press, and my hand has been only taken from it for a short interval, that I might do the needful work of reviewing, by which alone does it seem practicable for me to keep clear with the world. I have written for the London Review a short, but very interesting account of Lucretia Davidson, an American poetess, killed, like Kirke White, by over-excitement, in her seventeenth year. It is a most affecting story. There have been three papers of mine in that work ; in the first, second, and fifth numbers ; and, as they promise that there shall be no farther delay in payment, I should not like to withdraw from it. . . .

“ I might be paid at the same rate for Sharpe’s London Magazine ; but, when that was converted into a magazine, it passed from the hands of Allan Cunningham into those of Theodore Hook and Dr. M’Ginn, with neither of whom did I wish to associate myself.

“
“ But I am looking forward with much satisfaction

to next year, as setting me free from the Peninsular War, and thereby leaving me at liberty to commence printing the History of Portugal. I shall be able to live by reviewing, and yet win time enough from that employment to compose this history from the materials which have been so long in preparation, and to carry it through the press. And I shall get by it something better than money: the profits, indeed, cannot be so small as to disappoint me, or to make me in the slightest degree indisposed to the task.

“The best news I can send you of myself must be something like an echo of your own letter, — that I go on working steadily, with little to hope, but cheerfully, and in full belief that the situation in which I am placed is that which is best for me. Had I kept the path wherein I was placed, I might have been a bishop at this day, — probably should have been; and therefore I bless God even for having gone astray, since my aberrations have ended in leading me to a happier, a safer, and (all things considered) a more useful station.

“If there be a later history of Bristol than Barrett’s, it must be a better one; there is no earlier. I do not know the spot which you call the Fairies’ Parlour by that name; but I could show you some haunts of mine upon those Downs, and in that neighbourhood, which I know not whether I should have most pain or pleasure in revisiting. Henry Coleridge and his bride are now lodging in Keswick: her mother departs next week, and then we part, after six-and-twenty years’ residence under the same roof.

All change is mournful, and, if I thought of myself only, I should wish to be in a world where there will be none.

“ I want to finish the biographical letter in my desk ; but you would pity me if you knew what I have in head, and in hand, and at heart, and saw the continual interruptions which cut up my time in large slices, or fritter it away. Withal I have the blessing of being sound in body once more, and can ascend the mountains with something like the strength, and all the spirits of youth. I had more to say of projects, and of approaching evils and dangers ; of which we are likely to see the beginning, but not the end. I was born during the American Revolution, the French Revolution broke out just as I grew up, and my latter days will, in all likelihood, be disturbed by a third revolution, more terrible than either. God bless you, my dear friend !

Yours most affectionately,

R. S.”

To ———.

“ Oct. 1829.

“ My dear Sir,

“ I have not seen Landor's second edition, though Colburn was desired to send it me. Your judgment of the book is quite in conformity with mine, if (as I suppose) you except a few dialogues from the general censure, one or two being (to my feeling)

nearly perfect. What you have heard me say of his temper is the best and only explanation of his faults. Never did man represent himself in his writings so much less generous, less just, less compassionate, less noble in all respects than he really is. I certainly never knew any one of brighter genius, or of kinder heart.

“ I am pleased, also, to find you expressing an opinion respecting Milton and Wordsworth which I have never hesitated to deliver as my own when I was not likely to do harm. A greater poet than Wordsworth there never has been, nor ever will be. I could point out some of his pieces which seem to me good for nothing, and not a few faulty passages, but I know of no poet in any language who has written so much that is good.

“ Now, —, I want you, and *pray you* to read Berkeley's Minute Philosopher*; I want you to

* To the same friend he writes at another time : — “ It is because your range of reading has lain little in that course that you suppose religious subjects have rarely been treated in a philosophical spirit. I believe you have cast an eye of wonder upon the three folios of Thomas Jackson's works, and that it would be hopeless to ask you to look into them for the philosophy and the strength of faith, and the warmth of sincere religious belief with which they abound. I do not recommend you to Dr. Clark as a philosophical writer, because I have never yet had an opportunity of reading him myself; but I believe you would find head-work to your heart's content there. But I again recommend you to Berkeley's Minute Philosopher and to Philip Skelton's works.

“ But he did not arrive at his belief by philosophical reasoning; this was not the foundation, but the buttress. Belief should be first inculcated as an early prejudice, — that is, as a duty; then confirmed by historical evidence and philosophical views. Whether the seed thus sown and thus cultivated shall bring forth in due season its proper fruit, depends upon God's mercy. Butler, I believe, was a very pious man, though the bent of his mind was towards philosophical inquiry; but you may find among our divines, men of every imagin-

learn that the religious belief which Wordsworth and I hold, and which — I am sure you know in my case, and will not doubt in his — no earthly considerations would make us profess if we did not hold it, is as reasonable as it is desirable ; is in its historical grounds as demonstrable as anything can be which rests upon human evidence ; and is, in its life and spirit, the only divine philosophy, the perfection of wisdom ; in which, and in which alone, the understanding and the heart can rest.

“ God bless you !

R. S.”

To Herbert Hill, Esq.

“ Keswick, Nov. 29. 1829.

“ My dear Herbert,

“ Last year we were at this time looking for your arrival, and well pleased should we all be could we look for it now. I have been somewhat of a Rambler of late. Having paid a short, though long-deferred visit at Lowther towards the latter end of last month, I joined Henry Coleridge and Sarah at Penrith, on their way to London, at noon one day, and, on the evening of the next, they dropped me at Ripon. We saw Rokeby in the morning (a singularly beautiful place), where I called on Mr. Morritt, whom I

able variety of disposition and genius coming to the same centre of truth. The older I grow, the more contentment I find in their writings.”

had not seen for seventeen years; and, on the way to Ripon, we saw Richmond.

“My visit near Ripon was to Mrs. Hodson, known as a poetess by her maiden name of Margaret Holford. One day I dined at Studley, but it was so wet a day that it was impossible to go to the Abbey, or see the grounds there. Another day Mr. Hodson took me to Aldborough, where are many Roman antiquities, and to the place where Paulinus is said to have baptized some thousand Saxons in the river Swale. Another day I was at Newby (Lord Grantham’s), where there is a fine collection of statues. Lady —— had contrived to introduce herself to me in the morning by a move which it required a good deal of the effrontery of high life to effect. The most interesting person whom I saw during this expedition was Mr. Danby of Swinton Park, a man of very large fortune, and now very old. He gave me a book of his with the not very apt title of ‘Ideas and Realities;’ detached thoughts on various subjects. It is a book in which his neighbours could find nothing to amuse them, or which they thought it behoved them to admire; but I have seldom seen a more amiable or a happier disposition portrayed than is there delineated.

.

“This was a ten days’ absence. I have since made a three days’ visit to Colonel Howard at Levens, between Kendal and Milnthorpe, whom I knew by the name of Greville Upton when he was in college at Westminster, and had not seen since. He married an heiress, and took her name, taking with it

four large estates, with a mansion upon each, in Westmoreland, Staffordshire, Surrey, and Norfolk. Such fortune has not often been so bestowed upon one who has made so good use of it. Levens is an old house of Elizabeth's age, and fitted up as in that age, with carved chimney-pieces, oak wainscots, and one room is hung with gilt leather. The gardens are in the old fashion, and, perhaps, the best specimen now remaining of their kind. They are full of yew trees cut into all imaginable and unimaginable shapes. One of them is called Dr. Parr, from its likeness to his wig. A guest who dines there for the first time is initiated by a potent glass (called the Levens' constable) of a liquor named Morocco, the composition of which is a family secret. It is like good strong beer, with a mixture of currant wine.

“ God bless you, my dear Herbert !

R. S.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES. — LITERARY EMPLOYMENTS. — DEATH OF HIS BROTHER HENRY'S WIFE. — EVILS OF OUR COMMERCIAL SYSTEM. — CURE FOR LUMBAGO. — GALIGNANI'S EDITION OF HIS POEMS. — MILLER'S SERMONS. — BISHOP HACKET. — THE REFORM BILL. — DR. GOOCH'S DEATH. — THE EVANGELICAL CLERGY. — LITERATURE OF DENMARK. — RENews THE LEASE OF HIS HOUSE. — ART OF COMPOSITION. — HONE'S EVERY-DAY BOOK, ETC. — POLITICS. — JOHN JONES. — MR. SADLER. — LITERARY EMPLOYMENTS. — PAUPER COLONIES. — THE MARCH OF INTELLECT. — DENMARK. — LIFE OF BISHOP HEBER. — STATE OF FRANCE. — MR. FLETCHER. — — ELLIS THE MISSIONARY. — DR. BELL. — POLITICS. — 1830.

THE Co-operative societies, which have been already alluded to in several letters, seem to have taken great hold of my father's mind, doubtless from their main principle assimilating to that upon which the Pantisocratic Utopia of his early youth was to have been founded, and he had persuaded his unromantic friend Mr. Rickman to take a considerable interest in them, and to make the Co-operative papers his companions in a journey he was about to make in Scotland in the previous autumn. From thence he writes, "I have a large and undefined notion of investigating society with this view. How many actually independent incomes, or how much income is requisite as a nucleus wherein to sustain a population dependent upon

the expenditure of that income, and on the expenditure of each other? I suspect that this involution is much more powerful and extensive than is usually supposed; insomuch that a common payment for the creation of independent gentry (idlers if you please), pensioners and creditors of the public, is good instead of evil. The Co-operative plan naturally prompts one to think of the circles, the repetition of patterns in paper hangings or carpets, whereof the whole papered room or carpet is made; and by means of the little orbits of Descartes I think I could depict society usefully, by condescending (you know I am in Scotland) on particulars, and by a camera-obscura view of the bustle of mankind."

This set my father's imagination working wonderfully, and after quoting this passage in a letter to Mr. Henry Taylor, he says, "Here I think we have something like a foundation for political economy to rest upon, your existing systems being built either upon sand or bottomless mud. My head is full of thought upon this subject and of seminal notions, which in due time will work out a channel for themselves. They are so busy there that I could almost fancy my work is but to begin, and that all I have hitherto done has only been in the school of preparation. Take notice, H. T., that the clock has just struck eight, that I dined at four, and drank only four glasses of green gooseberry wine; that after dinner I read some pages in Cudworth and the history of some half score Images of our Lady; that I then took half an hour's nap, and afterwards drank tea; from which fact you are to conclude that I write

now in perfect sobriety, and with a healthy pulse that keeps time at its usual sober moderate rate."

My father never had leisure to bring these notions into any thing like a definite form, and it is probable that had he attempted to do so, one difficulty after another would have occurred, until he would have given up the matter in despair; and it may be doubted whether any but an odd superstructure could be built upon such a foundation as Mr. Rickman's.

The Co-operative scheme itself was destined to disappoint its supporters; for, as soon appeared from the language of these very persons who had commenced so moderately, the most dangerous and socialistic opinions quickly began to gain ground among them, as appears from the following letter.

To John Rickman, Esq.

"Jan. 5. 1830.

"My dear R.,

" There was a meeting of Co-operatives in London in Nov., I think, the proceedings of which were printed in the News newspaper, and afterwards in a separate form. The rankest levelling language was held and applauded there, and the effect was to frighten one gentleman in this county, who, from Gooch's paper in the Quarterly Review, was disposed to encourage such a scheme in his own neighbourhood. The best heads among them are very likely to take this wrong turn, and the

worst mischief they will do by it, and the first also, will be to cut themselves off from the encouragement which, if they keep within bounds, it is clearly the interest of the landowners to afford them. The Brighton writer must not preach about the growing omnipotence of such societies, if he would have them succeed. But this was to be expected, and is the greatest obstacle in the way of a very obvious and great good.

“I should like to see the inquiry which you suggested, pursued as to the quantity of expenditure needful for keeping a community of some given number in well being, say five hundred persons. To know the rate of circulation and the quantity of the circulating medium, would seem something like knowing that rate, &c. in the human body, — a means, in some degree, of ascertaining when and how the system is disordered. But, in the social system, there is no danger of disease from overfulness. The circulation can neither be too free nor too fast.

“I do not know who wrote the article on Home Colonies. They appear to me very desirable; but I conceive a regular and also regulated system of emigration to be necessary, to do for us in peace more than can be done in war, by taking off the greater part of those who are restless at home, or who have no prospect of prosperity. I apprehend that in the Dutch poor colonies a great deal has been done by the best management of manures. The Dutch may have learnt this from the Japanese.

“God preserve us from a population such as is devouring Ireland and threatening to devour us!

Emigration must at last be resorted to, as the only preventive which can save us from this. Meantime we may improve one generation by setting them to cultivate bad land; and train their children for good colonists. I believe there is a great deal of cultivable waste land in the north of England, and that at Bagshot is of the very worst kind in the island.

“The absolute necessity of discipline, and the outcry which would be raised against any exercise of it, are, doubtless, most serious difficulties in the way, yet I think superable ones, supposing the experiment to be wisely conducted, so that it might bear close, and full, and even hostile inspection.

“I am to review Ellis’s book. Pomare was probably a state convert, like Clovis and some of our first Saxon kings; yet not wholly so, for they were converted by politic missionaries, who, for the sake of such converts, made the new religion perfectly accommodating to all the practices which were tolerated by the old.

“God bless you and yours with a new year which may be prosperous in all things!

R. S.”

To Mrs. Hodson.

“Keswick, Jan. 20. 1830.

“My dear Mrs. Hodson,

“My poor brother Henry is left with seven young children, happily so young that five of them will not feel their loss, another soon cease to feel it, and only

the eldest feel it long and lastingly; for he (poor boy) has some malformation about the heart which must keep him always at home, and his understanding and affections have acquired strength and intensity as if in compensation for the incurable malady of his frame. I had known my sister-in-law from her infancy, and loved her dearly, both for her own sake and her mother's, who, take her for all in all, was the sweetest woman I have ever been acquainted with. Louisa herself was one of the violets of the world; nothing could be gentler or kinder. She seemed never to think of herself, and was wholly devoted to her family.

“Norwich, Mrs. Opie tells me, is in a state of civil war; and infidelity is said to prevail there extensively among the weavers. I believe very few people who are not serving under its banners are aware how widely it has spread among all ranks, and of the imminent danger that threatens us from that cause. I am busy upon the Peninsular War and in finishing a life of John Bunyan for a handsome edition of the Pilgrim's Progress, a task not of lucre but of love. The moment it is done I must no longer delay the introduction of John Jones's verses. The Quarterly Review has only a short paper of mine upon Capt. Head's book. The after number will have one on Maw's Journal, and I must forthwith begin for it an account of the mission to Tahiti, which, however, you may read to more advantage in my textbook, Ellis's Polynesian Researches. I have engaged to compose a volume of Naval History in bio-

graphical form for the Cabinet Cyclopædia, not for love but for lucre, though it will be done lovingly when in hand. And thus my life passes; little employments elbowing worthier and greater undertakings and shouldering them aside; and the necessity for providing ways and means preventing me from executing half of what I could and would have done for other generations. And yet, how much better is this than pleading causes, feeling pulses, working in a public office; or being a bishop with all the secular cares which a bishopric brings with it, not to speak of its heavier responsibilities.

“Believe me, my dear Mrs. Hodson,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To John Rickman, Esq.

“Feb. 16. 1830.

“My dear R.,

“The Co-operatives* ought to be very much obliged to you; and would be so, if it were not the most difficult thing in the world to make men understand their own true interest.

“I suspect that in many things our forefathers were wiser than we are. Their guilds prevented trades from being overstocked, and would have by that means prevented over-production, if there had

* Mr. Rickman had written a paper on the subject for insertion in the Brighton Co-operator, and which he had sent to my father for his suggestions and remarks.

been any danger of it. The greedy, grasping spirit of commercial and manufacturing ambition or avarice is the root of our evils. You are very right in saying that in all handicraft trades wages are enough to allow of a very mischievous application of what if laid by would form a fund for old age; and I quite agree with you that tea and sugar must be at least as nutritious as beer, and in other respects greatly preferable to it. But there is a real and wide-spreading distress, and the mischief lies in the manufactories; they must sell at the lowest possible price; the necessity of a great sale at a rate of small profit makes low wages a consequence; when they have overstocked the market (which, during their season of prosperity, they use all efforts for doing), hands must be turned off; and every return of this cold fit is more violent than the former.

“There is no distress among those handicrafts who produce what there is a constant home demand for. But if we will work up more wool and cotton than foreigners will or can purchase from us, the evils of the country must go on at a rate like compound interest. Other nations will manufacture for themselves (a certain quantity of manufacturing industry being necessary for the prosperity of a nation), and this, with the aid of *tariffs*, may bring us to our senses in time.

“One tells me that there is likely to be a slight degree of consolidating pressure brought to bear upon the Ministry; another that they may very likely find themselves in a minority. I do not wish for a change of men, because I do not see what better

men could do in their places. Eighteen months ago circumstances might have been directed to a wise statesman's will; now they must take their course: but, come what will, I shall never lose heart or hope.

“ God bless you! Our best remembrances to your fireside.

R. S.”

To Allan Cunningham.

“ Keswick, March 4. 1830.

“ My dear Allan,

“ Thank you for your second volume*, which, if I had not been more than usually prest for time, I should have read throughout at a sitting immediately on its arrival; but of which I have read enough to know that it is *very good*. Indeed, I do not see how that part which I have read could have been better.

“ If your lumbago be severe, I can tell you that at Yarmouth cod-liver oil taken internally used to be considered as a specific for that complaint; but in what quantity taken I cannot tell. It is a villainous complaint, as I know by some slight touches of it only; but complaints that threaten no serious consequences sit lightly on us even when they are heaviest. The flesh feels them, but not the spirit; and there it is we feel when those who are near and

* Of The Lives of British Painters, &c., in Murray's Family Library.

dear to us are suffering. Spring, I hope, will bring with it recovery to your household.

“I am put to the daily expense of two hours’ walking to keep in order a liver which has a great inclination—as if the spirit of Reform had reached it—to try some new mode of action altogether inconsistent with the safety of the constitution. The remedy seems to answer well; and when the weather will allow me to take a book in my hand, it is not altogether lost time. I can read small print at the pace of three miles an hour; and when I have read enough to chew the cud upon, then in goes the pocket volume, and I add a mile an hour to my speed.

“Galignani has sent me his edition of all my poems, with his compliments. He has put Lawrence’s name to the portrait, which is a worsened copy of ‘Fitzbust the Evangelical.’ He has got a most circumstantial memoir, in which every circumstance that is not totally false is more or less inaccurate; all Hazlitt’s abuse of me is interwoven and mixed up with a hodge-podge of panegyric, which in its particulars is just as false. Some rubbish which I had thrown overboard is raked up; one poem given to me which is Crowe’s, another which is Cottle’s, and a third which is I forget by whom. And one or two pieces are printed twice over. Withal it is a goodly volume; and will make my poems known on the Continent to the cost of their sale at home. I shall favour M. Galignani with a few lines, to be inserted in my epistle to you, when-

ever that is printed. Farewell, and believe me always

Yours with hearty regard,
ROBERT SOUTHHEY."

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

"Keswick, March 8. 1830.

"My dear H. T.,

"Lord John's budget is as much a masterpiece in its way as Lord Althorpe's. It really seems as if the aristocracy of this country were to be destroyed, so marvellously are they demented.

"While London is intent upon these debates, I have been reading Miller's* Sermons, 'intended to show a sober application of scriptural principles to the realities of life.' Recommend them to your mother and Miss Fenwick, and to any of your friends who are not indisposed to read such books. I think you saw Miller here one evening, with a

* The Rev. John Miller, of Worcester College, Oxford. Of these discourses, my father says to another correspondent: — "Would to God that such sermons were oftener delivered from our pulpits! Bad sermons are among the many causes which have combined to weaken the Church of England; they keep many from church, they send many to the meeting-house; hurtful they can hardly fail to be if they are not profitable: and one of the ways by which incompetent ministers disparage and injure the Establishment in which they have been ordained, is by delivering crude and worthless discourses, which chill devotion even where they do not offend and shock the understanding.

"These are, in the true sense of a word, which has been most lamentably misapplied — Evangelical. I do not know any discourses in which revealed truths and divine philosophy are brought home with such practical effect to all men. They have the rare merit of being at the same time thoroughly intelligible, thoroughly religious, and thoroughly discreet."

brother and sister. His sermons are unlike any others which I have ever read; they are thoroughly Christian in their spirit, and philosophical; comprehensible by the plainest understanding, and as satisfactory to the judgment as they are to the feelings.

“If I had leisure I could write a very curious essay, historical and critical, upon sermons.

“I have been reading, too, for the first time, Lord Chesterfield’s Letters; with a melancholy feeling—that the one and only *grace* which he despised might have made him a wise and good man.

“Bishop Hacket and I go on well after supper. His are comical sermons: half Roman Catholic in their conceits, full of learning which would be utterly unprofitable if it did not sometimes call forth a shrewd remark, seasoned with piety; and having good strong sense mixed up with other ingredients, like plums in a pudding which has not too many of them.

“I think you will have another change at the Colonial Office ere long. This ministry cannot stand, if the aristocracy and monarchy are to be preserved. I believe they felt their weakness (how, indeed, could they fail to feel it after such a budget?), and therefore they went over to the Radicals at the eleventh hour, thinking so to find strength. Peel’s is said to have been the best speech he ever made. I am curious to see how far ‘the evil heart of fear’ will carry — upon this occasion. God bless you!

R. S.”

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

“ March 14. 1830.

“ My dear H. T.,

“ Your views are darker than mine, though I see the danger clearly and look it fairly in the face. The bill will be thrown out, unless many members who are opposed to it absent themselves from the division in cowardice; and to some extent this no doubt will happen, as even public opinion inflicts no punishment upon moral cowardice, though when the poor *body* offends, it is punished with disgrace or with death.

“ What astonishes me is, that the Greys, Russells, &c., do not look at the known character and certain motives of the men whose support they are actually courting at this time.

“ I should like a law excluding from Parliament all persons against whom a verdict has been given for libels, public or private, adultery, or fraud of any kind, and all who having been bankrupts had not afterwards paid their creditors in full.

“ I am reading the *Doctrine de Saint Simon*, preparatory to a paper upon that subject. The subject is very curious, and the book written with great ability. God bless you!

R. S.”

To Mrs. Hodson.

“ Keswick, March 16. 1830.

“ My dear Mrs. Hodson,

“
I have lost in Dr. Gooch one of the men in the world for whom I had the greatest regard. He saved this country from having the plague imported, by a paper some years ago upon the subject in the Quarterly Review. That paper upon Anatomy in the last number is his, and the forthcoming one I believe will contain one upon Mad-houses, the last subject that occupied him. Never was man more desirous of doing all in his power towards diminishing the sum of human misery.

“ The article on the Internal Situation of the Country is not mine, nor do I know whose it is. You may be sure that I shall not be found complimenting the present Ministry, nor even excusing them, farther than by saying that they know not what they do. If I wish that they may keep their station, it is because I do not wish any other set of men so ill as to wish them in their place, and because I do not see any good which could be hoped for from such a change. Even the Swiss are looking with exultation for the downfall of British prosperity and power, which they believe to be fast approaching. But in this the enemies of England will be woefully deceived, whatever may happen to us at home.

“ I am inclined to think that the Church is in more danger from the so-called Evangelical party among its own clergy than it would be from lay-

assistance. These clergy are now about to form a sort of union, — in other words, a convocation of their own, that they may act as a body. They have had a Clerical breakfast in London. The two Noels, Stewart, who is brother-in-law to Owen of Lanark and was here with him some years ago, and Daniel Wilson were the chief movers. There have been two reports of the speeches in the Record newspaper, and a Mr. M'Neil, who very sensibly objected to the whole scheme, had the whole meeting against him.

“Like you, I both dislike and distrust those who call themselves professors. They are just what the Pharisees were before them; but I want to embody in the service of the Church some of that honest enthusiasm which will otherwise be employed against it. I want field preachers while we have an ignorant and brutal population: there can be no other means of reclaiming them. They will not go to church — the preacher must go to them.

“Have you seen the Last Days of Sir Humphrey Davy? I knew him intimately in his best days: he would have been a happier and a greater man than he was if he had been less successful in his fortunes. No man was ever yet the better for living in what is called the world. God bless you!

Yours truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To J. W. Warter, Esq.

“Keswick, March 18. 1830.

“My dear Warter,

“You are going to a country * which has more in its history and its literature to recommend it than in its objects of art or nature. But to an Englishman it is a very interesting land, and the language of all others most akin to our own, and consequently easier than any other foreign one whatever. You will readily acquire it, and find the value of the acquisition, as an aid towards other northern tongues, and an indispensable step towards a lexicographical knowledge of our own.

“One subject will be very well worth your inquiry there,—the history of the Reformation, and the present state of the Church in Denmark and Sweden. For in those countries the work was more effectually done than anywhere else, and therefore it should seem, more wisely. The Romanists have never recovered strength there; nor have any sects acquired head enough to be troublesome. I have long (for my own satisfaction) been desirous of obtaining more information on this subject than I know where to find.

“There is much sound learning in Denmark, though it may not be of that kind which is rated so much above its real worth in our English Univer-

* Mr. Warter was about to be ordained as chaplain to the British Embassy at Copenhagen.

sities. Their two most distinguished poets are Oehlenschlagen and Ingemann. If you will take over the Tale of Paraguay, and All for Love to them, these books may serve as an introduction, some civilities of this kind having heretofore passed between us: tell me, if you can make room for four such little volumes, where they may be sent for you.

“For the climate’s sake I shall be glad if you migrate to Naples. Such a migration is likely, because nothing can be more according to the wisdom of English diplomacy, than that a minister who has made himself acquainted with northern interests should be sent to a southern court — where he has everything to learn. But I hope you will lay your Danish and German foundations first. The Goths, who overthrew the Roman empire, were not superior in a greater degree to the Romans whom they subdued, than the Northerners are now in literature to anything that the South produces, or can produce as long as Italy is blasted by the Papal Upas.

“God bless you!

R. S.”

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

“My dear H. T.,

“April 15. 1830.

“Our political evils I impute mainly to the progress of every thing in the country, except good morals and sound policy.

“ The specific evil which I ascribe to the Catholic Relief Bill is, that it has destroyed the principle of the constitution: the Revolution made it (and at a heavy price) essentially Protestant; it may be anything now. Parties are in consequence broken up, the process of dislocation is going on, *every thing* is out of joint, and, by-and-by, all will fall to pieces.

“ I am not well, but I am able to work, and shall walk, in old English phrase, ‘for dear life;’ though life is not so dear to me, but that I could very willingly lay it down, if its continuance were not more desirable for others than myself. One pleasant thing, however, is, that I yesterday made arrangements for renewing my lease of this house; it expires in November next, six months earlier than I had thought; which is so much the better for me, for getting rid now of the little furniture which belongs to the landlord, I take it from that time at a reduced rent for five years; extensible at my option to five more. This it was prudent to secure, though, in all likelihood, a smaller tenement will suffice for me before that time.

“ So I look upon myself as settled for life. Lack of employment I shall have none; for scarcely a week passes without some application to me.

“ Sir —— told my brother that I was a *fortunate* man: I have been, and am so, God be thanked, in almost every sense of the word, except that in which Sir G. is likely to understand it.

“ God bless you!

R. S.”

To J. W. Warter, Esq.

“ Keswick, April 23. 1830.

“ My dear Warter,

“
I went abroad for the first time, at an earlier age, under circumstances not very dissimilar; for a shorter absence, but with much worse prospects. My disposition, however, was always hopeful; relying upon Providence, I could rely upon myself; and I can truly say that no anxiety concerning my worldly fortunes ever cost me a sleepless night, or an uncomfortable hour. When I had little I lived upon little, never spending when it was necessary to spare; and hitherto, by God's blessing, my means have grown with my expenses.

“ My voyage was to Portugal, and you know how much it has influenced the direction of my studies. My uncle advised me at that time to turn my thoughts towards the history of that country, when he saw how eagerly I was inquiring into its literature, and more especially its poetry. Then my mind was not ripe enough for historical pursuits; but the advice was not without effect; and when I went again to Portugal, after an absence of four years, I began to look for materials, and set to work.

“ I am glad that Burton recommended the ecclesiastical history of Denmark and Sweden to your attention. It is an interesting subject, and if you only sketched it in a paper for the Quarterly or the

British Critic, it might be of use to you hereafter; still more, if you found pleasure enough in the pursuit, to follow it into its details, and make a volume. And this might lead you at length to meditate a history of the three Scandinavian kingdoms,—Norway, Sweden, and Denmark,—a singularly rich subject, having in its early periods an English interest; a romantic one in its middle, and even later ages; and a moral and political one, in a high degree, at last.

“As for composition, it has no difficulties for one who will ‘read, learn, mark, and inwardly digest’ the materials upon which he is to work. I do not mean to say that it is easy to write well; but of this I am sure, that most men would write much better if they did not take half the pains they do. For myself, I consider it no compliment when any one praises the simplicity of my prose writings; they are written, indeed, without any other immediate object than that of expressing what is to be said in the readiest and most perspicuous manner. But in the transcript (if I make one), and always in the proof sheet, every sentence is then weighed upon the ear, euphony becomes a second object, and ambiguities are removed. But of what is called *style*, not a thought enters my head at any time. Look to the matter, and the manner takes care of itself.

.
Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

“May 3. 1830.

“My dear H. T.,

“Hone* might have thriven if he had gone on as badly as he begun. But he was meant for better things, and published, at a cost which could only be covered by a large popular sale, more curious things than these penny purchasers were prepared for; so in outmarching the march of intellect itself, he outran the constable at the same time. His old sins averted from him one set of customers, and his better mind indisposed others, who would have dealt with him for garbage and such offal as goes to the swine-trough of vulgar taste.

“Add to this that he has ten children, and his embarrassments are accounted for. It is too likely that they will at last break, not his spirit, but his constitution and his heart.

“I hold with Wilmot Horton about emigration, and think Sadler erroneous in his opinions upon the law of primogeniture; but, in the main, his book is a most important one. He has trampled upon Malthus's theory, proving its absurdity and falsehood,

“By the by, I have bought Hone's Every Day Book and his Table Book, and am sorry I had not seen them before my Colloquies were printed, that I might have given him a hearty good word there. I have not seen any miscellaneous books that are so well worth having; brimful of curious matter, and with an abundance of the very best woodcuts. Poor fellow, he outwent the march of intellect; and I believe his unwearied and almost unparalleled industry has ended in bankruptcy. I shall take the first opportunity of noticing these books; perhaps it will be in Allan Cunningham's periodical.”—
To H Taylor, Esq.

and his own views of the law of population deduce from facts, that it is what from feeling you would wish it to be. God bless you!

R. S."

To the Rev. Robert Montgomery.

"Keswick, May 11. 1830.

"Dear Sir,

"I had yesterday the pleasure of receiving your poems. As the note which accompanied them bears date in January, you may have wondered that they were not acknowledged sooner. Any single page of these volumes contains sufficient proof of ardour and power with which any thing may be done when they are disciplined. You are in the right path, with right principles to guide you, and good fortune, I trust, full in view. You have only to store your mind well (as you are storing it), and it will ripen of itself. You mention an introductory letter from one of the very best of men*; I shall be glad if this implies that you have an intention of coming into these parts, when I should have great pleasure in becoming personally acquainted with you.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours with sincere good will,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

* The late Sharon Turner.

To Mrs. Hodson.

“ Keswick, May 15. 1830.

“ My dear Mrs. Hodson,

“ The poor King, it is to be hoped, will be released from his sufferings before this reaches you, if, indeed, he be not already at rest; it was thought on Monday that he could not live four-and-twenty hours. God be merciful to him and to us! He failed most woefully in his solemn and sworn duty on one great occasion, and we are feeling the effects of that moral cowardice on his part. The Duke expected to remove all parliamentary difficulties by that base measure, instead of which he disgusted by it all those adherents on whom he might have relied as long as he had continued to act upon the principles which they sincerely held; rendered all those despicable who veered to the left-about with him, and found himself as a minister weaker than either the Whigs whom he sought to propitiate, or the Brunswickers (as they are called), whom he has mortally offended.

“ William IV., it is believed, will continue the present Ministers, but act towards them in such a way that they will soon find it necessary to resign. Then in come Lord Holland and the Whigs, in alliance with the flying squadron of political economists under Huskisson. Beyond this nothing can be foreseen, except change after change; every successive change weakening the Government, and, consequently, strengthening that power of public

opinion which will lay all our institutions in the dust. Yet I neither despair nor despond, and you may be assured I will not be idle.

“The Peninsular War is my main employment now. It is yet a long way from its completion, but in good steady progress. I have at this time a head and both hands full. John Jones’s attempts in verse will make their appearance shortly; there is a long introduction, in fact, a chapter, of the history of English poetry, which ought to content these subscribers who will not feel the touches of nature—which are in this poor man’s verses, but *will* feel the rudeness and the faults. I have taken public leave of all such tasks, and declined all inspection of manuscripts, &c. in a way which will amuse you: but I am very far from repenting of what I have done in this way and in this case; in *this* case, because I have rendered some little service, and afforded great delight, to a very worthy poor man.

“In the next Quarterly Review I have papers upon Maw’s passage over the Andes, and the conversion of Tahiti, where, with all my admiration for the spirit in which the missionaries begin and prosecute their work, you will see that I am not blind to the consequences of Calvinistic Christianity. This reminds me of Reginald Heber, upon whose portrait I have written a poem, which will appear in the forthcoming volume of his Letters.

“With our united remembrances to Mr. Hodson,
Always very truly yours,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To John Rickman, Esq.

“June 8. 1830.

“My dear R.,

“In increase of population, would not the increased proportion of infants augment the per-centage of mortality quite as much as the increase of youth would lessen it?

“And will not insufficient diet among the poor balance the effect of improved diet upon the general scale? The lower classes were worse fed formerly, but, except in seasons of extreme dearth, I do not think there were any who died of slow starvation, which is now no uncommon death. This we know in this place, where poor rates, formerly low, have prodigiously increased.

“Did I tell you that a semi-official offer of ground in the New Forest has been made, for the purpose of trying a pauper colony, if Government could have found an amateur philanthropist to undertake the management of it. The person fixed upon was a clergyman, an old school-fellow of mine; not wanting in good will for doing his duty at any time, but not so far wanting in common prudence as to take upon himself such a charge.

“A great deal depends upon the issue of the present struggle in France. The people will not be satisfied with a limited monarchy; they must either be under a tyrannical democracy or an absolute king. If the crown should succeed, I should think it bad policy in this country to oppose any schemes of French conquest on the Barbary shore; there is room enough

for ambition there, but at such a cost, that France, with such an issue open, would feel little inclination or strength for troubling the repose of Europe.

“The march of intellect has had an odd effect upon Sharon Turner. He thinks past history is likely to attract so little attention in future, and carry with it so little interest, that he advised me to begin my series of British Biography with Sir Wm. Temple! A few steps more in the march and we shall have to begin the history of philosophy with Jeremy Bentham, and the history of England with Joseph Hume; and the history of literature with the foundation of the London University.

“God bless you!

R. S.

“I am working very steadily, and improving a most wet and wintry season by the fireside.”

To J. W. Warter, Esq.

“Keswick, June 9. 1830.

“My dear Warter,

“Are there any remains at Shrewsbury of the Amphitheatre which in Elizabeth’s reign had been made there in an old quarry between the city walls and the Severn? Churchyard the poet (a Shrewsbury man) describes it as holding ten thousand spectators; the area served for bear-baiting, wrestling, &c., and

on better occasions your school predecessors acted plays there; certainly in a more classical theatre than the Dormitory at Westminster. Sir Philip Sydney and his friend and biographer Lord Brook, entered that school on the same day: and it was then in as high estimation as any public school in England.

“Danish is so easy and straightforward a language that you may make yourself acquainted with it without study, while you are studying German; and enlarge your vocabulary thereby, without confounding your grammar. Danish seems to me the easiest language into which I have ever looked, not excepting Spanish and Portuguese; but German is as difficult as Greek, and the difficulty is very much of the same kind. I am glad you are under the necessity of acquiring the one; the other you cannot help acquiring. Lamentable experience makes me know how much is lost by a *monoglot* traveller: that epithet, perhaps, is not exactly what should be applied to myself, who get on with a mingle-mangle of many languages, put together without regard to mood, tense, gender, number, or person; but my ear is the very worst in the world at catching sounds, and I have therefore more difficulty in understanding others than in making them understand me.

“Do not think anything which relates to the manners or appearance—the in- or out-of-door nature—of a foreign country, unworthy of noticing in your journal or note-book. At your age I was satisfied with two or three lines of memoranda, when the same objects would now give me good matter for

perhaps as many pages. I should like to know a great deal more of Denmark than I can gather from books; there is no later book than Lord Moleworth's that gives me any satisfaction, and in that there is very much wanting. Coxe is, as he always was, dry and dull; giving only the *caput mortuum* of what information he had gathered, which was generally from the most accessible authorities, when it did not consist of statistic details. Later travellers tell us a great deal more of Sweden. I want to know why Denmark is a poor country, the people being industrious, and the government neither oppressive nor wasteful. Two years ago, having occasion to make some inquiry concerning foreign funds, I thought Danish the safest, looking upon the government as safe, and the nation as honourable and honest, and not likely to be involved in wars or revolutions. But I was informed that it paid the interest of its debt with borrowed money, and, therefore, that it was not a safe stock in which to invest money. This came from a person more than ordinarily versed in such things; but the stock has gradually risen ten per cent. since that time; and will be more likely to keep up than that of any other country, if there should be a convulsion in France, which God in his mercy avert.

“We are in no slight danger here: unless the Whigs are alarmed in time at the progress of their own opinions. In this country there are symptoms of their being so. But it must be a strong sense of their own danger in the men of property that can save us from a popular parliamentary reform in the

course of the next parliament : the direct consequence of which will be a new disposal of church property, and an equitable adjustment with the fund-holders : terms which in both cases will be soon found to mean spoliation.

“ Meantime it is a comfort to know that though man *proposes*, the *disposal* is ordered by a higher power. God bless you !

R. S.”

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

“ Keswick, July 10. 1830.

“ My dear Henry Taylor,

“ I dare say it will generally be felt that Mrs. Heber’s book does not support the pretensions which its title, and still more its appearance, seems to hold forth. The materials would have appeared to more advantage in a different arrangement.

“ There is certainly an air of book-making about the publication ; which is not lessened by the funeral verses that it contains. Mine might have accompanied the portrait, in which case they would have seemed to be appropriately introduced ; in fact, they were composed with that design. But this book ought not to detract from his reputation, the estimate of which must be taken from those things which he prepared for the press, and from his exertions in India. He was a man of great reading, and in his Bampton Lectures has treated a most important part

of the Christian faith with great learning and ability. His other published sermons are such, that I am not surprised my brother Henry should think him the most impressive preacher he ever heard.

“As a poet he could not have supported the reputation which his *Palestine* obtained; for it was greatly above its deserts, and the character of the poem, moreover, was not hopeful; it was too nicely fitted to the taste of the age. Poetry should have its lights and shades, like painting; like music, its sink and swell, its relief and its repose. So far as the piece was intended for success in a competition for a prize, and for effect in public recitation, it was certainly judiciously done to make every line tell upon the ear. But to all such poetry the motto under one of Quarles’s Emblems may be applied, ‘*tinnit, inane est.*’

“He had a hurried, nervous manner in private society, which covered much more ardour and feeling than you would have supposed him to possess. This I believe entirely disappeared when he was performing his functions; at which time, I have been assured, he seemed totally regardless of everything but the duty wherein he was engaged.

“Few persons took so much interest in my writings, which may partly have arisen from the almost entire coincidence in our opinions and ways of thinking upon all momentous subjects; the Catholic question alone excepted. Mrs. Heber told me that I had had no little influence in directing his thoughts and desires towards India: and I have no doubt that some lines in Joan of Arc set him upon the scheme

of his poem on the death of King Arthur. My personal acquaintance with him was but little; but we knew a great deal of each other through Charles Wynn.

“ I *am* fond of irregular rhymeless lyrics, a measure wherein I have had few to approve and still fewer to imitate me. The proof of the poetry, however, is not like that of the pudding, in the taste of those who partake it. Thalaba might very probably have been popular had it been in rhyme. None of my lyrical pieces could have been so; and methinks it makes little difference whether there be three or four to admire them, or five or six.

“ There are friendships of *chance* and friendships of *choice*; and it was of the former which I meant to speak; they are the more numerous, and probably the more lasting, because generally beginning earlier, they have time to strike root in us, and partake of the nature of a habit, as the latter may be said to do, in some degree, of a passion. For the same reason you are not so likely to be deceived in them. One whom you have known from early boyhood may disappoint your hopes and expectations; but you will seldom be deceived in your moral estimate of him; if he was ingenuous and kind-hearted he will continue so through life. A good apple tree may be blighted, or cankered in its growth, but it will never produce crabs.

“ Ministers will delay the meeting of Parliament as long as they can; just as schoolboys would prolong their holidays if they could. But they may be

flattered or frightened into anything, good, bad, or indifferent: no persons who ever filled that station before have been politically so weak, and most pitifully conscious they are of their weakness. A promise to convoke it without delay may probably be extorted from them. ‘Gentlemen’ have other business than that of the nation to attend to in the month of September; and I do not expect them to meet till they have had a campaign against the pheasants as well as the partridges. So I look to be in town somewhere in October.

“ God bless you !

R. S.”

To J. W. Warter, Esq.

‘Keswick, Aug. 25. 1830.

“ My dear Warter,

“ The late events in France have placed both that country and this in some respects in the same sort of relation to each other that they were in forty years ago, after the fall of the Bastile, where my distinct and full recollections of history begin. *There* they are in the honeymoon of their new revolution, and here they are applauded and admired by persons as rash as those who fraternised with the old French revolutionists, and as ignorant. Their language now is more open and more violent, because they are much more numerous, and perfectly aware of their own power. Yet on the whole I am inclined to think that the course of events is rather likely to retard

our progress towards revolution than to accelerate it ; a *formal* revolution I mean, the *moral* one having already been brought about.

“ The aristocracy are likely to be awakened to a sense of danger : in this country, indeed, I know that they are so ; though they want either the courage or the honesty to make their public conduct agree with their private declarations. But this course of double dealing cannot long be continued if Europe should be involved again in revolutionary wars, from which I hardly see how it can escape. For I cannot think that the new King of the French will possess that throne in peace.

“ As to military means, we have never been so well prepared for war, and the excitement which it would bring with it, and the impulse which it would give to every branch of industry, would put an end at once to all the present distress, whatever might be the eventual consequences of a war expenditure.

“ But enough of this subject, which occupies more of my thoughts than I could wish.

“ I have written a biographical paper for the Quarterly Review, which will interest you much, if you have not already read the book from which it is composed. It is the Life of Oberlin, a Pastor of the Ban de la Roche in the Vosges Mountains. I am upon the latter part of a reviewal of Dymond’s Moral and Political Philosophy ; and I have sent off a short paper upon the Negro-English New Testament, for printing which the Bible Society has been greatly inveighed against. The Testament is a great curiosity, and I think myself very fortunate in having

obtained one. But I do not join in the outcry against the Bible Society : in my judgment they are completely justified in having printed it, but every means for superseding it ought to be used, by teaching either Dutch or English in all the English schools.

“ God bless you !

R. S.”

To the Rev. Neville White.

“ Keswick, Aug. 27. 1820.

“ My dear Neville,

“ James Stanger gave me your message yesterday evening, and thereby made me perceive that I must have been mistaken in supposing I had written to you immediately after Mr. Fletcher’s visit. I received from him the *Religio Medici*, which I was very glad to see ; and I now say to you, what I then said to him, that when the book is ready I will do the best in my power to serve it in the *Quarterly Review*. It will be a very beautiful edition of an author whom I value most highly. I was much pleased with Mr. Fletcher himself, and wish there were more booksellers so well-principled and so well-disposed.

“ Since his appearance we have had much anxiety concerning Cuthbert ; first from a slight but decided attack of scarlet fever, and, before he had recovered his strength, from a much more serious bilious one, which alarmed us greatly, and left him exceedingly

reduced. By God's mercy he has been spared to us, and is, I think, gaining strength now day by day. I endeavour to be thankful for this and for other mercies, and, without an endeavour, am always mindful of the uncertainty of human life; without endeavour I say, because that feeling has become habitual.

"Ellis, the missionary, whose book I reviewed in the last Quarterly Review, has been here, and we were very much pleased with him. I was gratified by hearing from Sir Robert Inglis, in a letter which I received yesterday, that he thought that review of mine was likely to be of much use; the circles in which he moves afford him opportunities of observing how the observations which I made upon the errors of the Missionaries, and the dangers consequent upon those errors, are received among persons who have some influence in directing their proceedings.

"This letter would have been finished and despatched yesterday, if Dr. Bell had not unexpectedly arrived on a flying visit, or rather on his way to Scotland. He is a marvellous person for his years, and yet I see a difference since he was here in 1828.

"Edward, the eldest of my uncle's sons, is passing the long vacation with me, and has been joined here by the third brother, Erroll. I hope to have much comfort in these young relations; and have now more satisfaction than I can express in manifesting towards them my love for their father.

"God bless you, my dear Neville!

Yours most affectionately,
R. S."

To Mrs. Hodson.

“ Keswick, Sept. 10. 1830.

“ My dear Mrs. Hodson,

“ You might have had another reason for disbelieving the statement of my appearing as a witness in behalf of Mr. St. John Long, to wit, that I am not likely to put myself into the hands of a quack. Probably he has had a patient of the same name, and the news’ reporters supposed it to be me. It was contradicted in the Times by my brother (I suppose), who perhaps thought it some derogation to his own doctorship as well as mine.

“ I am troubled at the course of events, yet I can find some considerations, which, if they do not allay my disquietude, have in them a growing comfort. Had it been in my power to turn the balance between the contending principles of France,—which were Liberalism and Jesuitism,—I should have laid my hand with great misgiving on either scale; and, if I had decided on that which was, for the time, the cause of order, and brought with it the least immediate evil, it would have been with no clear conviction or good will. The complete triumph of the old Bourbon system would be the re-establishment of such a religion and such a court as those of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. Charles X. did not desire such a court, neither did the Dauphin his son, but they both deemed it their duty to do all that could be done by sovereign power for the holy Roman Catholic Church.

“ The royal family fully understood that a scheme for expelling them and putting the son of Philippe Egalité in their place had been carrying on ever since the battle of Waterloo, but they were strangely mistaken with regard to their strength, and did not calculate on the means of resistance which had been *prepared*. Otherwise, they had troops on whom they could have perfectly relied, who could have been brought up, for they were within two days’ march.

“ It is better as it is, for they had put themselves glaringly in the wrong by the Ordinances, having been wholly in the right before. You might have been with them for mere political considerations (and those only temporary ones), if they had succeeded; but you could not have been with them in principle and in heart. But all three are now united in the Duke de Bordeaux’ cause. Oh, how blind of intellect and dead of heart must the Duke of Orleans be to have thrown away such an opportunity of securing himself a good and glorious name! Had he insisted upon that child’s right, and the plain policy of maintaining it — had he acted for him as a faithful regent, — he would have had, not the mere recognition of unwilling courts, nor the ‘hey, fellow!’ recognition of Cobbett and Co., but the sure support of all the European Powers, and the grateful attachment of all the old Royalists, and of all Frenchmen who desire tranquillity; and his name would have become as illustrious as that of Washington.

“ Did you ever read the Abbé Terasson’s *Sethos*? There this Duke might have found a better model for himself than Fencelon exhibited for his pupil in

Telemachus. It is so fine a romance in part of its story, and in its conception of moral greatness, that I have always wondered how a Frenchman could have written it. But Louis Philippe is already tasting the bitter relish of that ambition which was sweet at the first draught. Take away from his party the adventitious supporters (who make use, or hope to make use of him as an instrument, one faction against another), and his party is the weakest in France: the Napoleonists are stronger; so are the Republicans; so are the Loyalists. These last would be the most numerous if quiet voices were ever counted in clamorous times. The Republicans are the most active and the most daring, and therefore they are most likely to have their day of triumph. War then becomes inevitable, and the new King's best policy, as against both Republicans and Napoleonists, may be to keep a mischievous nation quiet at home by engaging in hostilities with his neighbours, and taking up the old scheme of fraternization and conquest. This is what I expect, and then huzza for another Battle of Waterloo!

Believe me, always yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To John Rickman, Esq.

"Sept. 11. 1830.

"My dear R.,

"Parliamentary Reform is no longer a doubtful matter; in some shape or other it must come; and,

in fact, the present state of things gives us some of its worst effects, as seen in Yorkshire and Middlesex. The old ground of defence, therefore, that the system works well, is no longer tenable ; indeed, I have long seen that what wise men ought to look to is, to devise in what manner they may best construct a raft from the wreck of the old ship. I would have fought her to the water's edge rather than have run among the breakers in the vain hope of escaping the enemy's fire.

“ It has been said that the King meant by his own prerogative to issue writs for Birmingham, Manchester, and perhaps Leeds and Sheffield. I wish he would, because it is better this should be done as an act of grace than of yielding ; and it would be wholesome to exert the prerogatives in a way that would be popular. The qualification might be fixed at a reasonable standard, and then let the cry for universal suffrage take its course.

“ A curious circumstance has come to my knowledge, showing that the Liberals were ready to strike a blow before the Ordinances gave a good colour to their cause. A Frenchman employed in Child's banking-house in their foreign correspondence, at 170*l.* a-year, asked leave (before the Ordinances were fixed) to go to Paris, and was refused : he said he *must* go ; they said, if so, they must fill up his place. He then told them that he was one of the national guard ; that he was bound, as such, by a secret oath to repair to Paris whenever he might be summoned, and wherever he might be, disregarding all other objects : the summons had reached him, and go he must. He went

accordingly, and would arrive just in time for the struggle.

“Has any thought been given at the Admiralty to the effect which steam navigation must produce upon naval war? I fear we shall have to make our experiments in actual war, and learn that as we did engineering in Spain.

“By good fortune our enemies are as ignorant in it as ourselves. God bless you!

R. S.”

CHAPTER XXXIV.

JOURNEY TO LONDON.—UNEASY LIFE THERE.—NATIONAL EDUCATION.—GOES INTO HAMPSHIRE AND TO THE WEST OF ENGLAND.—CORRESPONDENCE WITH LORD BROUGHAM RESPECTING THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.—ADVICE AS TO THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.—MISS BOWLES.—JOANNA BAILLIE.—POLITICS.—NECESSITY OF NATIONAL EDUCATION.—THE OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.—THE REFORM BILL.—PROSPECTS OF THE COUNTRY.—IVAN VEGEEGHAN.—JOURNEY TO CHELTENHAM ON DR. BELL'S AFFAIRS.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.—MR. WORDSWORTH.—STRANGE NOTION OF ANASTASIUS HOPE.—MR. KENYON.—MR. POOLE.—GENERAL PEACHEY.—HIS PROSPECTS NOT SO GOOD AS FORMERLY.—THE CHOLERA.—LITERARY EMPLOYMENTS.—STATE OF FEELING IN THE COUNTRY.—JOURNEY TO LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, ETC.—IS INVITED TO STAND FOR A PROFESSORSHIP AT GLASGOW.—REGRETS MR. MAY'S REMOVAL FROM BRISTOL.—RIOTS IN THAT CITY.—THE CHOLERA.—THE EXCHEQUER LIKELY TO BE ABOLISHED.—PUBLICATION OF HIS POLITICAL ESSAYS.—1830—1831.

TOWARDS the end of the following month (October) my father was on the move for London, whither he travelled slowly, having Mr. Henry Taylor for a companion, who had been passing a short time at Keswick. Their route lay by the great North Road, through York and Doncaster, at which latter place they amused themselves with fixing upon the identical house in which Dr. Daniel Dove had lived. While they were walking round the town, an incident oc-

curred, which is related in *The Doctor, &c.*, and may not unfitly be mentioned here: — “The group inside a shaving shop (Saturday evening) led us to stop for a minute, and a portrait over the fire induced us to walk in and look at it. It was an unfinished picture, and would probably have been a good one had it been completed. Upon inquiring whose it was, the barber said it had been in his possession many years before he knew; some friend had given it him because he said his shop was the proper place for it, the gentleman looking, by his dress, as if he was just ready to be shaved, with an apron under his chin. One day, however, the portrait had attracted a passing stranger’s notice, as it had done ours, and he recognised it (as I did upon hearing this) for a portrait of Garrick.”*

This visit to London was partly on business, — as he found it desirable occasionally to confer personally with his publishers, — and partly for the sake of being nearer to the scene of action in those stirring times. This was as well for the purpose of writing upon the state of the times in the *Quarterly Review*, as also because he was then planning a new series of *Colloquies*, on moral and political subjects, in which Mr. Rickman was to be the interlocutor. A considerable portion of the work was written in the course of the following year by these two parties, and even part of it set up in type; but the plan of a joint composition did not answer, being, as might be supposed, very unfavourable to anything like close

* To Mrs. Southey, Oct. 1830.

reasoning and logical deduction; and from this and other causes it was never completed.

The following letter to Dr. Bell shows how restless a life he was compelled to lead in London.

To the Rev. A. Bell, D.D.

“ London, Nov. 25. 1830.

“ My dear Sir,

“ I came home at twelve this morning *, that I might write to you fully by this post, and found on my table a handbill of such a nature that I deemed it my duty to lose no time in sending it to the Home Office; it invites a subscription for arming the people against the police. Before this could be done, in came a caller, then another; and it is now three o'clock. Would that it were possible for me to convince you of what it is so desirable for you to be convinced of, — not merely that your system must make its way universally (for you have never doubted that), nor that your own just claims will one day be universally acknowledged (for this also you cannot doubt), but that such efforts as you now weary and vex yourself with making, and as you wish me to assist in, cannot possibly promote the extension of the system.

“ The best thing that I can do, after touching upon the necessity of national education in the Christmas number (of the Quarterly Review), will

* From breakfasting out.

be to prepare a paper upon the subject as early as possible ; a task the more necessary, because many persons, I perceive, are beginning to apprehend that the progress of education among the lower classes has done more harm than good. It is, you know, not a matter of opinion with me, but of feeling and religious belief, that the greater the diffusion of knowledge the better will it be for mankind, provided that the foundation be built upon the rock, and that, above all things, the rising generation be instructed in their duties. I shall be well employed, therefore, in showing, that where any harm has been done by education, it is because that education has been imperfect, or because its proper object has been perverted by untoward circumstances. And the present state of the nation is such, that I shall be enabled to do this with better hope.

“ I am entering far more into general society than in any of my former visits to London, for the purpose of seeing and hearing all within my reach. The Duchess of Kent sent for me to dinner on Wednesday last ; there was a large party, not one of whom I had ever seen before. With the Duchess, who seems a very amiable person, I had a very little conversation, though quite as much as she could possibly bestow upon me ; but with Prince Leopold, the only person to whom I was introduced, I had a great deal. I see men who are going into office, and men who are going out, and I am familiar enough with some of them to congratulate the latter, and condole with and commiserate the former. I meet with men of all persuasions and all grades of opinion, and

hear their hopes and their fears, and have opportunities (which I do not let slip) of seeing the mechanism of government, and observing how the machine works. I was to have dined with the Archbishop on Wednesday, when the Duchess made me put off my engagement.

“ My table is now covered with notes, pamphlets, and piles of seditious papers. You may imagine how I long to be at home and at rest. To-day I dine with Mr. Croker, who is likely to be prominent in opposition. The Duke will not; neither, by what I hear, will Sir R. Peel. But I do not think it possible that the present administration can hold together long; and Peel, who is now without an equal in the Commons, has only to wait patiently till he is made minister by common consent of the nation.

“ Farewell, my dear Sir; and believe me always,
Sincerely and affectionately yours,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

My father was much gratified, on the occasion of this visit to the Duchess of Kent, by her bringing the Princess Victoria, then eleven years of age, to tell him she had lately read with pleasure his *Life of Nelson*. “ With the Archbishop,” he says in another letter, “ I dined afterwards; Wordsworth, Dr. Wordsworth, and Joshua Watson being of the party. The Duke of Wellington sent me a card, but I could not accept the invitation. But the oddest thing which befell me was, that as I rose from my knee at the

levee, my hand was unexpectedly caught hold of and shaken by Lord Brougham." *

He continued in London until the end of December, when he went down into Sussex with Mr. Rickman, and, after a few days, proceeded to his friend Miss Bowles, at Buckland, near Lymington, where he found perfect quiet and leisure to finish a paper for the ensuing number of the Quarterly Review. A few brief extracts from his account of his journey thither will show how observant a traveller he was, even over ground which most persons would find little to interest them in: — “ . . . Our road lay through Kingston, where Huntingdon the Sinner Saved commenced his manner of living by faith; Esher, where Prince Leopold lives; Cobham, where some whimsical nobleman used to keep a hermit (he had three in succession in the course of one year); Guildford, where we had time to go into the prettiest almshouses in the kingdom, a foundation of Archbishop Abbot, into its chapel, where there are some rich painted windows and a good portrait of the founder; and Godalming, where I saw the church in passing. . . . At Chichester, one of the canons, Mr. Holland (who married Murray’s sister), expected us. The cathedral is a very interesting pile on many accounts, and much finer than books or common report had led me to expect. A bookseller showed me a letter of Cowper’s and some MS. notes of his written in Johnson’s *Life of Milton*. Chillingworth’s grave is in the cloisters,

* At that time Lord Chancellor.

near Mr. Holland's door. Dr. Chandler the Dean came to us in the cathedral library, where, among other rarities, is the oldest volume of English sermons by Bishop Fisher. Bernard Barton's brother also joined us there, to be introduced to me. After luncheon, Mr. Holland took me to see his Chichester poet, Charles Crocker, a shoe-meader, a very industrious, happy, and meritorious man, who is perhaps the best example of the good that may be done by education to persons in his rank of life. His poems are of very considerable merit. Then we went on the city walls, and lastly into the Bishop's palace; so that I saw all that could be shown me in Chichester, a cheerful, pleasant city.* The next letter gives some account of his further movements.

To the Rev. J. W. Warter.

“*Crediton, Jan. 12. 1831.*”

“My dear Warter,

“Here I arrived last night on my way home, and at the farthest point from it to which my circuit has extended; and, here at last, I have some hours upon which no demand will be made. This is the first use of my first interval of leisure. How I have been distracted in London no one can fully understand, unless they have been living with me there; and how I have been busied tooth and nail during

* To Mrs. Southey, Dec. 30. 1830.

eleven days after I left it and got to Miss Bowles's, near Lymington, you may judge when you know that in that time I wrote the concluding article of the Quarterly Review all but the first seven pages.

· · · · ·
“As to the state of the country, I am more hopeful than most persons. The change of Ministry was the best thing that could have occurred, because the Whigs *must* do what they would never have allowed the Tories to do; they must unsay much of what they have said; they must undo (as far as that is possible) much of what they have done. They are augmenting the army, which they compelled their predecessors to reduce. They have called for a yeomanry force, which they made their predecessors disband. They are endeavouring to curb the licence of the press. I think they must suspend the Habeas Corpus Act. I believe they must restore the one pound bills; I expect that they will find it impossible not to go to war; and I am sure that if the question of Parliamentary Reform should not be thrust aside by other events, it could not be brought forward so well by any other persons as by the *Whigs in power*. They have great stakes in the country; and they are now heartily afraid of the democracy which they have so long been flattering. They have raised the devil, and it is proper that they should have the task of laying him. But in this, all who think and feel as I do will lend them a cordial support; not for their sakes, but for the sake of ourselves and of the nation. While the Government

is what it is, we must support it in whatever hands it may be.

“ We shall get through our difficulties, and the better if there be war to help us. The property of the country is yet strong enough to restore order. And if we have a change in the form of representation grounding it on property, and nowhere on numbers, we may gain by such a change more than we should lose by it. Soon we shall have a stronger Government, and something like police in the country as well as in London.

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“ I leave this place (whither I came only to spend three days with my old-fellow-collegian Lightfoot) on Saturday morning for Taunton, there to see my Aunt Mary, the last of my father’s generation; a dear excellent old lady, in whom I see what I am indebted for to the Southey part of my blood. Monday I go to Bristol, where I have not been for twenty years. I mean once more to look at the scenes of my birth and childhood, and have so much love for the place that I have the serious intention of writing a poem, descriptive, historical, and desultory, in honour of my native city.

“ You may suppose how impatient I am to reach home, and resume once more the even tenour of my usual life. I bought a good many books in London, three or four consignments of which have arrived, and others are on the way. Some skill in packing will be required for arranging them. Neither my head nor hands were ever so full as at this time, and

I hope, with God's blessing, to get through a world of work.

“ And now, my dear Warter, God bless you !

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

It would seem that my father felt considerable surprise at Lord Brougham's friendly greeting at the levee ; partly because they had little or no personal acquaintance, having, I believe, only met once at Edinburgh in 1805 (see Vol. II. p. 349.), and partly because they had been so strongly opposed in politics, neither having spared the other when occasion served. Time, however, had somewhat softened the political asperities of both ; and the greeting was only the prelude to a friendly letter from his lordship, which reached my father while on his journey, but to which he had not leisure to reply until his return. I subjoin it here, with the answer, having Lord Brougham's kind permission to do so.

*The Lord Chancellor Brougham and Vaux
to R. Southey, Esq.*

“ Althorp, Jan. 1831.

“ Dear Sir,

“ I was prevented by various interruptions from writing to you while I was at Brougham upon a subject which greatly interests me, and I therefore take the earliest opportunity of bringing it before you.

“ The Government of this country have long been

exposed, I fear justly, to the charge of neglecting science and letters. I feel it an impossible thing for me, whose life has been passed more or less in these pursuits, to allow this stain to rest upon any administration with which I am connected, and therefore that it is my duty, as far as in me lies, to turn the attention of the present Government to the best means of encouraging scientific and literary pursuits. With this view I have applied to the two men at the head of the physical and mathematical sciences, in my opinion, and I cannot look into the department of literature without being met by your name. I may probably apply in like manner to one or two more men distinguished in the same field, but I have not as yet selected any such. My wish is to have the benefit of your unreserved opinion upon the questions.

“1st. Whether or not letters will gain by the more avowed and active encouragement of the Government?

“2d. In what way that encouragement can the most safely and beneficially be given them?

“Under the first head is to be considered, no doubt, the chances of doing harm as well as the prospect of doing good. Thus it seems obvious that there is one danger to be guarded against — the undue influence of Government — capable of being perverted to political and party purposes. This includes the risk of jobs for unworthy persons, and the exclusion of men of merit. The applause of the public, it may be said, is a safe test and unbiassed reward of merit; not to be easily, at least not perma-

nently, perverted to wrong ends. I throw out this as one consideration, showing that the case is not so clear of doubt as it at first may seem to be.

“Under the second head several things present themselves for consideration. If the risk of abuse were not great, it is plain that pecuniary assistance would be the most desirable means of helping genius, because many a man of genius is forced out of the path of original inquiry and of refined taste by the necessities of his situation, and obliged to spend his time and talents on labour little better than mechanical. But the difficulties of arranging such aid systematically are so great, and the risk of abuse so imminent, that I question if more can be done in this way than by lending occasional assistance.

“The encouragement of societies has been already tried, not perhaps in the best way, but still a good deal has been thus attempted. These are susceptible of considerable improvement. A judicious foundation of prizes is another mode deserving consideration.

“The distribution of honours has been very partially tried, and many have proposed a more regular admission of men of science and letters to rank, confined to their own lives in cases where hereditary honours might be burthensome to their families. An order of merit has been proposed by some. But as all novelties in such a matter (of opinion and public feeling) are to be shunned, one of the existing orders of knighthood, as the Guelphic, has been by others suggested as free from the objection.

“I throw out these things more for the purpose of

bringing your mind to the details of the matter, than with the view of exhausting the subject.

“It will afford me great satisfaction to be favoured with your opinion upon the question, as fully as your leisure may permit. I shall, of course, keep it entirely to myself.

“It may very possibly turn out that, after all, nothing material can be accomplished; but, at any rate, I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without trying all means of accomplishing an object so desirable; and my anxiety on this score must plead my excuse for troubling you with so long a letter.

I am, dear Sir, your faithful servant,

BROUGHAM.”

To the Lord Chancellor Brougham and Vane.

“Kewick, Ed. 1. 1831.

“My Lord,

“The letter which your lordship did me the honour of addressing to me at this place, found me at Crediton, in the middle of last month, on a circuitous course homeward. It was not likely that deliberation would lead me to alter the notions which I have long entertained upon the subject that has, in this most unexpected manner, been brought before me; but I should have deemed it disrespectful to have answered such a communication without allowing some days to intervene. The distance between Devonshire and Cumberland, a visit upon the way to my native city which I had not seen for twenty

years, and the engagements arising upon my return home after an absence of unusual length, will explain, and I trust excuse, the subsequent delay.

“Your first question is, whether Letters would gain by the more avowed and active encouragement of the Government?

“There are literary works of national importance which can only be performed by co-operative labour, and will never be undertaken by that spirit of trade which at present preponderates in literature. The formation of an English Etymological Dictionary is one of those works; others might be mentioned; and in this way literature might gain much by receiving national encouragement; but Government would gain a great deal more by bestowing it. Revolutionary governments understand this; I should be glad if I could believe that our legitimate one would learn it before it is too late. I am addressing one who is a statesman as well as a man of letters, and who is well aware that the time is come in which governments can no more stand without pens to support them than without bayonets. They must soon know, if they do not already know it, that the volunteers as well as the mercenaries of both professions, who are not already enlisted in this service, will enlist themselves against it; and I am afraid they have a better hold upon the soldier than upon the penman; because the former has, in the spirit of his profession and in the sense of military honour, something which not unfrequently supplies the want of any higher principle; and I know not that any substitute is to be found among the gentlemen of the press.

“But neediness, my Lord, makes men dangerous members of society, quite as often as affluence makes them worthless ones. I am of opinion that many persons who become bad subjects because they are necessitous, because ‘the world is not their friend, nor the world’s law,’ might be kept virtuous (or, at least, withheld from mischief) by being made happy, by early encouragement, by holding out to them a reasonable hope of obtaining, in good time, an honourable station and a competent income, as the reward of literary pursuits, when followed with ability and diligence, and recommended by good conduct.

“My Lord, you are now on the Conservative side. Minor differences of opinion are infinitely insignificant at this time, when in truth there are but two parties in this kingdom—the Revolutionists and the Loyalists; those who would destroy the constitution and those who would defend it. I can have no predilections for the present administration; they have raised the devil, who is now raging through the land: but, in their present position, it is their business to lay him if they can; and so far as their measures may be directed to that end, I heartily say, God speed them! If schemes like yours, for the encouragement of letters, have never entered into their wishes, there can be no place for them at present in their intentions. Government can have no leisure now for attending to any thing but its own and our preservation; and the time seems not far distant when the cares of war and expenditure will come upon it once more with their all-engrossing importance. But when better times shall arrive (whoever may live to see them), it will be worthy the consideration of any

government whether the institution of an Academy, — with salaries for its members (in the nature of literary or lay benefices), might not be the means of retaining in *its* interests, as connected with their own, a certain number of influential men of letters, who should hold those benefices, and a much greater number of aspirants who would look to them in their turn. A yearly grant of 10,000*l.* would endow ten such appointments of 500*l.* each for the elder class, and twenty-five of 200*l.* each for younger men; these latter eligible of course, and preferably, but not necessarily, to be elected to the higher benefices, as those fell vacant, and as they should have approved themselves.

“The good proposed by this, as a political measure, is not that of retaining such persons to act as pamphleteers and journalists, but that of preventing them from becoming such, in hostility to the established order of things; and of giving men of letters, as a class, something to look for beyond the precarious gains of literature; thereby inducing in them a desire to support the existing institutions of their country, on the stability of which their own welfare would depend.

“Your Lordship’s second question,—in what way the encouragement of Government could most safely and beneficially be given,—is, in the main, answered by what has been said upon the first. I do not enter into any details of the proposed institution, for that would be to think of fitting up a castle in the air. Nor is it worth while to examine how far such an institution might be perverted. Abuses there would

be, as in the disposal of all preferments, civil, military, or ecclesiastical; but there would be a more obvious check upon them; and where they occurred they would be less injurious in their consequences than they are in the state, the army, and navy, or the church.

“With regard to prizes, methinks they are better left to schools and colleges. Honours are worth something to scientific men, because they are conferred upon such men in other countries; at home there are precedents for them in Newton and Davy, and the physicians and surgeons have them. In my judgment, men of letters are better without them, unless they are rich enough to bequeath to their family a good estate with the bloody hand, and sufficiently men of the world to think such distinctions appropriate. For myself, if we had a Guelphic order, I should choose to remain a Ghibelline.

“I have written thus fully and frankly, not dreaming that your proposal is likely to be matured and carried into effect, but in the spirit of good will, and as addressing one by whom there is no danger that I can be misunderstood. One thing alone I ask from the legislature, and in the name of justice, — that the injurious law of copyright should be repealed, and that the family of an author should not be deprived of their just and natural rights in his works when his permanent reputation is established. This I ask with the earnestness of a man who is conscious that he has laboured for posterity.

I remain, my Lord,

Yours, with due respect,

ROBERT SOUTHY.

To Herbert Hill, Esq.

“ Keswick, Feb. 5. 1831.

“ My dear Herbert,

“ You may be perfectly at ease as to my anticipations of the changes which I might find at Crediton; they had no relation to anything but the knowledge that we must all of us either improve or worsen as we grow older, and that at no time is this more apparent than when we pass from youth to man- or woman-hood. Those whom I had left girls were now become young women; the change is not so great as from kitten- to cat-hood; but if ever you have children of your own, you will then know how the joyousness which they impart diminishes, and the anxieties increase as they grow up. A little of this one feels for those friends to whom we are most attached; and you know that I have as hearty a regard for — as he has for me. I never knew a better man, and have never known a happier one. A blessing seems to have attended him through life.

“ Now for your own speculations as to the choice of a profession. And let me begin by admonishing you that this is a choice between risks, uncertainties, and difficulties (discomforts might be added to the list); not between two ways, each pleasant alike, and each leading surely to the resting-place which is the object of the journey.

“ You hesitate between the professions of theology and medicine. Morally and intellectually both are wholesome studies for one who enters upon them

with a sound heart and a proper sense of duty. I should not say the same of the law, for that must in my judgment be always more or less injurious to the practitioner. The comparative advantages and disadvantages seem to be these: the medical profession will require you to live in a town, most likely in London, or certainly in one of the larger cities: this may be a recommendation or otherwise, according to your inclinations. It requires means for supporting you till you get into practice, and this is slow and up-hill work, as well as being in a great degree uncertain; you may make a great fortune by it, but not till late in life, and your labours increase with your success.

“As a clergyman, then, you have your fellowship till you choose to vacate it; a less busy, but a less anxious life is before you. Talents and industry may do more for you as a clergyman; good manners and good nature may tell to better account as a physician. But the prudential balance is so nearly equipoised that the determination may fairly be a matter of free choice. With regard to the studies in which they would engage you, I think you would like that of physic best at first, but that the older you grew the better you would like and feel the value of those to which theology would lead you.

“Opinions must always be inherited, and happy are we who can refer to the title-deeds upon which ours are founded. As you read more and observe more, what are now prejudices will become principles, and strike root as such, and as such bring forth fruit in due season. *Nullius addictus*, &c. is the boast of

vanity and sciolism. There are very few who do not put faith in their apothecary and their lawyer; and we are less likely to be deceived when we confide in the opinions which have been held by men of whose learning, and ability, and integrity no doubt can be entertained. If the writers from whom I now derive most pleasure and most profit had been put into my hands when I was at your age, I should have found little in them that was attractive. Our higher intellectual faculties (perhaps it were better to say our spiritual ones) ripen slowly; but then they continue to improve till the bodily organ fails. Take this maxim with you, that in divinity, in ethics, and in politics there can be no new truths. Even the latter is no longer an experimental science, and woe be to those who treat it as such!

• • • • •
 “God bless you!

R. S.”

To Mrs. Hodson.

“Keswick, Feb. 7. 1831.

“My dear Mrs. Hodson,

“You may infer how incessantly I was engaged during my abode in town from the 1st of November to the 27th of December, when you are told that I could not possibly find time for writing more than the first six pages of that paper in the Quarterly Review, though the number was waiting for it. The remainder was written at Caroline Bowles’s, where I

shut myself up for eleven days, refusing all invitations, seeing no visitors, and never going out, except when she mounted her Shetland pony, and I walked by her side for an hour or two before dinner. That paper, however, is but the first fruits of my journey. I have a great deal more to say, and am busily employed in saying it.

“When I met Joanna Baillic at Rogers’s, her sister and my daughter Bertha constituted the whole party; for, as to literary parties, they are my abomination. She is a person whom I admired as soon as I read her first volume of Plays, and liked when I saw her as much as I had admired her before. I never talk much in company, and never carry abroad with me the cheerful spirits which never forsake me at home. But I was not *sad* that morning, though perhaps my thoughts might sometimes be more engaged than they ought to have been by the engagements of various kinds which were pressing upon me. Bertha said of me in one of her letters from town that I used to look as if I had more to think of than I liked. This was only because it was so much; not that I looked at the course of events with anything like despondency. Very far from it; I found few persons so hopeful, so confident, as myself; but those few were exactly the persons on whose judgment I have most reliance. The Whigs have already increased the army, called for the yeomanry force which they had disbanded, and begun to prosecute for sedition. I expect to see them suspend the Habeas Corpus, reissue one-pound notes, and go to war. We have at least a

Government now, and we have only had the shadow of one before since the great defection ; and the men in power must, of necessity, do what their opposition would have prevented or deterred their predecessors from doing. This advantage is worth purchasing at the cost of that minimum of reform which is to be looked for at their hands.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Captain Southey.

"Keswick, Feb. 13. 1831.

"My dear Tom,

"
Heartily glad I am to be at my own desk by my own fireside, and once more at rest. In London I could not find any time for writing anything ; it was less interruption to let in all callers than to receive and answer notes if they were excluded. I was at the most important debates which I could attend conveniently, because my quarters were with Rickman. I walked into the city on the Lord Mayor's Day, and the day before, and saw the sort of multitude which had been brought together for mischief, and from various quarters I heard what the mischief was,—a Cato-street scheme, with this difference only, that instead of attacking the Ministers at a dinner party, the King and the Duke of Wellington were to have been killed in their carriages, and the new police massacred.

“The Quarterly Review was kept waiting for my paper. But yet I have a great deal to say upon the state of public affairs, both through the medium of the Quarterly and in other ways. As soon as possible I mean to address a series of letters to the people.

“Murray is now reprinting my Moral and Political Papers, in a small cheap form, like his Family Library. About half a volume is printed, and in revising them for the press it is mournful to see that they are in the main as applicable now as when they were written; and that much of the present evil might have been averted if the warning which was then given had been taken in time. The evil has now, I think, become so great that it must draw on a remedy. And it is like a special judgment upon the Whigs, who have raised the devil, that they should be in a position which makes it their business to lay him if they can. They must do everything which they used to declaim against; and happily they can do it, because there will be no factious opposition to them.

“The Duchess of Kent sent for me one day to dine with her; the reason, as I learnt from Sir John Conroy, being that she thinks of making a northern tour with the little Princess, and intended to ask me what tour she should take, and what time it would require. No such questions, however, could the Duchess ask; for there were more than twenty persons at dinner, of whom I only got at the names of those nearest me, and of course she could have very little conversation with me. I took it quietly,

felt as I should have done at a *table d'hôte* where all were strangers; made a good dinner, and withdrew as soon as my brother's carriage came for me at a quarter before ten.

“ God bless you !

R. S.”

To the Rev. Neville White.

“ Keswick, March 21. 1831.

“ My dear Neville,

You know, my dear Neville, that I have endeavoured always to impress upon the public the necessity of educating the people. If that education is either so conducted, or left so imperfect as in many cases to do harm rather than good, the fault is not in the principle, but in the mismanagement of it. The great evil which at present it produces is that of making young persons discontented with the stations which they were intended to fill; and thus producing more claimants for the stations one degree higher than can be provided for in that class. Whenever the education which such persons receive shall become universal, this mischief must necessarily cease. It produced nothing but good in Scotland, because it was universal there.

“ A more difficult question is, how to render the religious instruction which children receive at school of more effect. And where parents neglect, as they so very generally do in that station of life, this duty,

I do not see how this is to be done by schools and teachers. We want a reformation of manners to effect that without which manners, alas! cannot be reformed. This is evident, that boys and girls are taken from school precisely at that age when they become capable of, in some degree, understanding and feeling what till then they have only learnt by rote. Then it is that the aid of catechists is wanting. In a small parish the clergyman can do much; in large ones I do not wonder that they are deterred from attempting what with their utmost exertions they could not possibly accomplish.

“I am perfectly satisfied that no children ought to be left without education; so much as to enable them to read, write, cypher, and understand their moral and religious duties. But about infant schools I do not see my way so clearly; and am not sure whether some harm is not done, both to parent and child, by taking so much off the parent’s hands. No doubt it is a choice between evils. Of this I am sure, that half the crimes which disgrace this nation are brought on by *street education*, which goes on in villages as well as in towns. So far as infant schools tend to prevent this, they are greatly beneficial.

“You ask me about Magdalen institutions. There is scarcely any form of misery that can have so strong a claim upon compassion as that which these are intended to alleviate. Often as the intention may be disappointed, one case in which it succeeds may compensate for fifty disappointments. And these poor creatures are not so generally, I might say so uniformly, to be distrusted as prison converts.

In prisons, I believe, the common effect is, that the cleverest criminals add hypocrisy to their other sins.

“Look again at what I have said concerning the observance of Sunday, and you will perceive that I have argued against Dymond’s liberal notions about the day, and also against, not a religious, but a puritanical, observance of it; for that, I am sure, tends to promote irreligion. Of the two extremes I would choose rather the popish than the puritanical Sabbath. Let us keep the mean.

“James Stanger is expected here next week, but for a short time only. He is a very valuable man, and I have a sincere respect for him, though very far from being as good a neighbour as he might like to find me, and, were he less considerate than he is, might expect me to be. But I have no time for neighbourly intercourse.

“No room is left for politics. My hope is that the Ministers will not think it expedient to resign till war begins; for something would seem wanting in political justice if it were not to be begun under their administration. God forgive them for the mischief they are doing by their portentous budget of reform; and for calling in, as they have done, and are doing, the aid of the villainous press, in order to carry it by intimidation. Passages in the —, which even the Editor would not dare to write, are said to have been supplied to him for this purpose.

“Our kind remembrances to your fireside.

“God bless you, my dear Neville!

Yours affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.”

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

“ Keswick, May 3. 1831.

“ My dear Grosvenor,

“ Would that I were more at leisure to converse with those who are at a distance; but leisure and I seem to have parted company for ever in this world, and occupation does not bring with it that quiet now which it used to do in less uneasy times.* Not that I have lost either heart or hope; for though nothing can be worse than all the manifestations of public feeling from all sides, I expect that the delusion will in a great degree be removed when the present excitement has spent itself; and though I have no reliance whatever upon the good sense of the people, there is yet goodness enough in the nation to make me trust in full faith that Providence will not deliver us over to our own evil devices, or rather to those of our rulers. Those who gave Earl Grey credit for sagacity, believed, upon his own representations, that time had moderated his opinions, and that he would always support the interests of

* “ If I were in the seventeenth year of my age instead of the fifty-seventh, I might perhaps like the prospect of a general revolution in society, looking only at the evils which it was to sweep away, and the good with which it was to replace them. But I am old enough to know something of the course on which we have entered. Anarchy is the first stage — and there the road divides; one way leading by a circuitous route, and so difficult a one as to be scarcely practicable, back to the place from whence we start; the other by a broad and beaten way to military despotism. The tendency is to a despotism of institutions, which, when once established, stamps a whole people in its iron mould and stereotypes them.” — *To H. Taylor, Esq., March 13. 1831.*

his order. Provoked at the exposure of his whole Cabinet's incapacity, which their budget brought forth, he has thrown himself upon the Radicals for support, bargained with O'Connell, and stirred up all the elements of revolution in this kingdom, which has never been in so perilous a state since the Restoration.

"The poor people here say they shall all be 'made quality' when this 'grand reform' is brought about. 'O it is a grand thing!' The word deceives them; for you know, Grosvenor, it 'stands to feasible' that *reform* must be a good thing, and they are not deceived in supposing that its tendency is to pull down the rich, whatever may be its consequences to themselves.

" May 14.

"This letter has lain more than a week unfinished in my desk. To-day's paper tells me that his Right Honour * has gained his election; and this I am very glad of, hoping, however, that the head of the family, or one of those uncles who can so well afford it, will bear the costs. There is no statesman to whom I ascribe more of the evils which are gathering round us than Lord Grenville. The Catholic question was an egg laid and hatched in that family, and Leda's egg was not prolific of more evils to Troy than that question has proved, is proving, and will prove to these kingdoms.

"I saw Lord ——— this morning: he said 'we

* Mr. Wynn.

are going to wreck ;' and I was shocked to see how ill he looked ; twenty years older than when I dined with him at Croker's in December last. It is not bodily fatigue, but anxiety, that has produced this change ; the clear foresight of evils which are coming in upon us with the force of a spring-tide before a high wind. Every one whom I see or hear from is in worse spirits than myself ; for I have an invincible and instinctive hope that the danger will be averted by God's mercy. In the present state of the world nothing seems to proceed according to what would have been thought likely. Who, for example, could have expected that France would not have been at war before this time, or that Louis Philippe would have been still on his uneasy throne ? Who would have supposed that Russia would have been defeated in its attempt to suppress the Poles ? or that Austria could have put down the insurrection in Italy ? I say nothing of the madness which King, Cabinet, and People have manifested at home, because they really seem to be acting under a judicial visitation of insanity. But I am almost ready to conclude that we shall weather this storm, because all probabilities and all appearances are against it. Some unexpected event may occur ; the war for which France has been preparing upon so formidable a scale may break out in time, and in a way which will render it impossible for our Ministers to remain at peace ; or such a revolution may be effected in that country as will frighten the King and Ministry here into their senses. Some death may take place which may derange the Administration ; some schism

may make it fall to pieces; the agricultural insurrections and the burnings may begin again, and act in prevention of a revolution which they would otherwise inevitably follow; or, perhaps, the cholera morbus may be sent us as a lighter plague than that which we have chosen for ourselves.

“Be the end of these things what it may, Grosvenor, *‘we’s never live to see’t,’* as an old man of Grasmere, whom Betty knew, said upon some great changes which were taking place in his time; *‘but we’s, may be, hear tell,’* he added; and so say I.

“Further, I say, come to Keswick this year; and remember, Grosvenor, that you and I have not many ‘next years’ to talk of, even if life were less precious than it is.

“I have a great deal to say to you, and a great deal to show you, if I had you by the fireside, and in the boat, and on the ascent of Skiddaw, and two or three other mountains, where I would walk beside your horse, if your own feet were too sensitive to perform their own duty.

“God bless you!

R. S.”

To Dr. Southey.

“Keswick, June 27, 1831.

“My dear H.,

“I returned home* on Friday, and Bertha arrived the same night, safe, and if not sound, yet much

* The next letter explains the object of this journey fully.

better than she had of late been, and I hope on the convalescent list. My journey ended as I expected, in my declining the proposed executorship, and giving good counsel to no purpose. The poor old doctor* may live long, or soon be taken off. He is completely speechless, but in full possession of all his other faculties, and his mind is as quick and vigorous as ever. Nevertheless, I have reason to believe that the will will be contested, on a most untenable plea of insanity in the testator. If so, I must appear as a witness.

“The proofs which awaited my return I have got through; not so the letters, which are, as usual, *de omnibus et quibusdam aliis*. There were the proofs of an article upon the New Christianity and New System of Society, started by the St. Simonites in France; proofs of my Essays, of which half the first volume is printed, and which I dedicate to Inglis; and proofs of the Peninsular War. This will be ready for publication in November. You have got my Brazilian small stock out of the fire in good time: I should have thought myself lucky to get out at 50; and wonder that they have not fallen so low as to prove that there are no purchasers. No other revolution could be so injurious to the commerce of this country, nor produce such interminable evils in its own.

“Recommend Ivan Vejeeghan, a *Russian* Gil Blas, to those who wish to see a lively description of society in Poland and Russia. It contains a better account

* Dr. Bell.

than can anywhere else be met with. Were the rest of the world undisturbed and unaffected by what may happen in and around Poland, the war there might be regarded with much indifference, as a process which cannot worsen the moral condition of either people, and might possibly improve it; though that possibility is a very poor one. But how anything better than a barbarous government, whether it be an oligarchy or a despotism, can be constructed in a country where there is no middle class, nor any persons in a condition to be raised into such a class, I do not perceive. The peasants are serfs, and trade is in the hands of Jews, the vilest, filthiest, and most superstitious of their race.

“If I had Aladdin’s lamp, the genius should transport me, and my household and my books, to Cintra; though, just now, perhaps, one might be safer under the paternal protection of Ferdinand than of Miguel. But I verily believe that Spain and Portugal are the safest countries in Europe; and that Spain will be a most peaceable and flourishing one for some years to come. God bless you!

R. S.”

To the Rev. Neville White.

“Kewick, July 15. 1831.

“My dear Neville,

“When your letter arrived I was absent from home on a melancholy business, obeying indeed a call from my poor old friend Dr. Bell, who told me that

he was speechless, and in a perilous state, and that he greatly desired to see me. I found him totally deprived of speech, by a gradual paralysis of the organs, but no otherwise in danger of death than that death is daily probable at his advanced age, and that this paralysis may extend to the neighbouring parts and prevent his swallowing, or descend and stop the digestive functions.

“He had deposited 120,000*l.* 3 per cents. in the hands of certain trustees belonging to the university of St. Andrew’s; and when I arrived, this sum had been divided into twelve parts, six of which went to the university and town, and four for founding Madras schools at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Inverness. I was consulted about the disposal of the remaining two, and my advice was that he should dispose of one for the augmentation of small livings (which might have been so managed by vesting it in trustees, as to call forth an equal sum from Queen Anne’s bounty, and thus augment forty livings), and apply the other to founding his own schools in the parishes so augmented: to which suggestion I trusted for making the other acceptable. He was delighted at first with the thought, and readily agreed to it. But the next day he returned to the one thought which has always possessed him, and education was to have it all. I urged in vain that the Church of England had some claim for a part of the large sum which had almost wholly been derived from it

“There will be a residue of his property, and I suspect of considerable amount, by his anxiety as to the

disposal of it. About this too I was consulted, but to no purpose, for all will go in some shape or other to schools. I pleaded for his relations earnestly, but in vain. He considers it his duty to devote his whole property to the object which has occupied his whole life.

“He wished me to be one of his executors; but this was impossible, without neglecting my own business for an indefinite time. As his will then stood, he had bequeathed a thousand pounds each to me and Wordsworth, with the charge of editing his works. The will was to be re-made, and I think it not unlikely that this bequest may be omitted at last. For though I believe there is no person for whom he has a higher regard, and though I am sure that the advice which I gave him cannot have lowered me in his esteem, whatever it may in his liking; yet if he weighs me in the balance against a Madras school to be established in any part of Scotland, my scale will kick the beam.

“He has been a most devoted friend to children: he has loved them with all his heart, so indeed as to have left little room in it for any other affections. I passed four mournful days with him, and was absent twelve days from home, which is to me a serious loss of time.

“About the Liturgy I have left myself little room to write. It wants few alterations, and those very easy and unobjectionable. I would divide the Morning from the Communion Service; the two together, with the addition of a sermon, being far too long,

both for the priest and the people. Some of the first lessons might better be changed, and a few of the Psalms passed over, as not being for edification. When Church reformation begins, if revolution does not render it unnecessary, I fear we shall find many Judases in the Establishment. It was more by her own treacherous children that she was overthrown in the Great Rebellion than by the Puritans. But this must ever be the case.

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“God preserve us from the cholera morbus, from which nothing but his mercy can preserve us! It is a fearful thought that perhaps *in his mercy* he may bring it upon us as the least of the evils which we deserve! Yet I have that comfortable reliance upon Providence, that even in these times I am not cast down.

“God bless you, my dear Neville! And believe me always

Yours most affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

“Keswick, July 15. 1831.

“My dear H. T.,

“This day being Friday, when no letters go for London, I intended to have sent you a note of introduction to Sir Walter; but this day’s newspaper brings account that he has had another attack, and is in extreme danger. I fear this is true, because I

wrote to him last week *, and should most likely have heard from him in reply if he had been well. His *make* is apoplectic, and I dare say he has overworked himself, with much wear and tear of anxiety to boot, which is even more injurious. Latterly his spirits have failed him, a good deal owing to the prospect of public affairs: that indeed can exhilarate such persons only as ——, and those who hope to fish in troubled waters.

“The sort of statesman that we want is a man who yields nothing that he ought not to yield, who would dispute all the way from London to Witton-le-Weir, taking Oxford on the road: who will summon cabmen when it is proper so to do, and engage with a whole quarterly meeting of Quakers in argument.

“Wordsworth in all likelihood will be at home at the time you wish. I saw him last week; he is more desponding than I am, and I perhaps despond less than I should do if I saw more clearly before me. After seeing the reign (I cannot call it the government) of Louis Philippe’s last twelve months, Poland resisting Russia, and Italy not resisting Austria, William IV. dissolving Parliament in order to effect parliamentary reform, and Prince Leopold willing to become king of the Belgians, — who can tell what to expect, or who would be surprised at anything that was most unexpected, most insane, or most absurd! Certainly what seems least to be expected is that we should escape a revolution, and yet I go to sleep at night as if there were no danger of one.

* The later letters to Sir W. Scott have not come into my hands.—ED.

“Have you seen the strange book which Anastasius Hope left for publication, and which his representatives, in spite of all dissuasion, have published? His notion of immortality and heaven is, that at the consummation of all things he, and you, and I, and John Murray, and Nebuchadnezzar, and Lambert the fat man, and the living skeleton, and Queen Elizabeth, and the Hottentot Venus, and Thurtell, and Probert, and the twelve Apostles, and the noble army of martyrs, and Genghis Khan, and all his armies, and Noah with all his ancestors and all his posterity, — yea, all men and all women, and all children that have ever been or ever shall be, saints and sinners alike, — are all to be put together, and made into one great celestial eternal human being. He does not seem to have known how nearly this approaches to Swedenborg’s fancy. I do not like the scheme. I don’t like the notion of being mixed up with Hume, and Hunt, and Whittle Harvey, and Philpotts, and Lord Althorpe, and the Huns, and the Hottentots, and the Jews, and the Philistines, and the Scotch, and the Irish. God forbid! I hope to be I myself; I, in an English heaven, with you yourself — you, and some others, without whom heaven would be no heaven to me.

“God bless you!

R. S.”

To John Kenyon, Esq.

“ Keswick, Sept. 11. 1831.

“ My dear Kenyon,

“ I am always glad to receive a letter from you. It reminds me of many pleasant meetings, and of years upon which, though they have long gone by, it is not yet become painful to look back.

“ Something we must all have to regret; I have done much since you first became acquainted with me, but much less than I hoped to have done, than I should have done under more favourable circumstances, and than I might have done under those in which I have been placed. You have chosen rather to enjoy your fortune than to advance it; and with your power of enjoyment I am far from thinking that you have chosen ill. You would be neither a wiser, happier, or better man, if you were sitting on the bench all be-robed and be-wigged as Mr. Justice Kenyon; nor if you were in the House of Commons, flitting, like the bat in the fable, between two contending parties, and not knowing to which you properly belonged. Men make a great mistake when they fancy themselves useful members of society, because they are busy or bustling ones. You have seen a great deal of the world, and your recollections and observations, were you to employ yourself in preserving them, might produce something which posterity would not willingly let perish.

“ Poole will be here on a flying visit next week: he

says it will be his last visit to the north. I know not why it should be so, if he continue, as he tells me he now is, in good health. I have lately lost in Duppa one who, though somewhat less than a friend, was much more than an acquaintance. In him the link is broken which connected me with some who are gone before me to their rest, and with places which I shall never again see. Some pages of Espriella are his writing; and not a few of my cheerful recollections have ceased to be cheerful now, because he forms a part of them; I have very few friends younger than myself, and this is a misfortune.

“The General* is here, in good health and spirits. It is very pleasant to see the perfect boyishness with which he enters into all youthful sports. He spells Sir Nicholas’s name, plays forfeits, dances, and wears a false nose, as gravely and with as much serious enjoyment as he used to play the cymbals five or six and twenty years ago. Senhouse also is here with his family. Both desire to be remembered to you.

“I am writing some Colloquies, but not with the same interlocutor; and I am collecting my political papers, lest my claims to unpopularity should be forgotten: some of my friends may say the publication in this respect being ill-timed to a nicety. This year will clear my hands of the Peninsular War; and then the History of Portugal will go to press, the work which I have most at heart. Whether any thing will come of the collections which I have made for other undertakings not less extensive in their

* General Peachey.

kind, God knows. I sometimes fear that I shall have the reflection at last of having heaped up much treasure of this kind in vain.

“ God bless you !

Yours very sincerely,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To John May, Esq.

“ Keswick, Oct. 1. 1831.

“ My dear Friend,

“

The prospect before me is not so clear as it was. The state of politics has affected every branch of business, and none more than that upon which I have to depend. It cannot be long before it be determined whether the Quarterly Review will continue to pay me at its former rate ; or whether I must withdraw from it, and look about for other means of support. Other employment equally profitable and certain in its profit, as this has hitherto been, it may not be easy to find ; but I have no fear of getting on well at last, and my disposition saves me from all disquietude which is produced by needless anxiety.

“ Your own cares at this time can have left you little leisure for those fears which the moral, political, and physical state of Europe awaken in every one who has leisure to look before him and around him. The spirit of insubordination, connected with every thing that is most false and perilous in po-

litics, morals and religion has extended so widely, so all but generally, throughout the working classes, that the white inhabitants in Jamaica are not in more danger from the negroes, than we are from our servile population. This spirit has been greatly aided by the agitation which the Reform Bill has excited; and whatever plan of reform may be at length agreed on, and to whatever extent it may be carried, the consequences of such a ferment must long be felt. One issue leads to certain revolution, the other gives only a chance of averting it. With these prospects at home, and the cholera rapidly advancing to the opposite coast of the Continent (it is daily expected at Hamburgh), I do not think that England, since it was England, has ever been threatened by such serious dangers. For any pestilence must be more dreadful than in former times, in proportion to the increased density of our population and the rapidity of communication throughout the country. And any revolution, instead of throwing down (as in former convulsions) a few high towers and old houses like a storm of wind, would rend and overthrow the foundations of society, like an earthquake. These reflections occur to me so frequently and with so much force, that the deprecations in the Litany which apply to these specific dangers, have for some time made part of my prayers at night and morning.

“ My occupations of late have been the Peninsular War, of which I hope to see the end in a few weeks after my return; the Colloquies on the vulgar Errors of the Age, for which Westall has made some

concerns myself, dear Sir, farewell! Remember me to your brother and sister; and believe me always,

Yours with sincere respect and regard,
ROBERT SOUTHEY."

Various allusions have already been printed respecting *The Doctor*, the most extraordinary and perhaps the most original of any of my father's works. It seems probable, that in the first instance the idea of this book arose out of the plan of *The Butler* (see Vol. II. p. 335.), in which he so vainly endeavoured to persuade Mr. Bedford to engage; but *The Butler* was to have been pure nonsense, relieved only by occasional glimmerings of meaning, to deceive the reader into the idea that there was meaning in all the rest, while the nonsense in *The Doctor* bears only a small proportion to the other portions.

What the original story of *The Doctor* and his Horse was I am not able to say accurately. I believe it was an extremely absurd one, and that the horse was the hero of it, being gifted with the power of making himself "generally useful," after he was dead and buried, and had been deprived of his skin. There was to have been a notable horse in *The Butler* also, but he was of different "metal" to this one (see Vol. II. p. 355.), and to skin him would not have been an easy matter — being akin to —

"That famous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did pass."

The Doctor being once commenced (in 1813), was occasionally taken up as an amusement; and the earlier portions of it are plainly written at a time when his spirits rose higher than they ever did in later years. It then became, as it were, a receptacle for odd knowledge and strange fancies, and a means of embodying a great deal — both of serious and playful matter, for which a fitting place could not easily be found in other works.

It had now lain by for many years, additions having been made to it from time to time; and its existence being known only to few persons, my father determined upon publishing two volumes anonymously, and continuing it if it paid its expenses. Mr. Bedford had long been in the secret, and Mr. H. Taylor had lately been admitted; through them, therefore, all arrangements were made for the publication; and that his well-known handwriting might not betray him, the MS. was all copied before it went to the press.

This book, or at least the greater part of it, having been written before I was born, and not much thought of for some years, it happened at first from accident that I was ignorant of its existence, and it then occurred to my father to preserve this ignorance intact, that it might both afford amusement to himself, and be of use in mystifying others. All the copying, correcting, &c. had, therefore, been carried on without my knowledge, — no easy matter, for, with a boy's inquisitiveness, I had been used to take great interest in the progress of everything of the kind.

When, therefore, the first two volumes were published, and arrived, bearing "from the Author," written in a disguised hand, I well remember my father putting them aside with a kind of disdain, with the expression "some novel, I suppose;" although to seize upon them, and cut them open would have been a great delight to him; and the rest of the family, though equally anxious to see the long-looked-for Doctor on his first appearance as a book, were obliged to wear an indifferent aspect towards it.

It happened fortunately for the furtherance of their plan, that the Rev. James White (brother of Kirke White) was then a visitor in the house, having come to officiate at the marriage of my eldest sister with the Rev. J. W. Warter; and as he thoroughly appreciated the book, and knew enough of my father to have some faint suspicions now and then of the truth, my ignorance aided considerably to mystify him; and our combined enjoyment of the humorous parts, and the conversation we carried on about it, was a source of infinite amusement to those who were more enlightened. After some weeks had elapsed, my father came down one day, and saying to me that I had often asked him for one of his manuscripts, and that now he had one for me he thought I should value, he put into my hands the MS. of *The Doctor*. My amazement can be more easily imagined than described.

But these were almost the last bright moments of our home. My eldest sister was on the point of leaving it for another; and deeper sorrows were hard at hand.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

“ Keswick, Jan. 10. 1834.

“ My dear Grosvenor,

“
The books arrived a few days since; this I believe you have already been told. But I have not told you how much amusement Cuthbert afforded us on this occasion. The whole business of transcribing, receiving, correcting, and returning proof sheets (to say nothing of the original composition), has been so well concealed from him, that whenever he knows the truth it will be difficult for him to conceive how he can possibly have been kept in ignorance. From this ignorance we anticipated much entertainment, and have not been disappointed. When I went down to dinner he told me with great glee, that the book which had come that morning was one of the queerest he had ever seen. He had only looked into it, but he had seen that there was one chapter without a beginning, and another about Aballiboozonorribang (for so he had got the word), which whether it was something to eat, or whether it was the thing in the title-page he could not tell; for in one place it was called the sign of the book, and in another you were told to eat beans if you liked, but to abstain from Aballiboozo.

“ At tea he was full of the chapter about the warts and the moonshine, and all the philosophers in the dictionary. At supper he was open-mouthed about the sirloin of a king, and the schoolmaster's rump; he would read to me about the lost tribes of Israel;

and concluded by wishing he had not seen the book, for he should be troubled by dreaming about it all night.

“ To-day he says that there is more sense in the second volume, but he does not like it so well as the first. That there is not much in the book about the Doctor; and, indeed, he does not know what it is about, except that it is about everything else; that it was very proper to put &c. in the title-page; that the author, whoever he is, must be a clever man, and he should not wonder if it proved to be Charles Lamb. You may imagine how heartily we have enjoyed all this.

“ A letter from Wordsworth tells us that the book has just arrived there, and that one of W.’s nephews (a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a very clever and promising person,) had got hold of it, was laughing while he looked over the contents, and had just declared that the man who wrote the book must be mad.

“ God bless you, my dear Grosvenor!

R. S.”

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

“ Keswick, Jan. 16. 1834.

“ My dear H. T.,

“ Edith departed yesterday from the house in which she was born. God grant that she may find her new home as happy as this has been to her,—

though the cheerfullest days of this have long been past. Her prospects are fair; and, what is of most consequence, she is entrusted to safe hands.

“As my household diminishes, there will be room for more books. These I shall probably continue to collect, as long as I can; living in the past, and conversing with the dead, — and The Doctor.

“God bless you!

R. S.”

To John May, Esq.

“Keswick, May 2. 1834.

“My dear Friend,

“
The days pass so rapidly with me because of their uniformity, that I am made sensible of their lapse only by looking back, and feeling with surprise, and sometimes with some sorrow, and some shame also, the arrears which they have brought upon me in their unheeded course.

“See how the day is disposed of! I get out of bed as the clock strikes six, and shut the house-door after me as it strikes seven. After two hours with Davies *, home to breakfast, after which Cuthbert engages me till about half-past ten, and when the post brings no letters that either interest or trouble me (for of the latter I have many), by eleven I have done with the newspaper, and can then set about

* Mr. Davies, the late Dr. Bell's secretary, was then lodging in Keswick, within five minutes' walk of Greta Hall.

what is properly the business of the day. But letters are often to be written, and I am liable to frequent interruptions; so that there are not many mornings in which I can command from two to three unbroken hours at the desk. At two I take my daily walk, be the weather what it may, and when the weather permits, with a book in my hand; dinner at four, read about half an hour; then take to the sofa with a different book, and after a few pages get my soundest sleep, till summoned to tea at six. My best time during the winter is by candle-light: twilight interferes with it a little; and in the season of company I can never count upon an evening's work. Supper at half-past nine, after which I read an hour, and then to bed. The greatest part of my miscellaneous work is done in the odds and ends of time.

· · · · ·
“To make any amendment of the Poor Laws what it ought to be, one leading principle should be, that while relief is withheld from the worthless pauper, or administered only in such measure as to keep him from famishing, it should be afforded to the deserving poor (as it could then be afforded) more liberally; and that none should be condemned to a workhouse but those who deserve it as a punishment. It should be made apparent that all industrious labourers, all of good character, would gain by the proposed alteration. For every possible artifice and exertion will be used to make the people believe that this is a law passed by the rich against the poor; and there never was a time when it was more easy to stir

up a servile war, nor when such a war would have been so greatly to be dreaded. May God preserve us!

“It is needless to say how gladly I would use any endeavours in my power towards effecting your wishes with regard to the Poor Commission, or in other ways. They are worth little, I well know, but, however little, they shall be zealously made when we know in what channel they must be directed. We may see great changes, and, perhaps, great troubles, before the appointments are made; for, though Louis Philippe has won one great battle for us, we may yet have another to fight at home.

“God bless you, my dear old Friend!

Yours most affectionately,

R. S.”

To Lord Mahon.

“Keswick, May 12. 1834.

“My dear Lord Mahon,

“Thank you for Sir Robert Peel’s speech. I do not wonder at the effect which it produced. But could it be believed of any ministers, except the present, that in the course of a week after the close of the debate in which that speech was delivered, they should have returned to their old base policy of complimenting and truckling to O’Connell?

“In reading that entertaining paper upon the

modern French drama in the last Quarterly Review, I fancied that we were obliged to you for it. It is, indeed, curiously characteristic of the people and the times.

“ You will, I think, be pleased with the forthcoming play upon the history of Philip van Artevelde. The subject was of my suggesting, as eminently dramatic, and the first part (which is all that I have seen), is written with true dramatic power. But so was the author’s former tragedy, *Isaac Comnenus*, which met with few readers, and was hardly heard of. To obtain immediate popularity an author must address himself to the majority of the public — and the vulgar will always be the majority, — and upon them the finer delineations of character and of human feeling are lost.

“ If you have not seen *Zophiel* * it is well worth your reading, as by far the most original poem that this generation has produced. If — or — had treated the same subject, they would have made it most mischievously popular; but exceptionable as it is, the story is told with an imaginative power to which the one has no pretensions, and with a depth of feeling of which both were by nature incapable. The poem has attracted no notice; the chief cause of the present failure I suppose to be that it is not always perspicuously told. The diction is surprisingly good; indeed, America has never before produced any poem to be compared with it.

“ The authoress (*Mrs. Brooks*) is a New Englander,

* *Zophiel, or the Bride of Seven*, by *Maria del Occidente*.

of Welsh parentage. Many years ago she introduced herself to me by letter. When she came to this place, and sent up a note to say she had taken lodgings here, I never was more surprised, and went to call upon her with no favourable expectations. She proved, however, a most interesting person, of the mildest and gentlest manners, and my family were exceedingly taken with her. Coming fresh from Paris she was full of enthusiasm for the Poles, for whom the profits of this poem were intended if there should be any: and she had a burning thirst for fame, which seems now to have become the absorbing passion of her most ardent mind. I endeavoured to prepare her for disappointment by moderating her confident hopes. She left her manuscript in my hands at her departure. When I had failed to obtain a publisher for it, some of her American connections engaged with a bookseller in Great Queen Street; and I corrected the proof sheets.

“Believe me, my dear Lord,

Yours with sincere regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

“Keswick, July 3. 1834.

“My dear G.,

“I have been prevented from writing before, first, by being too busy with proof-sheets and letters; and secondly, by being too idle, — company and the season having idled me.

.

“The day before yesterday I commanded a cart party to Honister Crag, and walked the whole way myself, twenty-one-and-a-half miles by Edward Hill’s pedometer, without difficulty or fatigue. So you see, that notwithstanding a touch of the hay-asthma, I am in good condition, and have a pair of serviceable legs.

“Henry Taylor’s Tragedies are of the very best kind. I am exceedingly glad that you have taken to one another so well. He is the only one, now living, of a generation younger than yours and mine, whom I have taken into my heart of hearts.

“I certainly hope that you may be set free from all official business, with such a pension as your long services and your station entitle you to. For I have no fears of your feeling any difficulty in the disposal of your time, or any other regret for the cessation of your long-accustomed business, than what always belongs to the past; and what in this case may arise from the dissolution of an old establishment, which for the very sake of its antiquity ought to have been preserved. You will get more into the country than you otherwise could have done; and you will come here and take a lease of health and good spirits from the mountains. I shall pass through London with Cuthbert, on our way to the west, in the autumn. Our stay will hardly exceed a week.

“Just now I am very busy, finishing a third volume of Naval History. This is my sheet anchor. In the way of sale The Doctor has clearly failed; yet it may be worth while to send out another volume,

and so, from time to time, at longish intervals, till the design is completed. This may be worth while, because the notice that each will excite will keep the name alive, and act advantageously when it comes to be included in the posthumous edition of my works. Meantime, the pleasure that I and my household, and a very few others who are behind the curtain, will receive, will be so much gain. It will not be amiss to throw out hints that Henry Taylor may be the author; having shown in his plays both the serious and the comic disposition and power.

“My cousin, Georgiana Hill, is here for the first time, and as happy as you may suppose a girl of eighteen is likely to be on such an occasion. Did I tell you that I have a pony, the best of ponies (given me by Sir T. Acland)? and I have bought a light chair, in which Cuthbert or Bertha drive out their mother. If I could give you a good account of *her*, all would be well. But her spirits are so wretchedly nervous, and I begin to fear so hopelessly so, that I have need of all mine.

“God bless you, my dear G. ! My love to Miss Page.

R. S.”

The following letter was addressed to a party from one of the universities, who were at that time *reading* at Keswick, and it is inserted for the sake of showing how strong was his abhorrence of all cruelty. I have seen his cheek glow, and his eye darken and almost flash fire, when he chanced to wit-

ness anything of the kind, and heard him administer a rebuke which made the recipient tremble. Like some other gentle natures, when his indignation was roused, — and it was only such cases that did fairly rouse it, — he was stern indeed.

In reading or speaking of any cases of cruelty or oppression, his countenance and voice would change in a most striking manner.

This letter was sent without a signature, and transcribed by another hand.

“Keswick, July 12. 1834.

“Young Gentlemen,

“It has come to the knowledge of the writer that one of your amusements here is to worry cats,—that you buy them from those owners who can be tempted to the sin of selling them for such a purpose, and that you employ boys to steal them for you.

“A woman who was asked by her neighbour how she could do so wicked a thing as to sell her cat to you, made answer that she never would have done it, if she could have saved the poor creature; but that if she had not sold it, it would have been stolen by your agents, and therefore she might as well have the half-crown herself.

“Neither her poverty nor her will consented; yet she was made to partake in your wickedness because she could not prevent it. She gave up to your barbarity a domestic animal—a fire-side companion, with which her children had played, and which she

herself had fondled on her lap. You tempted her, and she took the price of its blood.

“Are you incapable, young gentlemen, of understanding the injury you have done to this woman in her own conscience, and in the estimation of her neighbours?”

“Be this as it may, you cannot have been so ill taught as not to know that you are setting an evil example in a place to which you have come for the ostensible object of pursuing your studies in a beautiful country; that your sport is as blackguard as it is brutal; that cruelty is a crime by the laws of God, and theft by the laws also of man; that in employing boys to steal for you, and thus training them up in the way they should not go, you are doing the devil’s work; that they commit a punishable offence when serving you in this way, and that you commit one in so employing them.

“You are hereby warned to give up these practices. If you persist in them, this letter will be sent to all the provincial newspapers.”

One other trifling circumstance I may briefly notice here, as occurring at this time: a request from the Messrs. Galignani that he would write a brief sketch of Lord Byron’s life and literary character, to be prefixed to their edition of his works, leaving “the remuneration entirely to himself.” It is hardly needful to add that the proposal was not entertained.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS. — MODE OF TUITION. — MY MOTHER'S ILLNESS AND REMOVAL TO YORK. — FEELINGS UNDER AFFLICTION. — EVIL EFFECTS OF ANXIETY UPON HIS HEALTH. — CORRESPONDENCE WITH SIR R. PEEL CONCERNING THE OFFER OF A BARONETCY. — JOURNEY TO SUSSEX. — RETURN TO KESWICK. — GRANT OF AN ADDITIONAL PENSION. — LITERARY EMPLOYMENTS. — THE DOCTOR. — DEATH OF MISS HUTCHINSON. — MR. WYON'S MEDALLIONS. — PRESENT FEELINGS AND EMPLOYMENTS. — SPANISH LITERATURE. — WESTMINSTER SCHOOL. — CAUSES OF ITS DECLINE. — STATE OF HIS SPIRITS. — JACKSON'S WORKS. — FEELINGS OF THANKFULNESS FOR HIS NEW PENSION. — NOVEL MODE OF BOOK-BINDING. — LITERARY EMPLOYMENTS. — RECOLLECTIONS OF C. LAMB. — SINGULAR EFFECTS OF SOUND AND LIGHT. — STATE OF THE CHURCH. — LIFE OF COWPER. — DIFFICULTY OF LEAVING HOME. — IS SUBPŒNAED TO A TRIAL AT LANCASTER. — 1834—1836.

As my task draws nearer to its conclusion, it becomes naturally more painful; and the more so, because, in chronicling the events which darkened my father's later years, they rise up so vividly before my own sight.

“It is my youth, that where I stand
Surrounds me like a dream.
The sounds that round about me rise
Are what none other hears;
I see what meets no other eyes,
Though mine are dim with tears.” *

A happier home or a happier boyhood than mine had been, it would not be easy to conceive. My

* Henry Taylor.

father had so strongly imprinted on his memory the sad changes through which his own "gentle spirit" had to pass in childhood and boyhood;

"The first grief he felt,
And the first painful smile that clothed his front
With feelings not its own ;"

and how, on first quitting home,

"Sadly at night
He sat him down beside a stranger's hearth ;
And when the lingering hour of rest was come
First wet with tears his pillow : " —

that he resolved that the early years of his own children should be as happy as he could make them. He had again become the "father, teacher, playmate," all in one, though probably with far less heart and hope than in earlier years ; and he had given up as much time as he could possibly spare to my education. This, however, was somewhat of a desultory and irregular kind, more amusing and attractive, perhaps, than very profitable, at least as regarded the attainment of a good foundation for correct scholarship. He was himself far from being an accurate classic ; indeed, he had spoiled his Latin by continually reading bad Latin — "feeding upon monkish historians ;" and although he did his best to put me in the right way, I found I had much up-hill work to undergo at too late a period, having learned the practice from him of catching at the general meaning of a passage without much knowledge or examination of its construction, — "making a shy at it," as school-

boys say—an evil habit, as regards ordinary purposes, though doubtless profitable for him whose glance was so keen and so sure.

He had also an odd plan (conducting to this same end), which he practised a good deal with me in modern tongues,—of reading the original aloud, and making me render it into English by the ear : and this he would do with the Dutch, German, Danish, and Swedish, being particularly partial to the northern tongues, and wishing to become more versed in them himself. French he disliked exceedingly ; and he did not teach me Spanish and Portuguese, which he knew thoroughly, probably for that very reason.

Another odd practice I may mention. After reading a portion of Homer in our daily studies, he would make me read aloud the same portion in every translation he possessed—Pope, Cowper, Chapman, and Hobbes—a process more amusing than profitable ; and he would do the same thing with Virgil, out of Sotheby's magnificent Polyglott.

In other matters I was left very much to myself, allowed to run riot amid the multitude of books, and permitted, if not encouraged, to indulge a desultory appetite for odd reading ; and here again some objects were sacrificed which might have been attained had I been encouraged to read less and more carefully.

But while this sort of bringing up had, as all *home* education must have, some disadvantages, I must always feel grateful for it, as enabling me to have that appreciation of my father's character,—that companionship with him and freedom from reserve, that

“perfect love that casteth out fear,” which I could never have felt had I been earlier sent out into the world. The most certain evil of the many years of schoolboy life is the want of friendship between father and son. To all of us, indeed, Greta Hall was a most delightful home. The daily walks; the frequent excursions “by flood and fell;” the extreme beauty of the surrounding country, his own keen appreciation of and deep delight in which had extended to his children; the pleasant summer society, full of change and excitement; the quieter enjoyments of winter — all tended to attach us more to it, perhaps, than was desirable. We “loved it, not wisely but too well.”

But its best days were over: he had said so with a too true foreboding, when, in the first month of the year, his eldest daughter had changed her name, and departed to another home on the distant coast of Sussex; and it being now thought necessary that I should be placed under her husband — Mr. Warter’s tuition — to be prepared for Oxford, my father prepared to take me thither. But the pain of quitting a peculiarly happy home is not much, if at all, diminished by postponement.

“Then, in truth, we learn
That never music like a mother’s voice,
And never sweetness like a father’s smile,
And never pleasures like that home-born throng,
Circling calm boyhood, has the world supplied.”*

* Robert Montgomery.

And like to this were my father's own anticipations. "This," he says, "will never again be Cuthbert's home, in the whole full meaning of that word. He will come to it at vacation times, but never more will he have that sense of home comfort and home happiness here, the want of which is very ill compensated by all the hopes and emulations and excitement of the world on which he must now enter. I shall miss him sadly, and begin to perceive that books, which have always been the chief pleasure of my life, will soon be the only ones with which there are no regrets to mingle."*

But these plans were destined to be sadly and suddenly disconcerted for the time. I have before alluded to the weak and nervous state of my mother's spirits; and, of late, total loss of appetite and sleep had caused serious apprehensions, which were, alas! too well founded; for just as we were on the point of departing, the melancholy truth became apparent, that she was no longer herself. It is, perhaps, rash to endeavour to search into the causes of these mysterious visitations of Providence; but it may, I think, fairly be alleged that an almost life-long anxiety about the uncertain and highly precarious nature of my father's income, added to a naturally nervous constitution, had laid the foundation for this mental disease; and my father himself also now felt and acknowledged that Keswick had proved, especially of later years, far too unquiet a residence for her weakened spirits, and that much company and fre-

* To H. Taylor, Esq., Aug. 21. 1834.

quent visitors had produced exactly the opposite effect to what he had hoped. Her immediate removal seemed to offer the best hope of restoration, and this step was at once taken.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

“York, Thursday night, Oct. 2. 1834.

“My dear Grosvenor,

“After what Henry Taylor has imparted to you, you will not be surprised at learning that I have been parted from my wife by something worse than death. Forty years has she been the life of my life; and I have left her this day in a lunatic asylum.

“God, who has visited me with this affliction, has given me strength to bear it, and will, *I know*, support me to the end — whatever that may be.

“Our faithful Betty is left with her. All that can be done by the kindest treatment, and the greatest skill, we are sure of at the Retreat. I do not expect more than that she may be brought into a state which will render her perfectly manageable at home. More is certainly possible, but not to be expected, and scarcely to be hoped.

“To-morrow I return to my poor children. There is this great comfort, — that the disease is not hereditary, her family having within all memory been entirely free from it.

“I have much to be thankful for under this visitation. For the first time in my life I am so far beforehand with the world, that my means are provided

for the whole of next year ; and that I can meet this additional expenditure, considerable in itself, without any difficulty. As I can do this, it is not worth a thought ; but it must have cost me much anxiety had my affairs been in their former state.

“ Another thing for which I am thankful is, that the stroke did not fall upon me when the printers were expecting the close of my naval volume ; or the Memoir of Dr. Watts. To interrupt a periodical publication is a grievous loss to the publishers, or, at least, a very serious inconvenience.

“ Some old author says, ‘ Remember, under any affliction, that Time is short ; and that though your Cross may be heavy, you have not far to bear it.’

“ I have often thought of those striking words.

“ God bless you, my dear Grosvenor ! My love to Miss Page ; she, I know, will feel for us, and will pray for us.

R. S.”

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

“ York, Oct. 2. 1834.

“ My dear H. T.,

“ Yesterday I deposited my dear wife in the Retreat for Lunatics, near this city, and to-day I visited her there. To-morrow I return home, to enter upon a new course of life.

“Recovery is possible; but I do not attempt to deceive myself, by thinking that it is likely. It is very probable that she may be brought into a state which will no longer require restraint. In that case, I shall engage a proper attendant from this place, bring her home, appropriate two rooms to her use, and watch over her to give her all the comforts of which she may be capable, till death do us part.

“The call upon me for exertion has been such, that, by God’s help, I have hitherto felt no weakness.

“That this is a far greater calamity than death would have been, I well know. But I perceive that it can be better borne at first, because there is a possibility of restoration, and, however feeble, a hope. Therefore that collapse is not to be apprehended which always ensues when the effort which the circumstances of a mortal sickness, and death, and burial, call forth in the survivor, is at an end.

“Mine is a strong heart. I will not say that the last week has been the most trying of my life; but I will say, that the heart which could bear it can bear anything.

“It is remarkable that the very last thing I wrote before this affliction burst upon me in its full force, was upon Resignation, little foreseeing, God knows, how soon and how severely my own principles were to be put to the proof. The occasion was this:—Mrs. Hughes thought it would gratify me to peruse a letter which she had just received from one of her friends,—a clergyman who had recently suffered

some severe domestic affliction. He said that his greatest consolation had been derived from a letter of mine, which she had allowed him to transcribe some years ago, and which he verily believed had at that time saved his heart from breaking. The letter must have been written upon my dear Isabel's death. I have no recollection of it; but that must have been the subject, because Mrs. Hughes and her husband had both been exceedingly struck with her, and declared, —when such a declaration could without unfitness be made, —that she was the most radiant creature they had ever beheld.

“ This made me reflect upon the difference between religious resignation and that which is generally mistaken for it, and, for immediate purpose, in no slight degree supplies its place. You will see what I was thus led to write, in its proper place.

“ Davies came with me here, and has been of great use. God bless you, my dear H. T. !

R. S.”

To H. Taylor, Esq.

“ Keswick, Oct. 6. 1834.

“ My dear H. T.,

“ Your letter did not surprise me, though it would from almost any one else. Thank you most heartily for your offer. But at present it is better that I should be alone, and that the girls should be left to themselves with Miss Hutchinson. For me this is best, because nothing is so painful as the reaction of

your own thoughts after you have been for awhile drawn away from them, if this be attempted too soon. When I can enjoy your company, I shall be most thankful for it; and as you know I shall not give myself to melancholy, you need not apprehend any ill consequences from my being alone.

“ The worst of my business has been got through. I had Cuthbert at his lessons this morning; to-day will clear off the remaining and less important letters, and to-morrow I hope to resume my work; not, however, forcing myself to it, but following the course which my own instinct will point out.

“ Miss Fenwick will like to see the last passage which I wrote before this calamity burst upon me, and certainly with no *prospective* feelings. It will be safe with her if you tell her from whence it is extracted. God bless you!

R. S.

“ ‘ He had looked for consolation where, when sincerely sought, it is always to be found, and he had experienced that religion effects in a true believer all that philosophy professes, and more than all that mere philosophy can perform. The wounds which stoicism cauterises, Christianity heals.

“ ‘ There is a resignation with which, it may be feared, most of us deceive ourselves. To bear what must be borne, and submit to what cannot be resisted, is no more than what the unregenerate heart is taught by the instinct of animal nature. But to acquiesce in the afflictive dispensations of Providence, — to make one’s own will conform in all things to

that of our heavenly Father, — to say to Him, in the sincerity of faith, when we drink of the bitter cup, “Thy will be done,” — to bless the name of the Lord as much from the heart when He takes away as when He gives, and with a depth of feeling of which, perhaps, none but the afflicted heart is capable; this is the resignation which religion teaches, this the sacrifice which it requires. This sacrifice L. had made, and he felt that it was accepted.’ ”

This was indeed a sad return, — this an awful separation between those who had been so long, so truly united; to this death had been a light evil, for when are we so near as then —

“ ’Tis but the falling of a leaf,
The breaking of a shell,
The rending of a veil.”

But what a gulf is there “fixed” between the reasoning and the unreasoning mind?

Yet even now, when sorrow had indeed “reached him in his heart of hearts,” he sought for all sources of comfort, for all motives for resignation and thankfulness. Writing to Mr. Warter, from York, he says, “I cannot but regard it as a special mercy that this affliction should have fallen upon me at a time when there were no extraneous circumstances to aggravate it, the grievous thought excepted, of the grief it would cause at Tarring. How easily might it have happened, when I was pressed for time to bring out a volume for periodical publication, the delay of which would have been a most serious loss to the

publishers,—nor could it have occurred when I was so perfectly able to support the expense. My dear Edith had laid by money for a time of need which will fully cover the mournful demand upon me. Moreover, Mr. Telford* has left me 200*l*. And, independent of this, I am, for the first time in my life, so far beforehand with the world, that I have means at command for a whole year's expenditure, were my hand to be idle or palsied during that time. There is, therefore, no reason for anxiety concerning the means of meeting this additional expenditure.

“Thank God, my strength has not failed nor my health suffered.”

This, as may well be imagined, is a period not to be remembered without pain: the anxiety attendant upon absence, and the constantly varying accounts while the issue was yet doubtful and there was room for hope, though but slenderly grounded, had the most

* “That kind old man, Mr. Telford, has (most unexpectedly) left me 200*l*. His will, like his life, is full of kindness; bequests to all whom he loved, and all who had served under him so as to deserve his good opinion; and to the widows of such as had gone before them, a larger portion than would have been allotted to their husbands. Mr. Rickman is one of the executors, and put a copy of the will into my hands, doubling it at the place which concerned me. After the surprise and the first emotion, it was some time before I smiled at recollecting the whimsical manner in which I was designated thus—

To Thomas Campbell, poet, 200*l*.

„ Robert Southey, do. 200*l*.

He had completed and put to press a history of all his works. It will be a splendid book with about seventy engravings. He was far the greatest man that has ever appeared in his profession, and has left behind him the greatest works; and as no man in that profession has left a greater name, so, I verily believe, no one in any line has ever left a better; for he was thoroughly disinterested, and as kind-hearted and considerate as man could be.”—*To Mrs. J. W. Warter, Sept. 11. 1834.*

injurious effect upon my father's naturally sensitive mind. He kept up, indeed, wonderfully, and a common observer would have remarked but little change in him, except that he was unusually silent; but to his family the change was great indeed. Yet he bore the trial patiently and nobly; and when, in the following spring, it was found that the poor sufferer was likely in all respects to be better under his own roof, and the period of suspense and doubt and alternate hope and fear had passed away, it was marvellous how much of the old elasticity remained, and how, though no longer happy, he could be contented and cheerful, and take pleasure in the pleasures of others. A few extracts from his letters will show his state of mind and feeling at this time. About three weeks after his return home he says, "This morning's letter is decidedly favourable, and I feel its effects. Hitherto I have not recovered my natural sleep at night: plenty of exercise and quiet employment fail of their wonted effect in producing it, because in darkness and solitude uncomfortable thoughts prevent sleep for awhile, and then trouble it. I should not be the better for society nor for leaving home. There is nothing to be done but to pursue the same course of self-management, live in as much hope as it may be reasonable to encourage, and, above all, to bear always in mind that we have both entered on the last of our seven stages. In a very few years, what may have befallen us in the course of these years may be of some interest to any one who may write my life, but it will be of no consequence to us, whose lot, doubtful as it is for the short re-

maining portion of our time, is, I trust, fixed for eternity.”*

A little later he says to another friend, “I am beginning to sleep better the last few days, and I do everything that is likely to keep myself in bodily and mental health, walking daily in all weathers, never over-tasking myself, or forcing myself to a distasteful employment, yet never remaining idle. But my spirits would assuredly give way were it not for a constant reference to another world, and a patient hope of God’s mercy in this.”†

With one more extract I will conclude this year, — the saddest of all I have yet had to chronicle: — “I find it a grievous thing that I must now, for the first time, think about *ways* as well as *means*. For the last eight and thirty years I had nothing to do but to provide the means in my own quiet way, and deliver them over to one of the best stewards that ever man was blest with. The ways were her concern, and her prudence and foresight exempted me from all trouble as well as from all care. My daughters cannot yet stand here in their poor mother’s place, and I must be more accustomed to my new situation before I introduce them to it. Nothing can possibly exceed the good sense and good feeling which they have manifested under our present affliction; but their attentions to me give me a very painful sense of how much importance I am to their happiness. Cuthbert, also, is a great comfort to me. Whatever course I may find it necessary to take, his

* To H. Taylor, Esq., Oct. 23. 1834.

† To John May, Esq., Nov. 12. 1834.

removal to Sussex will not be delayed beyond the commencement of the spring.”*

The new year brought nothing cheerful with it to our now diminished and saddened circle. The regular report from York was the only object of interest, and that, while it varied a little and sometimes raised temporary hopes, yet on the whole gradually prepared us for the conviction that no permanent restoration was to be expected, and that the most that could be looked for was such an improvement as would permit the sufferer to be taken care of under her own roof.

The days thus passed by in an almost unbroken routine of regular employment,—my father himself working, if possible, more closely than ever,—when an event occurred which broke the current of his thoughts for a time, and which, in its sequel, proved a most fortunate occurrence for the comfort of his remaining years, and one which helped very materially to lighten the still darker days which were yet in store.

One morning, shortly after the letters had arrived, he called me into his study. “You will be surprised,” he said, “to hear that Sir Robert Peel has recommended me to the King for the distinction of a baronetcy, and you will probably feel some disappointment when I tell you that I shall not accept it, and this more on your account than on my own. I think, however, that you will be satisfied I do so for good and wise reasons;” and he then read to me the following letters, and his reply to them.

* To G. C. Bedford, Esq., Dec. 18. 1834.

Sir Robert Peel to R. Southey, Esq.

“ Whitehall Gardens, Feb. 1. 1835.

“ My dear Sir,

“ I have offered a recommendation to the King (the first of the kind which I have offered), which, although it concerns you personally, concerns also high public interests, so important as to dispense with the necessity on my part of that previous reference to individual feelings and wishes, which, in an ordinary case, I should have been bound to make. I have advised the King to adorn the distinction of baronetage with a name the most eminent in literature, and which has claims to respect and honour which literature alone can never confer.

“ The King has most cordially approved of my proposal to his Majesty; and I do hope that, however indifferent you may be personally to a compliment of this kind, however trifling it is when compared with the real titles to fame which you have established;— I do hope that you will permit a mark of royal favour to be conferred in your person upon the illustrious community of which you are the head.

“ Believe me, my dear Sir, with the sincerest esteem,

Most faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.”

This was accompanied with another letter marked *private*.

Sir Robert Peel to R. Southey, Esq.

“ Whitehall, Feb. 1. 1835.

“ My dear Sir,

“ I am sure, when there can be no doubt as to the purity of the motive and intention, there can be no reason for seeking indirect channels of communication in preference to direct ones. Will you tell me, without reserve, whether the possession of power puts within my reach the means of doing anything which can be serviceable or acceptable to you ; and whether you will allow me to find some compensation for the many heavy sacrifices which office imposes upon me in the opportunity of marking my gratitude as a public man, for the eminent services you have rendered, not only to literature, but to the higher interests of virtue and religion ?

“ I write hastily, and perhaps abruptly, but I write to one to whom I feel it would be almost unbecoming to address elaborate and ceremonious expressions, and who will prefer to receive the declaration of friendly intentions in the simplest language.

“ Believe me, my dear Sir, with true respect,

Most faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

“ P.S.—I believe your daughter is married to a clergyman of great worth, and, perhaps, I cannot more effectually promote the object of this letter than by attempting to improve his professional situation. You cannot gratify me more than by writing to me with the same unreserve with which I have written to you.”

Robert Southey, Esq., to Sir Robert Peel.

“ Keswick, Feb. 3. 1835.

“ Dear Sir,

“ No communications have ever surprised me so much as those which I have this day the honour of receiving from you. I may truly say, also, that none have ever gratified me more, though they make me feel how difficult it is to serve any one who is out of the way of fortune. An unreserved statement of my condition will be the fittest and most respectful reply.

“ I have a pension of 200*l.* conferred upon me through the good offices of my old friend and benefactor, Charles W. Wynn, when Lord Grenville went out of office ; and I have the Laureateship. The salary of the latter was immediately appropriated, as far as it went, to a life insurance for 3000*l.* This, with an earlier insurance for 1000*l.*, is the whole provision that I have made for my family ; and what remains of the pension after the annual payments are made, is the whole of my certain income. All beyond must be derived from my own industry. Writing for a livelihood, a livelihood is all that I have gained ; for having also something better in view, and therefore never having courted popularity, nor written for the mere sake of gain, it has not been possible for me to lay by anything. Last year, for the first time in my life, I was provided with a year's expenditure beforehand. This exposition might suffice to show how utterly unbecoming and unwise it would be to

accept the rank, which, so greatly to my honour, you have solicited for me, and which his Majesty would so graciously have conferred. But the tone of your letter encourages me to say more.

“My life insurances have increased in value. With these, the produce of my library, my papers, and a posthumous edition of my works, there will probably be 12,000*l.* for my family at my decease. Good fortune, with great exertions on the part of my surviving friends, might possibly extend this to 15,000*l.*, beyond which I do not dream of any further possibility. I had bequeathed the whole to my wife, to be divided ultimately between our four children; and having thus provided for them, no man could have been more contented with his lot, nor more thankful to that Providence on whose especial blessing he knew that he was constantly, and as it were immediately, dependent for his daily bread.

“But the confidence which I used to feel in myself is now failing. I was young, in health and heart, on my last birth-day, when I completed my sixtieth year. Since then I have been shaken at the root. It has pleased God to visit me with the severest of all domestic afflictions, those alone excepted into which guilt enters. My wife, a true helpmate as ever man was blessed with, lost her senses a few months ago. She is now in a lunatic asylum; and broken sleep, and anxious thoughts, from which there is no escape in the night season, have made me feel how more than possible it is that a sudden stroke may deprive me of those faculties, by the exercise of which this poor family has hitherto been supported.

Even in the event of my death, their condition would, by our recent calamity, be materially altered for the worse; but if I were rendered helpless, all our available means would procure only a respite from actual distress.

“Under these circumstances, your letter, Sir, would in other times have encouraged me to ask for such an increase of pension as might relieve me from anxiety on this score. Now that lay sinecures are in fact abolished, there is no other way by which a man can be served, who has no profession wherein to be promoted, and whom any official situation would take from the only employment for which the studies and the habits of forty years have qualified him. This way, I am aware, is not now to be thought of, unless it were practicable as part of a plan for the encouragement of literature; but to such a plan perhaps these times might not be unfavourable.

“The length of this communication would require an apology, if its substance could have been compressed; but on such an occasion it seemed a duty to say what I have said; nor, indeed, should I deserve the kindness which you have expressed, if I did not explicitly declare how thankful I should be to profit by it.

I have the honour to remain,
With the sincerest respect,
Your most faithful and obliged servant,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

Young as I then was, I could not, without tears, hear him read, with his deep and faltering voice, his

wise refusal and touching expression of those feelings and fears he had never before given utterance to, to any of his own family. And if any feelings of regret occasionally come over my mind that he did not accept the proffered honour, which, so acquired and so conferred, any man might justly be proud to have inherited, the remembrance at what a time and under what circumstances it was offered, and the feeling what a mockery honours of that kind would have been to a family so afflicted, and, I may add, how unsuitable they would be to my own position and very straitened means, make me quickly feel how justly he judged, and how prudently he acted.

The next letter shows how thankfully he anticipated the possibility of such a result as soon afterwards followed, from his communication in reply to Sir Robert Peel.

To the Rev. Neville White.

“Keswick, Feb. 16. 1835.

“My dear Neville,

“

You will see by the papers that a baronetcy has been offered to me. The offer came in a letter from Sir Robert Peel; and nothing could be more handsome than the way in which it was made. I may tell you (what must be known only to those from whom I have no secrets) he accompanied it with another letter, inquiring, in the kindest manner, if there was

any way wherein he could serve me. I replied by an unreserved statement of my circumstances, showing how utterly unbecoming and unwise it would be to accept of such, when I had absolutely nothing to bequeath with it. From the manner in which my answer was received (which I know not from himself, but from two other authentic sources), I have reason to believe that as soon as in his power, I may receive some substantial benefit.

“It was signally providential that I should have been enabled to meet the expenses which my domestic affliction has occasioned, and which, at any former time, would most seriously have embarrassed me; and what a blessing it will be if Providence should now, by this means, relieve me from all the anxieties attendant upon a precarious income — anxieties which, as you know, I have not felt before, because I was confident in my own powers of exertion; but how precarious these powers are, this recent visitation has made me feel too sensibly.

“God bless you, my dear Neville! I am in the midst of packing, and the arrangements which are necessary upon leaving home. It will be the first time that I ever left it without looking forward joyfully to the time of my return. But by God’s blessing I shall soon become accustomed to a small family. If my hopes of a permanent income are realised, I shall be able, after another year, to devote myself wholly to my own great works, regardless of booksellers, and without imprudence I shall be able to travel for health’s sake, whenever it may be expedient. In short, I shall be thankful for the past, make the best

I can of the present, and look on to the future in humble, and yet, I trust, sure and certain hope.

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

In the preceding letter my father speaks of being on the point of leaving home. This was for the purpose — first, of conveying me into Sussex, and then, if it should be found practicable, of removing my mother to Keswick. This proved to be the case. A brief extract from a letter written to me from Scarborough, where he remained for a short time after leaving York, with his sad charge, will show the unvaried tone of his feelings under affliction. "The monotony of this week is a curious contrast to the excitement and movements of the preceding month. The first great change in your life has taken place during this interval, and I am about to enter upon not the least in mine, — so different will my household be from what it has formerly been, and so much will it be reduced. Your sisters will find themselves supported in the performance of their duties; and after the emotion which our return must produce is over, their spirits, I doubt not, will rally. We shall always have enough to do, they as well as myself; and this is certain, that they who are resigned to God's all-wise will, and endeavour to do their duty in whatever circumstances they are placed, never can be thoroughly unhappy,—never, under any affliction, can find themselves without consolation and

support.”* And again, after a few days, he writes to Mr. May. “The far greater number of incurable patients in the asylum are kept there that they may be out of the way of their respective families, though they are perfectly harmless. This may be necessary in some cases, but where it is not necessary it seems to me that we are no more justified in thus ridding ourselves of a painful duty than we should be in sending a wife or a mother to die in an infirmary, that we might escape the pain and trouble of attending upon a death-bed.”†

Immediately after his return, when his hopes had been raised by a temporary improvement, he writes : — “I had never any thought of leaving the girls with their mother, and transferring to them a duty which I am better able to bear. . . . If anything should be done for me (which it would be equally unwise to build upon, and unjust to doubt, though, to be sure, it is not easy to sit between the two stools), if, I say, my circumstances should be rendered easy, I believe it would have a happy effect upon her who, for some twenty years, has been anxious over much upon that score ; though, in the morning of life, when all my exertions, and all her economy were required, and if either had failed in their respective duties we must have sunk, her spirits failed as little as mine.”‡

Two days later the suspense was ended.

* March 27. 1835.

† March 30. 1835.

‡ To H. Taylor, Esq., April 2. 1835.

Sir Robert Peel to R. Southey, Esq.

“ Whitehall, April 4. 1835.

“ My dear Sir,

“ I have resolved to apply the miserable pittance at the disposal of the Crown, on the Civil List Pension Fund, altogether to the reward and encouragement of literary exertions. I do this on public grounds; and much more with the view of establishing a principle, than in the hope, with such limited means, of being enabled to confer any benefit upon those whom I shall name to the Crown — worthy of the Crown, or commensurate with their claims.

“ I have just had the satisfaction of attaching my name to a warrant which will add 300*l.* annually to the amount of your existing pension. You will see in the position of public affairs a sufficient reason for my having done this without delay, and without previous communication with you.

“ I trust you can have no difficulty in sanctioning what I have done with your consent, as I have acted on your own suggestion, and granted the pensions on a public principle — the recognition of literary and scientific eminence as a public claim. The other persons to whom I have addressed myself on this subject are — Professor Airey of Cambridge, the first of living mathematicians and astronomers, — the first of this country at least, Mrs. Somerville, Sharon Turner, and James Montgomery of Sheffield.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Most faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.”

Robert Southey, Esq. to Sir Robert Peel.

“Keswick, April 7. 1835.

“My dear Sir,

“You have conferred on me a substantial benefit sufficient to relieve me from anxiety concerning the means of subsistence, whenever my strength may fail, and equal to wishes that have always been kept within due bounds. Individually, therefore, I am not less grateful to you than as one of those who retain the old feelings and principles of Englishmen, I must ever be on public grounds.

“Were it not from the rumours (which yet I hope are untrue) that your health has suffered, I should regard the present aspects, not, indeed, with complacency, but without uneasiness or alarm. While we have you to look to I cannot doubt that the nation will be saved from revolution, and that, under Providence, you will be the means of saving it. For if you now retire from power it cannot be long before you will be borne in again upon the spring-tide of public opinion. Nothing in the course of public affairs has ever appeared to me more certain than this.

“I have the honour to remain, Sir Robert, with the sincerest respect,

Your grateful and obedient servant,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.” *

* The Editor, being in London in June last, solicited an interview with Sir Robert Peel for the purpose of asking his permission to publish this correspondence. With his usual kindness, a day was fixed; but it was — *the day of his death*. Since then, permission has been kindly granted by the family.

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

“ Keswick, April 7. 1835.

“ My dear H. T.,

“ To-day has brought Sir R. Peel’s announcement that he has signed the warrant for an additional pension of 300*l.* This is just what I thought likely, what I think reasonable, and what, if I had been desired to name the sum for myself, I should have fixed on, with this difference only, that I would have had the amount of both pensions without deductions.*

“ They give me, however, an income of 375*l.* a year, subject to no other contingencies than those of the state, — and I am contented and thankful.

“ God bless you !

R. S.”

In the following letter my father alludes to a frequent interchange of letters between the ladies of the two households of Rydal Mount and Greta Hall, and this was the chief cause why so few letters have appeared in these volumes addressed to Mr. Wordsworth, which, if altogether unexplained, might perhaps have led the reader to imagine the two families were not so intimate as in reality they were.

Mr. Wordsworth himself, owing to the weakness in his eyes, which for a long time compelled him to write by dictation, was not a frequent correspondent,

* This proved to be the case with respect to the latter pension, and he received out of a nominal income of 500*l.*, 444*l.*, to which the Laureateship being added, made in all 534*l.*

and my father, knowing that there was a constant communication going on, wrote only occasionally and briefly. There was also a very frequent personal intercourse and interchange of visits, and many weeks rarely elapsed without a meeting between some members of the two families.

To William Wordsworth, Esq.

“Keswick, May 9, 1835.

“My dear W.,

“Thank you for your new volume, which it is needless for me to praise. It will do good now and hereafter; more and more as it shall be more and more widely read; and there is no danger of its ever being laid on the shelf. I am glad to see that you have touched upon our white slavery, and glad that you have annexed such a postscript.

“My good daughters, who, among their other virtues, have that of being good correspondents, send full accounts to Rydal of our proceedings. We shall lose hope so gradually, that if we lose it, we shall hardly be sensible when it is lost. There is, however, so great an improvement in their poor mother's state from what it was at any time during her abode in the Retreat, that we seem to have fair grounds of hope at present. It is quite certain that in bringing her home I have done what was best for her and for ourselves.

“I wish the late Administration had continued long

enough in power to have provided as well for William* as it has done for me. It has placed me, as far as relates to the means of subsistence, at ease for the remainder of my days. Nor ought any man who devotes himself, as I have done, to literary pursuits, to think himself ill-recompensed with such an income as I shall henceforward receive from the Treasury. My new pension is directed to be paid without deductions.

“Bating what I suppose to be rheumatism in my right arm, and an ugly rash, I am in good health, and my spirits are equal to the demand upon them. To be relieved from suspense is the greatest of all reliefs.

“I am busy upon the Admirals and Cowper. After supper I compare his letters to Mr. Unwin, which are all in my hands, with the printed books, and see what has been omitted, and correct the blunders that have crept into the text. This will be a long operation. Besides this, I have heaps of his letters to Lady Hesketh, and sundry others. One very interesting one shows the state of his mind as to his worldly prospects about a year before his malady broke out. Another says, that at the Temple he carefully went through Homer with one of his friends, and compared the original with Pope throughout, execrating the translation as he went on. I shall collect a great deal from these materials, as well as add much to his printed letters.

“God bless you !

R. S.”

* Mr. Wordsworth's younger son.

My father had ordered a copy of 'The Doctor to be sent to the Rev. John Miller, and the following letter was written in reply to one from him concerning it. In common with many others, it seems from the first he had believed my father to be the author.

To the Rev. John Miller.

“ Keswick, July 20. 1835.

“ My dear Sir,

“ A copy of the ‘unique Opus’ came to me upon its first appearance, with my name printed in red letters on the back of the title-page, and ‘from the author’ on the fly-leaf, in a disguised hand; in which hand, through the disguise, I thought I could recognise that of my very intimate friend, the author of Philip Van Artevelde. He, however, if my theory of the book be well founded, is too young a man to be the author. I take the preparatory postscript to have been written in sincerity and sadness: and if so, Henry Taylor was a boy at the time when (according to the statement there) the book was begun.

“ It may, I think, be inferred from everything about the book, and in it, that the author began it in his blithest years, with the intention of saying, under certain restrictions, *quidlibet de quolibet*, and making it a receptacle for his shreds and patches; that beginning in jest, he grew more and more in earnest as he proceeded; that he dreamt over it, and brooded over it — laid it aside for months and years,

resumed it after long intervals, and more often latterly in thoughtfulness than in mirth; fancied, perhaps, at last that he could put into it more of his mind than could conveniently be produced in any other form; and having supposed (as he tells us) when he began, that the whole of his yarn might be woven up in two volumes, got to the end of a third, without appearing to have diminished the balls that were already spun and wound when the work was commenced in the loom, to say nothing of his bags of wool.

“To the reasons which he has assigned for not choosing to make himself publicly known, this no doubt may be added, that the mask would not conceal him from those who knew him intimately, nor from the few by whom he might wish to be known; but it would protect his face from dirt, or any thing worse that might be thrown at it.

“I see in the work a little of Rabelais, but not much; more of Tristram Shandy, somewhat of Burton, and perhaps more of Montaigne; but methinks the *quintum quid* predominates.

“I should be as much at a loss to know who is meant by REVERNE as you have been, if I had not accidentally heard that the only person to whom the authorship is ascribed, upon any thing like authority, is the Rev. Erskine Neale. Mrs. Hodson (formerly Margaret Holford) being in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, and desirous to hunt out, if she could, the history of the Opus, inquired about it there, and was assured by a bookseller that it was written by this gentleman, who had once resided in

that place, but was then living at Hull. A clergyman whom she met there confirmed this, and there seemed to be no doubt about it in Doncaster. It is plain, therefore, that REVERNE designates this Great-everywhere-else-unknown; but I would not swear the book to him upon such evidence.

“I can resolve another of your doubts. The concluding signature is not in the Garamma tongue, but in cryptography, or, what might more properly be called, in Dovean language comicography. If you look at it, and observe that k, e, w spell Q, you will find that when the nut is cracked it contains no kernel.

“So much concerning a book which is a great favourite with my family, and has helped them sometimes to beguile what otherwise must have been hours of sorrow. Ten months have elapsed since our great affliction came upon us. . . . This is the fortieth year of our marriage, and I know not whether the past or the present seems now to me most like a dream.

“Amid these griefs, you will be glad to know that some substantial good has befallen us. One of the last acts of Sir Robert Peel's administration was to give me a pension of 300*l.*, in addition to that of 200*l.* which I before possessed, the new one being (I am told) free from deductions; and this will emancipate me from all booksellers' work, when my present engagements are completed. If my life be prolonged, I shall then apply myself to the histories of Portugal, of the Monastic Orders, and of English Literature, from the point where Warton breaks off. Do not

conclude that, in entertaining such designs at my age, I am *immemor sepulchri*. For of the first at least three-fourths of the labour has been performed, and I have been very many years preparing for all three, hoping the time might come when I could afford to make them my chief employment.

“Farewell, my dear Sir. Present my best wishes to your brother and sister, and

Believe me always,

Yours with the sincerest respect and regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To John May, Esq.

“Keswick, Aug. 1. 1835.

“My dear Friend,

“

Since my last letter we have had a severe shock in the death of Miss Hutchinson, Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, who was one of the dearest friends these poor girls had, and who was indeed to me like a sister. She had been with us in all our greatest afflictions. Her strength had been so much exhausted in nursing Miss Wordsworth, the elder, and with anxiety for Dora, that after a rheumatic fever, from which she seemed to be recovered, she sunk at once, owing to mere weakness: an effusion on the brain was the immediate cause. Miss Wordsworth, whose death has been looked upon as likely any day for the last two years, still lives on. Her mind, at times, fails

now. Dora, who is in the most precarious state herself, cannot possibly amend while this anxiety continues, so that at this time Wordsworth's is a more afflicted house than my own. They used to be two of the happiest in the country. But there is a time for all things, and we are supported by God's mercy.

"Our health, thank God, continues good. . . . If I could leave home with satisfaction, I should go either to Harrogate or Shap (if Shap, which I hope, would do,) for the sake of the waters. But my poor Edith likes none of us to leave her, and requests us not to do so. This, of course, would induce me to bear with any thing that can be borne without danger. Nor, indeed, should I willingly leave my daughters, who stand in need of all that can be done to cheer them in the performance of their duty, and who are the better because they exert themselves to keep up their own spirits for my sake.

"You will see how unprofitable it would be for me, under these circumstances, to look beyond the present anywhere — except to another world. In the common course of nature, it cannot be long before all the events of this life will be of no further importance to me, than as they shall have prepared me for a better. To look back over the nine-and-thirty years which have elapsed since you and I first met at Lisbon, seems but as yesterday. Wednesday, the 12th, completes my sixty-first year; and the likelihood is, that before a fourth part of the like interval has passed, you and I shall meet — where there will be no more sorrow nor parting.

"God bless you, my dear old friend, and bring us

thither in His own good time. My love to your dear daughters.

Yours most affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, Sept. 29. 1835.

"My dear G.,

"Mr. Wyon has killed two birds with one shot. Seeing how perfectly satisfied every body here was with his medallion of me, he asked for an introduction to Wordsworth, which I was about to have offered him. Off he set in good spirits to Rydal, and not finding Wordsworth there, was advised to follow him to Lowther. To Lowther he went, and came back from thence delighted with his own success, and with the civilities of Lord and Lady Lonsdale, who desired that they might have both medallions. Nothing, I think, can be better than Wordsworth's, and he is equally pleased with mine.

"He tells me of some unpublished poems of Cowper, which he is in hopes of obtaining for me.

· · · · ·
"To-morrow will be just twelve months since we set out on our miserable journey to York! One whole year! At our time of life there cannot be many more to look on to at *most*. If her illusions are like dreams to her, the reality is like a dream to me, but one from which there is no awaking.

"Yet, Grosvenor, I need not say that in doing all

which can be done, there is a satisfaction which, if it be not worth all it costs, is worth more than anything else. My spirits are as you might expect them to be — somewhat the better, because it is necessary that they should make the best appearances, and always equal to the demand upon them, for which I can never be sufficiently thankful. And what a blessing it is to be relieved from all anxiety concerning my ways and means; just at the time when it must otherwise have made itself felt in a way which it had never done before.

“I very much regret that you could not come here this summer. That ‘more convenient season,’ for which you have so long waited, may now be put off till the Greek Kalends; and, for aught I can see, any movement of mine to the south may be as distant. Here I shall remain, as long as it is best for these members of my family that I should remain here, and that is likely to be as long as our present circumstances continue.

“Happily, while my faculties last, I shall never be in want of employment. At present I have rather more than is agreeable; but when the pressure is over, it will never be renewed. Just now two presses are calling upon me, a third longing for me, and a fourth at which I cast a longing eye myself. The two which, like the daughter of the horse-leech, cry Give, give, are employed upon Cowper and the Admirals. The third is asking for the new edition of Wesley; and the quantity of a good Quarterly Article must be written before that can be satisfied. Two, or, at the most, three chapters would give me my heart’s desire

with the other. But the Admirals will cover all my extraordinaries for two years to come largely; and when the edition of Cowper is finished, I shall receive sweet remuneration to the amount of 1000 guineas, which, however, will be well earned.

“By the by, you are likely to possess Henderson’s life; and if so, I wish you would write me a letter about him, for he gave such a lift to Cowper by reciting John Gilpin, that a page or two to his honour might, with great propriety, be introduced.

“I shall finish my first volume in the course of a few days; the life will go far into the second. As much as possible, I have woven the materials into the narration, and made Cowper tell his own story; but still the work is a web.

“Will you believe that I had forgotten your direction, and that it took me five minutes to recollect it! *Saville Row* was running in my head; I danced for joy when I shouted *Εὐρήκα*.

R. S.

“Sharpe recommended John Gilpin to Henderson. The last communication I ever had with him, was a note confirmatory of this.”

To the Rev. John Warter.

“Keswick, Oct. 1. 1835.

“My dear W.,

“Poor Karl* is to start on Monday, the 12th, if no mishap intervene. . . . His sisters will miss

* The German abbreviation of my name, which he commonly used.

him woefully. As for me, the blossoms of my life are shed, and I stand like a tree in winter,—well-rooted, and, as yet, whole at the heart, and with its head unscathed. There is this difference,—that the tree will put forth its foliage again.

“Time, however, passes rapidly with us; every day brings its employments, and my interest in them is unabated. Last week I received a parcel sent by Quillinan from Porto, containing Gil Vincente’s works, a present from one of the editors. My uncle would have rejoiced with me over it, but in losing him, I lost the only person who could fully enter into that branch of my pursuits. The book is printed at Hamburgh, from a copy of the first edition in the Gottenburgh Library: I believe there is no other copy of that edition in Europe, and none of the only other one are in England, that other, moreover, having been expurgated by the Inquisition. More than any other writer Gil V. may be called the father of the Spanish drama. He was a man of most extraordinary genius, his satire so undaunted, that it accounts for the almost utter annihilation of his work. As connected with the history of Portuguese manners and literature, this republication is the most important work that could have been undertaken. I sup upon him every night.

“Grimshaw and his publishers, by taking the evangelical line, have removed the only uncomfortable circumstance in my way, which was the care I must otherwise have taken (in consideration to the publishers) not to say anything that would have been unpalatable to that party.

“ The first fine day in next week, Bertha, Kate, Karl, and I are to accompany the Lord High Snab * to his estate, and there each of us is to plant a yew tree, which planting I am to celebrate in a poem that is to live as long as the yew trees themselves, live they ever so long. I need not tell you how happy the Lord High Snab is at the prospect of both the fête and the poem. It does one’s heart good to see a man so thoroughly happy who so thoroughly deserves to be so.

“ God bless you!

R. S.”

The following letter was written in reply to a communication from the Rev. T. G. Andrews, Dean of Westminster, on the subject of Westminster School, which at that time had greatly declined in numbers. Mr. Andrews, who took great interest in the matter, from “ his family having been there for more than 200 years,” had written, urging my father, as an Old Westminster, to write some verses in commendation of the school, and with some allusion to the eminent men who had been educated there, which might be read on the anniversary dinner, and printed afterwards for circulation.

* A playful appellation given to Dr. Bell’s late amanuensis, Mr. Davies, who had lately purchased a small mountain farm near Keswick, called High Snab, whither for some years we made annual visits. The yew trees died, and of the poem, which was to have been in the form of an epistle addressed to his eldest daughter, only a few lines were ever written.

To the Rev. Gerrard Thomas Andrews.

“ Keswick, Nov. 12. 1835.

“ Dear Sir,

“ I cannot but be much gratified by a letter like yours, and should be still more so did I think it likely, or even possible, that I could comply with a request that does me so much honour.

“ I know what poems ought to be which are designed for a public meeting, — terse, pointed, and, above all, short. But I know, also, that I am given to prolixity, and that if I could find leisure, or muster resolution to begin upon such a subject, it would lead me astray from the desired object. The musings of an old man might draw some quiet tears from a solitary reader, but at such an assembly, they would be as much out of place as their author himself.

“ My time is more fully occupied than can be well conceived by any one who is not acquainted with my habits of mind and the number of my pursuits. Moreover, I have outlived the inclination for writing poetry. To be asked for an epitaph, or to contribute something to a lady’s album, gives me much more annoyance than I ever felt at hearing Dr. Vincent say to me, ‘ Twenty lines of Homer, and not go to breakfast.’

“ Some causes of the decline at Westminster are of a permanent nature. Preparatory schools, which were not heard of fifty years ago, have annihilated the under school. King’s College and the London University take away a large proportion of the day

boys, who were very numerous in my time. Proprietary schools (another recent invention) are preferred by anxious parents; and too many patrician ones, though the father were at Westminster himself, forsake a falling house, and send their boys to Harrow or to Eton. A school declines faster as soon as it is known to be declining. The *religio loci*, which with you is an hereditary feeling, and with me a strong one, can do little, I fear, to counteract so many co-operating causes.

“Your father was before my time. I should love and venerate his name, even did I know nothing more of him than his kindness to Herbert Knowles.*

“I was placed at Westminster in the under fourth, a few weeks before Dr. Smith left it, in 1788. Botch Hayes was then usher of the fifth, and left it in disgust because he was not appointed under-master. Most of my contemporaries have disappeared; but in Charles W. W. Wynn and Grosvenor Bedford, I have still two of my dearest friends; and if I were beholden to the old school for nothing more than their friendship, I should have reason enough to bless the day on which I entered it.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours with sincere respect,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

* See Vol. IV. p. 221.

To C. C. Southey.

“ Keswick, Dec. 16. 1835.

“ My dear Cuthbert,

“ Twice I wished for you yesterday; first, at breakfast, because it was a beautiful morning, and my feet itched for a ten miles’ walk. But you are in Sussex, Davies is in Shropshire, and I have not even a dog for a companion.

“ Secondly, you were wished for two hours afterwards, when I had settled to my work, for then came the box of books from Ulverston. You would have enjoyed the unpacking. It is the best batch they ever sent home: thirty-six volumes, besides three for Bertha and five of Kate’s.

“ I should like, if it were possible, always to communicate my pleasures, and keep my troubles to myself. Here was no one to admire the books with us.

“ You remember * when the miller invited me, to whom he had never spoken before, to rejoice with him over the pig that he had killed, the finest that he had ever fattened, and how he led me to the place where that which had ceased to be pig, and was not yet bacon, was hung up, — scalded, exenterate, and hardly yet cold, — by the hind-feet.

“ Mr. Campbell’s† man, Willy, in like manner, yesterday, called on his acquaintance to admire a

* I remember it very well, and how my father rejoiced the man’s heart by admiring the goodly sight.

† A gentleman resident at Keswick, with whom he was very intimate.

salmon which he had kippered the preceding night ; the kitchen floor had been cleaned and swept, and the salmon was displayed on it, while Willy, half-seas over in the forenoon, pointed out to his master the beauty of the fish : he had never killed one in such condition before, — it was worth seven shillings.

“ About six weeks hence I hope to rejoice both over Cowper and the Admirals, though not to take my leave of them then. But I hope to have a volume of each completed, and am now keeping on *pari passu* with both. The Evangelical Magazine has outdone its usual outdoings in abusing the first volume. They say I shall be known to posterity as embalmed in Lord Byron’s verse for an incarnate lie. The whole article is in this strain, and it has roused Cradock’s indignation as much as it has amused me ; for it is written just as I should wish an enemy to write. God bless you, my dear boy !

R. S.”

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

“ Keswick, Jan. 7. 1836.

“ My dear Grosvenor,

“ The best thing I can wish for myself, on the commencement of a new year (among those things which ‘stand to feasible’) is, that it may not pass away without your making a visit to Keswick. Other *hope* for the year I have none, and not much (to confess the truth) of this. Time, however, passes rapidly enough ; and good part of it, by help of employment,

in a sort of world of my own, wherein I seem abstracted from every thing except what occupies my immediate attention. The most painful seasons are, when I lie down at night, and when I awake in the morning. But my health continues good, and my spirits better than I could possibly have expected, had our present circumstances been foreseen. . . . It is remarkable that, of all employments at this time, the *Life of Cowper* should be that on which I am engaged. Enough of this. God bless you!

R. S."

To John May, Esq.

" Keswick, Jan. 30. 1836.

" My dear Friend,

" Your letter arrived this morning. I sent off by this day's post the last portion of manuscript for my second volume ; and having so done, I lay aside all thoughts of Cowper till Monday morning, giving myself thus what may be called a quarter's holiday this evening. Methinks time has taken from me nothing which is so much to be regretted as leisure, or rather nothing of which I should so certainly, as well as allowably, wish to be possessed again. However, I live in hope of working my way to it. When Cowper and the Admirals are off my hands, I will engage in nothing that does not leave me master of my own time. It will be still too little for what I once hoped to perform.

“Cradock has advertised for the 13th; so on Monday, the 15th, your copy ought to be in Harley Street. The Life will extend to half a volume more, and with it my hurry ends, but not my work.

“I am very glad to hear that you are reading Dr. Thomas Jackson, an author with whom, more almost than any other, one might be contented in a prison. There is hardly any thing in his works which I wished away, except one shocking passage about the Jews. For knowledge and sagacity and right-mindedness, I think he has never been surpassed. You will be much pleased, also, with Knox’s Remains, and his correspondence with Bishop Jebb.

“There is no change for the better in our domestic circumstances. All hope is extinguished, while anxiety remains unabated, so sudden are the transitions of this awful malady. I can never be sufficiently thankful that my means of support are no longer precarious, as they were twelve months ago. The fear of being disabled, which I never felt before, might too probably have brought on the evil which it apprehended, when my life seemed to be of more consequence to my family than at any former time, and my exertions more called for. Thank God, Sir Robert Peel set me at ease on that score. Would to God that you were relieved from your cares in like manner! We have both cause to return thanks for the happiness that we have enjoyed, and for the consolations that are left us. If the last stage of our journey should prove the most uneasy, it will be the shortest. It is just forty years since we met in another country;

most probably before a fourth part of that time has elapsed, we shall meet in another state of existence.

“We have both great comfort in our children. Perhaps one reason why women bear affliction (as I think they generally do) better than men, is, because they make no attempt to fly from the sense of it, but betake themselves patiently to the duties, however painful, which they are called upon to perform. It is the old emblem of the reed and the oak—they bend, and therefore they are not broken; and then comes peace of mind, which is the fruit of resignation.

“Secluded as we now are from society, my daughters find sufficient variety of employment. They transcribe a good deal for me: indeed, whatever I want extracted of any length from books—most of my notes. One room is almost fitted up with books of their binding: I call it the *Cottonian* library; no patchwork quilt was ever more diversified. They have just now attired two hundred volumes in this fashion. Their pleasure, indeed, in seeing the books in order, is not less than my own; and, indeed, the greater part of them are now in such order, that they are the pride of my eye, as well as the joy of my heart.

“On Monday, I begin to give my mornings again to the Admirals, that is, as many mornings as my ever-growing business of letter-writing may leave leisure for—letters in half of which I have no concern, and in the other half no pleasure. The fourth volume will contain the lives of Essex, Raleigh, Sir William Monson, Blake, and Monk. Then, not to

extend unreasonably a work which was not intended by the publisher at first for more than two volumes, I shall drop the biography, and wind up in one volume more, with the Naval History from the Revolution, in continuous narrative. A good pretext for this is, that the age of naval enterprise and adventure, and consequently of personal interest, was past, and the interest thenceforth becomes political; events are regarded, not with reference to the principal actors, as in Drake's time, but to their bearings upon the national affairs. I shall be glad when this work is completed, because, though of all my books I have been best paid for it, it is that which I have taken the least interest in composing, and which any one who would have bestowed equal diligence upon it, might have executed quite as well.

“The snow has confined me three days to the house. It is now rapidly thawing, to my comfort; for I feel as if the machine wanted that sort of winding up which is given to it by daily exercise. God bless you, my dear old friend! May I live to write a great many more books; and may you and your daughters live, and read, and like them all. No small part of the pleasure which I take in writing arises from thinking how often the work in which I am engaged will make me present, in a certain sense, with friends who are far away.

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To Edward Moxon, Esq.

“ Keswick, Feb. 2. 1836.

“ My dear Sir,

“ I have been too closely engaged in clearing off the second volume of Cowper to reply to your inquiries concerning poor Lamb sooner. His acquaintance with Coleridge began at Christ’s Hospital; Lamb was some two years, I think, his junior. Whether he was ever one of the *Grecians* there, might be ascertained, I suppose, by inquiring. My own impression is, that he was not. Coleridge introduced me to him in the winter of 1794–5, and to George Dyer also, from whom, if his memory has not failed, you might probably learn more of Lamb’s early history than from any other person. Lloyd, Wordsworth, and Hazlitt became known to him through their connection with Coleridge.

“ When I saw the family (one evening only, and at that time), they were lodging somewhere near Lincoln’s Inn, on the western side (I forget the street), and were evidently in uncomfortable circumstances. The father and mother were both living; and I have some dim recollection of the latter’s invalid appearance. The father’s senses had failed him before that time. He published some poems in quarto. Lamb showed me once an imperfect copy: the Sparrow’s Wedding was the title of the longest piece, and this was the author’s favourite; he liked, in his dotage, to hear Charles read it.

“ His most familiar friend, when I first saw him,

was White, who held some office at Christ's Hospital, and continued intimate with him as long as he lived. You know what Elia says of him. He and Lamb were joint authors of the *Original Letters of Falstaff*. Lamb, I believe, first appeared as an author in the second edition of Coleridge's *Poems* (Bristol, 1797), and, secondly, in the little volume of blank verse with Lloyd (1798). Lamb, Lloyd, and White were inseparable in 1798; the two latter at one time lodged together, though no two men could be imagined more unlike each other. Lloyd had no drollery in his nature; White seemed to have nothing else. You will easily understand how Lamb could sympathise with both.

“Lloyd, who used to form sudden friendships, was all but a stranger to me, when unexpectedly he brought Lamb down to visit me at a little village (Burton) near Christ Church, in Hampshire, where I was lodging in a very humble cottage. This was in the summer of 1797, and then, or in the following year, my correspondence with Lamb began. I saw more of him in 1802 than at any other time, for I was then six months resident in London. His visit to this county was before I came to it; it must have been either in that or the following year: it was to Lloyd and to Coleridge.

“I had forgotten one of his school-fellows, who is still living — C. V. Le Grice, a clergyman at or near Penzance. From him you might learn something of his boyhood.

“Cottle has a good likeness of Lamb, in chalk, taken by an artist named Robert Hancock, about the

year 1798. It looks older than Lamb was at that time; but he was old-looking.

“Coleridge introduced him to Godwin, shortly after the first number of the *Anti-Jacobin Magazine and Review* was published, with a caricature of Gillray’s, in which Coleridge and I were introduced with asses’ heads, and Lloyd and Lamb as toad and frog. Lamb got warmed with whatever was on the table, became disputatious, and said things to Godwin which made him quietly say, ‘Pray, Mr. Lamb, are you toad or frog?’ Mrs. Coleridge will remember the scene, which was to her sufficiently uncomfortable. But the next morning S. T. C. called on Lamb, and found Godwin breakfasting with him, from which time their intimacy began.

“His angry letter to me in the *Magazine* arose out of a notion that an expression of mine in the *Quarterly Review* would hurt the sale of *Elia*: some one, no doubt, had said that it would. I meant to serve the book, and very well remember how the offence happened. I had written that it wanted nothing to render it altogether delightful but a *saner* religious feeling. *This* would have been the proper word if any other person had written the book. Feeling its extreme unfitness as soon as it was written, I altered it immediately for the first word which came into my head, intending to re-model the sentence when it should come to me in the proof; and that proof never came. There can be no objection to your printing all that passed upon the occasion, beginning with the passage in the *Quarterly Review*, and giving his letter.

"I have heard Coleridge say that, in a fit of derangement, Lamb fancied himself to be young Norval. He told me this in relation to one of his poems.

"If you print my lines to him upon his Album Verses, I will send you a corrected copy. You received his letters, I trust, which Cuthbert took with him to town in October. I wish they had been more, and wish, also, that I had more to tell you concerning him, and what I have told were of more value. But it is from such fragments of recollection, and such imperfect notices, that the materials for biography must, for the most part, be collected.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

"My dear H. T.,

"Keswick, March 12. 1836.

"When I went to Lisbon the second time (in 1800), it was for my health. An illness (the only one I ever had) had weakened me, and I was liable to sudden pulsations of the heart, which seemed to indicate some organic derangement. It was inferred, or rather ascertained, that they arose from nervous excitability, because the moment I apprehended them they returned; and this conclusion was confirmed by a circumstance which has led me to this relation. Going out of our sitting-room one morning, I happened to hear the maid draw the bed curtains, pre-

paratory to making the bed in the chamber opposite. From that time, while I remained in those lodgings, I never went out of the room in the early part of the day without hearing the same sound, distinctly, though it came from within instead of without.

“ Now let me tell you a more curious circumstance, of which I made a memorandum as soon as I returned. About two months ago I was going to the lake, and reading as I went. It was a bright, frosty day, and my Scotch bonnet (in which I appear like a Gaberlunzie man) afforded no shelter to the eyes, but having been used to wear it, I was not inconvenienced by the light. Just on the rising ground, where the view of the lake opens, I suppose the sun came more directly upon my eyelids, but the page which I was reading appeared to be printed in red letters. It happened to be a page in which one book of a Latin poem ended and another began : the heading of this latter was, of course, in considerably larger types ; these changed their colour first, and became red as blood ; the whole page presently became so, and the opposite page presented a confused intermixture of red and black types when I glanced on it, but, fixing my eyes, the whole became rubric also, though there was nothing then so vivid as the large letters of the heading. The appearance passed away as my position to the sun was altered.

“ This phenomenon never occurred to me before, but I observed it particularly, because, if my memory does not deceive me, I have more than once read of the same thing, and always as of something supernatural in the history of a Romish saint, or a fanatic

of some other denomination. According to the mood of mind in which it occurred, it would be taken for a manifestation of grace or of wrath.

“ God bless you !

R. S.”

To Herbert Hill, Esq.

“ Keswick, April 2. 1836.

“ My dear Herbert,

James II.'s conduct in obtruding a Romish president upon Magdalen, was not worse than that of the present Ministry in appointing Dr. Hampden to the professorship of divinity. If they had given him any other preferment, even a bishopric, it would have been only one proof among many that it is part of their policy to promote men of loose opinions; but to place him in the office which he now holds, was an intentional insult to the university. In no way could the Whigs expect so materially to injure the Church, as by planting Germanised professors in our schools of divinity. Thank God there is too much sound learning in the land for them to succeed in this. Not the least remarkable of the many parallels between these times and those of Charles I., is to be found in the state of the clergy: from the time of the Reformation they had never been in so good a state as when the Church was for a while overthrown; and since the Restoration they have never been in so good a state as at present. I mean, that

there has never been so great a proportion of learned, and diligent, able men : men whose lives are conformable to their profession, who are able to defend the truth, and who would not shrink from any thing which they may be called upon to suffer for its sake.

“ Have you read ‘ Subscription no Bondage ? ’ Some one (I forget who) sent it me last year. Maurice* is said to be the author’s name ; an abler treatise I have never read.

“ I am glad that you are studying German, and that you sometimes write verses, not only as a wholesome exercise for thoughts and feelings which hardly find utterance in any other form, but also because if you ever become a prose writer, you will find the great advantage of having written poetry. No poet ever becomes a mannerist in prose, nor falls into those tricks of style which show that the writer is always labouring to produce effect.

“ The third volume of Cowper will be published next week. The remaining part of the Life extends far into it. The dealers in weekly and monthly criticism appear to think it as much a matter of course that I am now to be beplaistered with praise as they once did that I was to be bespattered with abuse. On both occasions I have often remembered what the Moravian said to Wesley : *Mi frater, non adheret vestibus*. To make amends, however, the Evangelical party have declared war against me ; and I am told that in some places as much zeal is manifested in recommending Grimshawe’s edition, as in

* Rev. F. Maurice, Professor at King’s College, London.

canvassing for a vacant lectureship. My main labour is over, but a good deal yet remains to be done in biographical notices; some of which will probably form a supplementary volume. As for materials, I have been fed by the ravens. The information which I have come upon unexpectedly, or which has been supplied to me from various quarters to which no application was made, because I did not know that such documents existed, has been surprisingly great.

“It would have amused me much if you and Edward had exhibited your skill in special pleading upon the delectable book ‘The Doctor,’ as you intended. To convince a man against his will, you know, is no easy matter; and if you substitute knowledge for will, what must it be then? That the writer has at first or second hand picked up some things from me, is plain enough; if it be at first hand, there is but one man upon whom my suspicion could rest, and he is very capable of having written it, which is no light praise. He possesses all the talents that the book displays, but not the multifarious sort of knowledge, nor are the opinions altogether such as he would be likely to express. So if it be his, he must have had assistance, and must also have hung out false lights. However, some friends of Henry Taylor’s tell him that Dr. Bowring is the author; not the Dr. Bowring who is now M.P., who has had a finger in every revolutionary pie for the last fifteen years (and ought, indeed, to be denoted as dealer in revolutions and Greek scrip), but a retired practitioner of that name at Doncaster. H. Taylor’s informants know every thing

about him. The tedious chapters about Doncaster give some probability to this statement. You have it, however, as it came to me, for what it is worth; and the next volume, perhaps, if next there should be, may throw more light upon the authorship.

“ God bless you, my dear Herbert !

R. S.”

To John May, Esq.

“ Kewick, June 13. 1836.

“ My dear Friend,

“ Time passes on so rapidly with me in the regular course of constant occupation, that it seems only a few days since that letter arrived which yours of this morning reminds me is two months old. . . .

“ There is no change in my poor Edith, nor is there likely to be any. Thank God there is no suffering, not even so much as in a dream (of this I am fully convinced), and her bodily health is better than it had been for very many years. . . .

“ Only one of my daughters is with me at present. Kate has been prevailed on to go to Rydal, and if it be possible to remove poor Dora Wordsworth to the coast (which is her only chance of recovery), she will go with her. The loss of Miss Hutchinson, which was the greatest we could have sustained out of our own nearest kin, has drawn the bonds of affection closer between dear Dora and my daughters, who were almost equally dear to the dead.

.

“ You will not wonder that the *Life of Cowper* was a subject better suited to my own state of mind at this time than almost any other could have been. It was something like relief to have thoughts, from which it is not possible that I could escape, diverted as it were from home. There are passages which I dare say you will have perceived would not have been written unless I had had something more than a theoretical knowledge of this most awful of all maladies.

“ I shall be very glad to see John Coleridge. The bishop sent me his kind remembrances from Demerara the other day. You ask if there be any likelihood of seeing me in town? Not at present; nor is it possible for me to say when it may be fitting for me to leave home. My presence, though it may be little comfort to my poor wife, is a very great one to my daughters; my spirits help to keep up theirs, and with what they have to do for me in the way of transcribing, and the arrival of letters and packets which would cease during my absence, they would feel a great blank were they left to themselves. In her quieter moods, too, my poor Edith shows a feeling towards me, the last, perhaps, which will be utterly extirpated. How often am I reminded of my own lines, and made to feel what a woeful thing it is —

‘ When the poor flesh surviving, doth entomb
The reasonable soul,’

“ You and I, my dear friend, have been afflicted in different ways, and both heavily. But the time is not far distant when we shall have all losses re-

stayed, and understand that the ways of Providence are always merciful to those who put their trust in it.

Mr. Bedford and his cousin, Miss Page, are coming to lodge at the foot of the garden in the course of a fortnight. I have known him from the year 1788; we became familiar in 1790, intimate in 1791, and have kept up a constant and most intimate intercourse ever since. So you may suppose how much I shall enjoy his society. Mary Page, too, is the dearest of my female friends.

God bless you, my dear old friend! and believe me always,

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

In consequence of the presence of these friends, whose coming my father anticipates at the close of the last letter, this summer passed more cheerfully than those which for some time had preceded it; nor, indeed, could any persons have more thoroughly enjoyed each other's society. Mr. Bedford, though afflicted with almost complete deafness, as well as other infirmities, had lost none of his natural cheerfulness and relish for old humour and boyish jokes; and my father was never weary of talking into his trumpet. They had, indeed, both preserved up to so late a period of life more natural vivacity and elasticity of mind than falls to the lot of most persons even in youth; and both regarded it as a signal blessing that they had done so.

The cheerfulness of the summer was further in-

creased by the circumstance of another old "Westminster" (the Rev. Edward Levett, late of Hampstead) passing some months at Keswick; and although they had rarely met since their boyish days, this tie quickly brought them into intimacy.

Soon after their departure my father was surprised by a subpœna to appear as a witness at the assizes at Lancaster, in what was commonly called "The great Will Case," involving a property called the Hornby Castle Estate. The late possessor, whose name was Marsden, was presumed to have been a person of weak intellect, under the control of his steward, to whose son he had bequeathed the estate, worth from 6000*l.* to 7000*l.* a year. Admiral Tatham, the heir-at-law, challenged Marsden's competency to make a will; and one of the points upon which his counsel (Mr., now Sir Cresswell Cresswell) relied, was the internal evidence contained in a series of letters purporting to be the production of the testator.

For the purpose of giving opinion upon these letters, several literary men had been subpœnaed, — Dr. Lingard, the historian (who had been a witness on a former trial, as knowing the testator personally), Mr. Wordsworth, my father, Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, and others. The following letter shows it was decided not to examine these witnesses, and Mr. Wordsworth was the only one sworn.

To H. Taylor, Esq.

“Keswick, Sept. 10. 1836.

“My dear H. T.,

“The papers may have told you that Wordsworth’s evidence was not received. The point at issue was, whether certain letters produced in the testator’s handwriting could all be composed by the same person, or whether they did not imply such a difference of intellect, and contain such different peculiarities of spelling and style, as to be proofs of a long-laid scheme for defrauding the heir-at-law.

“The argument whether this course of inquiry should be gone into was raised as soon as W. had been sworn in the box, and was yielded by the plaintiff’s counsel (Cresswell)—less, I think, in deference to the advice of the judge, than because he saw that, in the event of a favourable verdict, Pollock was preparing to make it the plea for another trial.

“I wish you could have seen us at a board of law the preceding evening; and how Pollock was taken aback when he heard Wordsworth called into the box; and how well he recovered, and skilfully took his ground, though every step of his argument was sophistical. Wordsworth is now a ‘Sworn Critic, and Appraiser of Composition;’ and he has the whole honour to himself,—an honour, I believe, of which there is no other example in literary history.

“We went on Tuesday, Quillinan accompanying us. On Wednesday we returned to Rydal, where I slept that night, and the next morning I walked

home without the slightest fatigue. But when Wordsworth marvels that I can do this, and says that I must be very strong to undertake such a march, it shows that he is an old man, and makes me conscious that I am on the list of the elders.

“The journey has been useful as an experiment: and my plans are now laid for a long circuit. About the middle of October, as soon as the volume of Admirals can be finished—upon which I go doggedly to work from this day—I hope to start with Cuthbert for the West of England. We shall halt in Shropshire, and perhaps in Warwickshire, on the way to Bristol, thence to Taunton, Devonshire, and the Land’s End. I shall show him all the scenes of my childhood and youth, and the few old friends who are left; convey him to Tarring, and then come to London for two or three weeks, taking up my abode there with Rickman. God bless you!

R. S.”

Dr. Shelton Mackenzie has kindly favoured me with his recollections of this meeting with my father, of great part of which I avail myself here.

“At our meeting on the preceding evening, Mr. Wordsworth gave his opinion of the letters to this effect, judging from external as well as internal evidence, that though they came from one hand, they did not emanate from one and the same mind; that a man commencing to write letters might do so very badly, but as he advanced in life, particularly if, like Marsden, he wrote many letters, he would probably improve in style; such improvement being constant, and not capricious. That is, if he gradually learned to spell and write properly, he would not fall back at intervals into his original errors of composition and

spelling — that if once he had got out of his ignorance he could not fall back into it, except by design — that the human mind advances, but cannot recede, unless warped by insanity or weakened by disease. The conclusion arrived at, which facts afterwards proved, was, that the inequality in the letters arose from their being composed by different persons, some ignorant and some well informed, while another person always copied them fairly for the post.

“This is the sum of what Mr. Wordsworth at great length and very elaborately declared as the result he had arrived at. It was thought piled on thought, clear investigation, careful analysis, and accumulative reasoning.

“While Wordsworth was speaking, I noticed that Southey listened with great attention. Once or twice Wordsworth referred to him for his coincidence in an argument, and Southey very laconically assented. Dr. Lingard’s opinion was already on record, and my friend and myself very briefly stated ours to be precisely the same as Wordsworth’s. The next day Wordsworth was put into the witness-box, was sworn, and his examination had commenced, in fulfilment of Mr. Cresswell’s promise to the jury that they should hear the opinion of eminent literary characters as to the compound authorship of Marsden’s letters. But Sir F. Pollock, the leader on the other side, objected to such evidence, alleging that they might as well examine a batch of Edinburgh reviewers; and that it was substituting speculative opinion for actual fact, besides taking from the jury the power of judgment founded upon opinion. After a long argument, it was decided that this evidence was inadmissible; but, as the verdict eventually showed, the jury evidently thought that there was good reason why such evidence was set aside.

“While a friend went for a magistrate’s order for us to see the castle (which is used as the prison), Southey, Wordsworth, and myself had a brisk conversation.

“From the spot on which we stood (a sort of terrace) there was a fine view of the Irish sea, the country around Lancaster, and to the north the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland; which last were eagerly pointed out by Wordsworth. I hazarded the remark, that an American had compared these

mountains with some in the vicinity of his own Hudson river, and this led to a conversation about America. 'I always lamented,' said Southey, 'that Gifford's anti-American feeling should be so prominent in the Quarterly; but he was obstinate, and the more I remonstrated the more he persevered.' We spoke of American reprints of English works, and Wordsworth said it was wonderful what an interest they took in our literature;—'it was the yearning of the child for the parent;' while Southey remarked, with a smile, 'Rather the yearning of the robber for his booty: they reprint English works, because it pays them better than to buy native copyrights; and until men are paid, and paid well for writing, depend on it that writing well must be an exception rather than the rule.'

"We now went to visit Lancaster castle, which need not here be described. After enjoying the fine view from the Keep we went to see the Penitentiary, within the castle. Dr. Lingard had left us before this, and the ball of conversation was kept up between Wordsworth, Southey, and myself. The principal subject was American literature; with which, at that time, I was pretty well acquainted. Wordsworth could scarcely believe that of a three volume work, published here at a guinea and a half, the reprint was usually sold in New York for two shillings—in later days the price has been as low as sixpence, the great sale making a fraction of profit worth looking for. Wordsworth expressed a strong desire to obtain an American reprint of any of Southey's works; but Mr. Southey appeared quite indifferent. 'I should be glad to see them,' said he, 'if the rogues would only give me a tithe of what the work of my brains may yield to them.'

"Returning to the terrace leading to the courts, Wordsworth and Mr. Quillinan went into the town; while Southey and myself walked up and down for about half an hour. 'I am glad,' said he, 'that they would not take our evidence. It was nothing but matter of opinion, and if twenty men of letters swore one way on one day, twenty more would swear the reverse on the next day, and with equal conscientiousness.' I said that I suspected the *offering* such evidence was enough, as its rejection made the jury suspect there was a cause for not

hearing it. 'Like enough,' said he, laughing heartily, 'that would be a true lawyer's trick !'

"Southey then inquired whether some lines on the death of a child, which had gone the round of the newspapers shortly before, were not my composition. Learning that they were, he said, 'The solace of song certainly does mitigate the sufferings of the wounded spirit. I have suffered deeply, and I found a comfort in easing my mind through poetry ; even though much of what I wrote at such times I have not let the world see. It is a bitter cup,' added he, 'but we cannot expect the ties of kindred to remain for ever. One by one, as we live on, our friends and our relations drop through the broken arches of the bridge of life.'

"He spoke freely of his contemporaries. Lingard he praised for true earnestness, and a desire to state the facts. Another living historian he praised as 'one of the most learned men in Europe.' He regretted that Robert Montgomery should have been as much overpraised at first, as he was latterly abused. He eulogized the genius of Mary Ann Browne, then living at Liverpool, and said that he thought she had as much ability as Mrs. Hemans, with less mannerism. He said that the Corn Law Rhymer was a sort of pupil of his own : 'he sent me his verses when he was a youth ; I pointed out their defects, and he was not above trying to amend and remove them. There are parts of Elliott's poems,' added he, 'not surpassed in the language.'

"We spoke of Wordsworth, and he said, 'A clear half of what he has written will remain. Who can say how much of the rest of us will survive ? Scott, for example ; no one thinks of his poetry now.' I ventured to say that in Scott's case, as in his own, the excellence of their prose had thrown their poetry into the shade. 'That is a flattering apology,' said he ; 'but our prose may, from its very quantity, if from no other cause, have crowded down our poetry. One thing I do know ; to write poetry is the best preparation for writing prose. The versemaker gets the habit of weighing the meanings and qualities of words, until he comes to know, as if by intuition, what particular word will best fit into the sentence. People talk of

my style! I have only endeavoured to write plain English, and to put my thoughts into language which every one can understand.' He mentioned Cobbett as one of the best writers of English we had yet possessed. 'He has a Saxon basis, derived from his education in the heart of an English county, where the Saxon roots occur once or twice in every sentence uttered by the peasantry. Cobbett,' he added, 'has done and said many foolish things; but he writes English such as every one, from Chaucer to Sir Thomas More, and from More to Cowper, cannot fail to comprehend. He is very much in earnest, and writes without stopping to pick out pretty words, or round off polished sentences.'

"I mentioned his *Life of Nelson*. 'That,' said he, 'was a *Quarterly* article, and I expanded it into a book. I was afraid of the sea phrases; but I had no fear of making the book liked by the public, for I had material for ten times the extent I was bound to, and the man I wrote of lived in the nation's heart.'

"The question of memory was touched upon, from my mentioning the dates of some events we spoke of. 'Now,' said he, 'I could as soon fly as recollect these dates. I have trusted so little to memory, that memory will do little for me when I press her. I have a habit of making notes of what I should treasure in my mind, and the act of writing seems to discharge it from the mind to the paper. This is as to particulars; the main points of a subject I recollect very well.'

"To my surprise, when I inadvertently named Byron, he rather encouraged the subject. 'You think,' said he, 'that if we had been personally acquainted there would probably have been few unkind feelings between us. We did meet, more than once, in London society. I saw that he was a man of quick impulses, strong passions, and great powers. I saw him abuse these powers; and, looking at the effect of his writings on the public mind, it was my duty to denounce such of them as aimed at the injury of morals and religion. This was all; and I have said so in print before now. It has been said that I, who avowed very strong opinions in my youth, should not have condemned others; but, from my youth until now, my desire has been to improve the condition, moral, religious, and physical, of the great body

of mankind. The means which I once thought best suited to effect this, are not the means which, after forty years' constant thought, I would now employ. My purpose remains the same as it was in youth—I would use different machinery.'

"After this conversation we parted. Southey went to his friends at their inn, while I went to mine for some American reprints of English and Scotch magazines which I had with me. When I rejoined them they were at luncheon. Mr. Wordsworth again expressed a desire to obtain any reprints of Southey's poems; and Southey said, 'I wish they would reprint my History of Brazil.' I said, alluding to the size of the work, that this would be a heavy affair. 'Yes,' said he, 'it is in three thick quartos, and therefore quite out of the reach of common purchasers. It is a very curious fact that this very work has added some 1200*l.* a year to the income of a commercial house in London. They claimed some exemption (of duties, I think he said,) from information given them by a passage in that work, and thus they gain more by it in one year, than the author can expect for the labour and research of many.'

"Shortly after they departed, both poets kindly inviting me to correspond with them, and pressing me to visit them, if ever I went within 'a day's march' of either. I never again saw these poets, but enjoyed the correspondence of each.

"The personal appearance and demeanour of Southey at this time (he was then aged 62) was striking and peculiar. The only thing in art which brings him exactly before me, is the monument by Lough, the sculptor. Like many other young men of the time, who had read Byron with great admiration, I had imbibed rather a prejudice against the Laureate. This was weakened by his appearance, and wholly removed by his frank conversation. He was calm, mild, and gentlemanly; full of quiet, subdued humour; the reverse of ascetic in his manner, speech, or actions. His bearing was rather that of a scholar, than of a man much accustomed to mingle in general society. Indeed, he told me that, next to romping with his children, when they were children, he 'enjoyed a tête-à-tête conversation with an *old* friend, or a *new*. With one,' added he, 'I can talk

of familiar subjects, which we have discussed in former years; and with the other, if he have any brains, I open what to me is a new mine of thought. The educated Americans whom I have conversed with, always leave me something to think of.'

"In any place Southey would have been pointed at as 'a noticeable man.' He was tall, slight, and well made. His features were striking, and Byron truly described him as 'with a hook nose and a hawk's eye.' Certainly his eyes were peculiar—at once keen and mild. The brow was rather high than square, and the lines well defined. His hair was tinged with grey, but his head was as well covered with it—wavy and flowing—as it could have been in youth. He by no means looked his age: simple habits, pure thoughts, the quietude of a happy hearth, the friendship of the wise and good, the self-consciousness of acting for the best purposes, a separation from the personal irritations which men of letters so often are subjected to in the world; and health, which up to that time had been so generally unbroken, had kept Southey from many of the cares of life, and their usually harrowing effect on mind and body. It is one of my most pleasant recollections that I enjoyed his friendship and regard."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JOURNEY IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.—THE LIFE OF COWPER.
— LITERARY ADVICE TO A LADY.—HIS SON'S PROSPECTS.—
NEW EDITION OF HIS POEMS.—PROSPECTS OF THE COUNTRY.
— LAMB'S LETTERS.—THE DOCTOR.—FAILURE OF THE PUBLISHERS OF THE LIFE OF COWPER.—THANKS TO DR. S. MACKENZIE FOR REVIEWING THE NEW EDITION OF HIS POEMS.—CERTAINTY OF A FUTURE STATE.—DEATH OF HIS WIFE.—1836—1837.

SINCE the commencement of this last and bitterest sorrow which had befallen my father, he had devoted himself wholly to the office of lightening, as far as possible, the affliction both to the poor sufferer herself, and to all his household. He had never quitted home, and, with the rare exception of a single friend, had seen no society whatever.

This sort of life, however, although his health did not appear yet to suffer, was naturally deemed so likely to prove permanently injurious to him, that his friends had often and strongly urged him to leave home for a time, and recruit himself by change of air and scene.

But while assenting to the desirableness of such a change, he had considerable difficulty in making up his mind to attempt it. My mother had become a constant object of solicitude; his presence was often useful, always a source of as much pleasure as she was capable of receiving; and he knew, moreover,

that in absence there would always be a certain amount of anxiety, which would materially diminish the good to be gained. He felt, also, the comfort his presence was to his daughters, and the blank which the absence of his continual cheerfulness would make to them.

It happened, however, that the brief, enforced absence at Lancaster, which has just been noticed, came opportunely to decide him. He found that, after the momentary discomfort had passed away, his absence did not make any very material difference; and he determined to seize the time present, although the year was already so far advanced, for a journey of considerable length, in which I was to be his companion. Our progress was an extremely circuitous one; and as almost every halting-place was at the house of some hospitable friend, it was all pure pleasure to me; and indeed he himself enjoyed it as much as any one could do whose thoughts and heart were elsewhere: he appreciated every minute beauty of the country we passed through with all his natural quickness of perception, the frequent meetings with old friends were a source of evident pleasure, and with the remembrance of old times his spirits seemed occasionally to recover their old buoyancy: neither, indeed, could he help being gratified with the reception he everywhere met with.

Our first halting-place was at Lord Kenyon's beautiful seat, near Oswestry, whence the following letter was written, in which the reader will find an outline of our route.

To Charles Swain, Esq.

“ Gredington, Oct. 27. 1836.

“ My dear Sir,

“ No compliment has ever been addressed to me which gratified me more than your Dedicatory Sonnet, and one only which gratified me so much (that of Henry Taylor’s Philip van Artevelde); both for the same reason, because both are in themselves singularly beautiful, and I know that both were written with sincerity.

“ This letter is written from my first halting place on a very wide circuit. Cuthbert and I left home on Monday, bound for the Land’s End, from whence I shall turn back with him to Sussex, and having deposited him there, proceed to London. There my purpose is to remain a fortnight, after which I shall perform my promise of visiting Neville White whenever I went again to town, and then make the best of my way home. It is an unfavourable season for making such a journey, but my brother, Dr. Southey, advised and urged me to break from home, and not rely too confidently upon a stock of health and spirits on which there were large demands.

“ Being able to do this (which I hardly expected till a fortunate *subpœna* to Lancaster put it to the proof), I had the additional motive of going to examine the only collections of Cowper’s letters which have not been entrusted to me,—those of Mr. Bagot, which I am to peruse with his son, near Birmingham, and those of Joseph Hill, which were bequeathed as

an heir-loom, with a good estate, to Jekyll. I go to Mr. Bagot's on Monday next, and shall have access to Mr. Jekyll's MSS. in London. There can be little doubt of my finding in these collections (especially in the latter) materials for my supplementary volume.

"There was a third inducement for this journey. I wished to show Cuthbert the scenes of my childhood and youth, which no one but myself could show him, and to introduce him to a few old friends, all that are left to me in that part of England. Probably it may be my last journey to those parts. We hope to reach Bristol on Thursday, Nov. 3., and intend to remain a week there.

"Direct to me at Mr. Cottle's, Bedminster, Bristol. Cottle published my *Joan of Arc* in 1796, and there are very few who entertain a warmer regard for me than he has done from that time.

"The lines which I have written in Miss ——'s album are on the opposite page to that upon which O'Connell and Joseph Buonaparte have inscribed their effusions. You will see that mine did not require any premeditation :

" ' Birds of a feather flock together ;
But *vide* the opposite page !
And thence you may gather I'm not of a feather
With some of the birds in this cage.'

"As soon as *Cowper* is completed, Longman means to commence a monthly publication of my poems in ten volumes. The volumes shall be sent you duly as they are published. Very few of my successors in this generation would be so well en-

titled to them as an acknowledgment of their merit, fewer still as a mark of personal regard.

“Cuthbert desires his kind remembrances; and believe me always,

My dear Sir,

Yours with sincere regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

From Gredington we proceeded, after paying some visits on the way, to Bristol, where the publisher of *Joan of Arc* in 1796, Mr. Cottle, hospitably entertained us. From his hands my father had received, when struggling with his early difficulties, many most substantial acts of kindness which he was always prompt to mention and acknowledge, and under his roof, and with his sisters, my mother had been left after their romantic marriage. Here, therefore, were many mournful thoughts awakened, though no one could yield to them less, or dwell more wisely than he did upon every alleviation. We visited together all his old haunts, — his grandmother’s house at Bedminster, so vividly described in his *Autobiography*, the College Green where Miss Tyler had lived, — the house where he was born, — the schools he had been sent to. He had forgotten nothing, — no short cut, — no by-way; and he would surprise me often by darting down some alley, or threading some narrow lane, — the same which in his school-boy days he traversed. We went to Westbury to look for Martin Hall*, the house where he had passed one of the happiest portions of his life; but no trace of it could be found; and we were then told, I be-

* See Vol. I. p. 340.

lieve erroneously, that the walls of a nunnery enclosed the place where it stood; at all events, the general features of the place were so changed, that my father did not recognise the house again, if indeed it was then standing.

This was a pleasant visit, and my father's enjoyment was greatly enhanced by the company of Mr. Savage Landor, who was then residing at Clifton, and in whose society we spent several delightful days. He was one of the few men with whom my father used to enter freely into conversation, and on such occasions it was no mean privilege to be a listener. We also visited Corston, — his first boarding-school, and found all there exactly as he has described it in his *Autobiography* and in the "*Retrospect*."

I was much struck with his strong attachment to his native city, and his appreciation of all the beauties of the neighbourhood; and I have often wondered he did not take up his abode there or in the neighbourhood in earlier life.

Our next visit is described in the following letter.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Bedminster, Nov. 10. 1836.

"My dear G.,

"Right glad should I be to feel myself sufficiently at rest and at leisure for writing at full length to you; but little rest shall I have, and as little leisure, till we meet in London some six weeks hence.

"We left home on Monday the 24th, crossed the

Mersey, and got to Chester the next evening, and the next day reached Lord Kenyon's to dinner. Greddington (his house) is in Flintshire, not far from old Bangor, where the monks were massacred, and one of the small meres which are not uncommon in Cheshire touches upon his grounds. The view is very splendid: Welsh mountains in the distance, stretching far and wide, and the fore and middle ground undulated and richly wooded. There we remained till Friday morning, and then posted to Sweeny Hall, near Oswestry, where Mr. Parker had a party to meet me at dinner. I called there on Davies's mother and his two sisters, who are just such women as the mother and sisters of so thoroughly worthy a man ought to be. The former lives in a comfortable cottage which he purchased for his father some years ago, the two others are married; and the pleasure of seeing these good people, and of seeing with what delight they heard me talk of Davies, would have overpaid me for my journey.

"Saturday we reached Mr. Warter's (near Shrewsbury) to dinner, staid there Sunday, and on Monday proceeded to Birmingham, from whence we took chaise for Mr. Egerton Bagot's at Pipe Hayes.

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"Two mornings were fully occupied in reading Cowper's letters with him, and transcribing such as had hitherto been withheld.

"At four on Wednesday the chaise which I had ordered at Birmingham arrived, and took us to the Hen and Chickens. We then *flew* (that is to say, went in a fly) about a mile out of that town, to drink tea with

Mr. Riland, a clergyman, who married a sister of Robert Wolsely (your contemporary at Westminster), and who has now and then communicated with me by letter. We had a pleasant evening; after which we returned, like dutiful chickens, to rest under the Hen's wings.

"Thursday, we came to Bristol, and took up our quarters here at Bedminster with Cottle. Here I have been to the church which I used to attend with my mother and grandmother more than half a hundred years ago; and I have shown Cuthbert my grandmother's house,—what was once my garden of Eden. At church I was placed in a seat exactly opposite the spot on which our pew had stood; but the whole interior of the church had been altered. A few monuments only remained as they had been. November 8. Tuesday, we walked with Landor about the finest parts of the neighbourhood; but the house which I inhabited for one year at Westbury, and in which I wrote more verses than in any other year of my life, has been pulled down. Yesterday I took the North Pole* to Corston, and went into the house in which I had been at school fifty-five years ago.

"We go on Saturday to visit Bowles at Bremhill, and shall stay there till Wednesday.

"To-day I have a letter from home with accounts not on the whole unfavourable;—but upon which I must not allow myself to dwell. Right glad shall I be, or rather right thankful, (for gladness and I have

* An appellation given to the Editor by Mr. Bedford.

little to do with each other now) to find myself at home again. I am well, thank God, and my spirits seldom fail; but I do not sleep better than at home, and lose that after-dinner nap, which has for some time been my soundest and most refreshing sleep. On the whole, however, I expect to find myself the better for this journey, when I return to remain by the wreck. You will not wonder that I am anxious to be there again, and that I have a satisfaction in being there—miserable as it is—which it is impossible to feel any where else.

“God bless you, my dear Grosvenor!

R. S.

“Our love to Miss Page.”

To Miss Katharine Southey.

“Wells, Wednesday Evening,
“Nov. 16. 1836.

“My dear Kate,

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“Look at the history of Bremhill, and you will see Bowles’s parsonage; it is near the fine old church, and as there are not many better livings, there are few more pleasantly situated. The garden is ornamented in his way, with a jet-fountain, something like a hermitage, an obelisk, a cross, and some inscriptions. Two swans, who answer to the names of Snowdrop and Lily, have a pond to themselves, and if they are not duly fed there at the usual time, up

they march to the breakfast-room window. Mrs. Bowles has also a pet hawk called Peter, a name which has been borne by two of his predecessors. The view from the back of the house extends over a rich country, to the distant downs, and the white horse may be seen distinctly by better eyes than mine, without the aid of a glass. . . .

“Much as I had heard of Bowles’s peculiarities, I should very imperfectly have understood his character if I had not passed some little time under his roof. He has indulged his natural timidity to a degree little short of insanity, yet he sees how ridiculous it makes him, and laughs himself at follies which nevertheless he is continually repeating. He is literally afraid of every thing. His oddity, his untidyness, his simplicity, his benevolence, his fears, and his good-nature, make him one of the most entertaining and extraordinary characters I ever met with. He is in his seventy-third year, and for that age is certainly a fine old man, in full possession of all his faculties, though so afraid of being deaf, when a slight cold affects his hearing, that he puts a watch to his ear twenty times in the course of the day. Our reception was as hospitable as possible, Mrs. Bowles was as kind as himself, and every thing was done to make us comfortable. . . .

“The Bishop, unluckily, is at Weymouth; he wrote to Bowles to say how glad he should be to see us; but he will not be in Wells till this day-week. Whether the Dean (Goodenough) is here, the people of the inn cannot tell. . . .

“Tell your dear mother that I earnestly wish to

be at home again, and shall spend no time on the way that can be spared.

“Love to all. So good night: and God bless you!
R. S.”

The next letter gives in brief an account of great part of the journey; and I think is not uninteresting, as showing his capabilities of bearing fatigue, and of deriving some pleasure from such a routine of visits as might reasonably have been expected to be wearisome to him.

To John Rickman, Esq.

“Linton, Dec. 7. 1836.

“My dear R.,

“After a course as erratic as that of a comet which has been driven out of its way (if comets are liable to such accidents), here we are, in certainly the most beautiful spot in the West of England. I was here in 1799, alone, and on foot. At that time the country between Porlock and Ilfracombe was not practicable for wheel carriages, and the inn at Linton received all travellers in the kitchen. Instead of that single public house, there are now several hotels, and in its accommodation, and in the number of good houses which have been erected by settlers, Linton vies with any watering place in Devonshire.

“We were within a few miles of this place a fortnight ago, when Poole parted with us at Holnicot, Sir T. Acland’s, Somersetshire House; but Sir T.

persuaded us to accompany him to Killerton, that we might see the road that he has opened along the side of the Exe, and then return to the south coast by way of Barnstaple. At Killerton we met Scoresby the *Ceticide*, now the Reverend, and the Earl of Devon. We paid our visit to Mrs. Hodson, at Dawlish, and there met Colonel Napier, brother to the Peninsular historian, and Mrs. Crawford, widow of the General, who was killed at Ciudad Rodrigo. Thursday last we breakfasted with Charles Hoare, the banker, who is uncle to both Sir Thomas and Lady Acland. He has a beautiful house, which he built himself, near Dawlish. From thence Sir Thomas drove us to Mamhead, where Sir Robert Newman has built, and is now busily decorating, the most gorgeous mansion I have ever seen. Here Lord Devon met us, and took us to Powderham Castle. The Poor-Law Bill is working well here, they tell me; and it has had the good effect of bringing the better kind of country gentlemen in contact with the farmers, who used to think that gentlemen knew nothing, and are now convinced that they are better informed than themselves.

“We staid one night at Powderham, and went next day to my old friend Lightfoot’s, near Crediton; there we spent three comfortable days in a parsonage, having every thing about us that the heart of man could desire. To-morrow we return to Barnstaple, and go to Mr. Buck’s, the chief of the North Devon Conservatives, near Bideford, who has offered us hospitality, and to show us Clovelly and Hartland. Sir Thomas talks of meeting us again at Bude. . . .

At Poole's we met Mr. Cross, whose discoveries astonished the Wittenagemot at Bristol. You would like his frank unassuming manner.
We saw the storm of Tuesday, Nov. 29., from a house on the beach at Dawlish, which was considered to be in danger, if the wind had not changed when it did. The effect of the change more resembled what I suppose may be that of a hurricane than any thing I ever witnessed before: it whirled the waves about, and the whole surface of the sea was covered with spray flying in all directions. On Saturday week we were called out to a fire which consumed a large farm-house, not far from Lightfoot's. It will be well if the ensuing week passes without our seeing a shipwreck; for when the winter commences with storms, they seem generally to prevail through it, as far as my observation extends, or rather as far as my recollection can be trusted.

"This wandering life is as little suited to my inclination as to my habits; but it has its use in shaking up the system and in refreshing old recollections. Much of what I see and hear will at some time or other turn to account, I hope; and, moreover, it will be a good thing for Cuthbert to have seen my old friends and so much of his own country.

"God bless you!

R. SOUTHEY."

From Linton, after visiting Mr. Buck at Hartland Abbey, and meeting Sir Thomas Acland at Bude Haven, who had ridden fast and far that he might

welcome my father in three counties*, we pursued our way down the iron-bound north coast of Cornwall, visiting the most remarkable places. Tintagel †, the reputed birthplace of King Arthur (see some of the first chapters of *Morte d'Arthur*), interested him greatly; and the rugged scene lacked no accompaniments of storm and tempest which could increase its grandeur; for we could hardly keep our footing while we viewed it; and to have scaled the rocks which lead up to it would have been impossible in such weather, and dangerous enough at any time.

Further down the coast we visited that singular tract of sand which has been rendered well known by the discovery of the ancient British Church of Peranzabuloe (or St. Peran in the Sands), which, when we saw it, was again half buried. The structure itself was of the rudest and humblest kind; and what struck us most forcibly was, that the sand all around was filled with small fragments of human bones, indicating

* At Holnicot, in Somersetshire; Killerton, in Devonshire; and Bude, in Cornwall.

† I find this place well described in a topographical account of Cornwall:—

“ Reft from the parent land by some dire shock,
Majestically stands an island rock,
On whose rough brow Tintagel's donjon keep
Sternly uprears and bristles o'er the deep:
Her arches, portal tower, and pillars grey
Lie scattered, all in ruinous decay.
And wild the scene; from far is heard the roar
Of billows breaking on the shingly shore;
And at long intervals the startling shriek
Of the white tenants of the lofty peak;
Beneath in caverns raves the maddening surge,
Around with ruins eapt grim rocks emerge,
And Desolation fills his gloomy throne,
Raised on the fragments of an age unknown.”

a burial place at some distant period of far greater extent than the size of the building or the population of the country would have led any one to think necessary. I suppose, however, it had been an oratory, and not a parish church. We were told that a few days before our visit, the sand shifting during a storm had exposed to view a row of stone coffins without covers, with the skeletons in them nearly perfect; but they had been again buried by the last turn of the wind, which, indeed, was already driving the sand, which is exceedingly deep and loose, over the remains of the little church itself.

Helston was our farthest resting place, where the Rev. Derwent Coleridge was then residing; from whence we visited the Land's-end, with the wild grandeur of which my father was particularly struck. St. Michael's Mount, in Penzance Bay, also pleased him greatly; and he was delighted at seeing the identical chair from which Rebecca Penlake was thrown, as narrated in his well-known ballad. It is situated on the outside of the church tower, and is evidently part of an old lanthorn or place to light a beacon fire on.

One other scene also which he had described in verse, he was much pleased at now being able to visit for the first time,—the Well of St. Keyne, near Liskeard, which we saw during a brief visit to the Rev. W. Farwell; and during this excursion, which was impracticable on foot, I saw my father for the first and last time in my life mount on horseback. That he had ever been a good rider I should think very doubtful; but on this occasion he surpassed my expectations.

Our Christmas was passed at Tavistock, at the Rev. E. Bray's, whose wife is the well-known novelist and the kind editress of Mary Colling's simple verses. My father had known her for some time as a not unfrequent correspondent, but not until now personally. A second visit to Mr. Lightfoot ended our western sojourn.

To Miss Katharine Southey.

“ Stockleigh Pomeroy, Jan. 1. 1837.

“ My dear Daughter,

“ Whichever it be to whom this letter is due, (for I keep ill account of such things) I begin with such wishes to both, and to all others at home, and all friends round Skiddaw or elsewhere, as the first day of the year calls forth.

“ It was some comfort to hear that your dearest mother listened to my letters, and asked some questions. And it is some comfort to know that my presence is not wanted, while it is in vain to wish that it were wished for. I shall be home by the middle of February; glad to be there, and glad that I have taken a journey which has warmed some old attachments, and been in many respects of use. As for Cuthbert, he declares that it would have been worth while to make the whole journey, for the sake of seeing Mary Colling. Verily I never saw any person in, and about whom, every thing was more entirely what you could wish, and what it ought to

be. She is the pattern of neatness and propriety, simplicity and good sense. Her old master, Mr. Hughes, is as proud of her as if she was his daughter. They live in a small house, the garden of which extends to the river Tavy, a beautiful stream; and her kitchen is such a kitchen for neatness and comfort, that you would say at once no person who could not be happy there deserved to be happy anywhere else. Strangers (and there are many whom Mrs. Bray's book draws to Tavistock and Dartmoor) generally inquire for her, and find means to see her, and she has already a little library of books which have been presented to her by such persons.

“Mr. Bray's is the only house in which I have eaten upon pewter since I was a child; he has a complete service of it, with his crest engraved upon it, and bright as silver. The house (built for him by the Duck, as the Duke of Bedford is called in Tavistock,) is a very good one, the garden large and pleasantly laid out; it includes some of the ruins, and a door from it opens upon a delightful walk on the Tavy. In spite of the weather we had two pleasant walks, one of about ten miles, the other about six; but of Dartmoor we could see nothing. Our time passed pleasantly, Mary paying us a visit every day; some more Fables in her own handwriting will be among the most interesting autographs that I have to dispose of.

“So much for Tavistock. I see it to great disadvantage. The Tavy is like our Greta in its better

parts, the water quite as clear ; but snow has the effect of making water look dirty, and Mr. Bray compared the foam of the river to soap-suds ; a simile not less apt than that of Sir Walter, who likens the foam of a dark stream to the mane of a chestnut horse. The small patches of snow on the banks looked like linen laid there to dry or to bleach. The beauty of brook and torrent scenery was thus totally destroyed ; yet I could well imagine what the country is at a better season, and in all such scenery it resembles Cumberland.

“ I may fill up what remains of this paper with some epitaphs, which I wrote down from the tombs in Bremhill churchyard. The first two were as follows, on a Dissenter and his wife ; and because they were Dissenters, Bowles, in reference to the latter, wrote the third, on one of his own flock.

“ ‘ E. W. 1800.

“ ‘ A loving wife, a friend sincere,
A tender mother, sleepeth here.”

“ ‘ W. W. 1834.

“ ‘ Here in the silent dust lies one
Beloved of God.
Redeemed he was by Christ,
Wash'd in his precious blood,
And faithful was his name.
From tribulation great he came,
In love he lived, in Christ he died ;
His life desired, but God denied.’

“ Bowles, who loves not the Dissenters more than I do, wrote, in contrast to this, the following inscription, on a neighbouring tombstone : —

“ ‘Reader, this heap of earth, this grave-stone mark !
 Here lie the last remains of poor John Dark.
 Five years beyond man’s age he lived, and trod
 This path each sabbath to the House of God ;
 From youth to age, nor ever from his heart
 Did that *best prayer our Saviour taught* depart.
 At his last hour with lifted hands he cried,
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done ! and died.’

“ This was a hit at those who went to meeting instead of church, and never used the Lord’s prayer ; moreover it alluded to the Dissenter wishing to live longer if he could.

“ And now God bless you all ! Heartily indeed do I wish myself at home ; but I am far from repenting of my journey.

Your dutiful father,
 R. S.”

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

“ Buckland, Jan. 8. 1837.

“ My dear H. T.,

“
 If I have learnt to look with indifference upon those whom I meet in casual society, it is because in early life circumstances (and disposition also) made me retire into myself, like a snail into his shell ; and in later years, because so many new faces have come to me like shadows, and so departed. Yet I was not slow in my likings when young, nor has time rendered me so : it has only withheld me from making any advances towards intimacy with persons, however likeable, whom it is certain that I can have very few

opportunities of seeing again, and no leisure for conversing with by letter.

“It is indeed most desirable to knit our friends in a circle; and one of those hopes which, thank God, have in me the strength of certainties, is that this will be done in the next stage of our existence, when all the golden links of the chain will be refined and rendered lasting. I have been travelling for the last ten weeks through places where recollections met me at every stage; and this certainly alone could render such recollections endurable. My faith in that future which cannot be far off never fails.

“God bless you!

R. S.”

To Miss Katharine Southey.

“Tarring, Feb. 8. 1837.

“My dear Kate,

“
Yesterday I and Karl had a walk of some fourteen or fifteen miles, to the Roman encampments of Sisbury and Chankbury. The latter commands a noble prospect over the Weald. We had also a remarkable view of Worthing, which appeared like a ruined city (Balbec or Palmyra) in the distance, on the edge of what we knew to be the sea, but what might as well have been a desert; for it was so variegated with streaks of sunshine and of shade, that no one ignorant of the place could have determined whether it were sea or sky that lay before us.

“I shall come home hungry for work, for sleeping after dinner, and for walking with a book in my hand. The first thing I have to do is to write a preface for Cowper’s *Homer*; little more than an evening’s employment. Then I set about reviewing Mrs. Bray’s book, and carefully reading through *Joan of Arc*, that it may be sent immediately to the press; for the first volume of my Poetical works is to appear on July 11. (a month after *Cowper* is finished), and we wish to have two or three more through the press, so as to prevent all danger of delay in the publication. Then there are two volumes of *Cowperiana* to prepare (for which I am to have, as is fitting, separate pay), and two volumes more of *Admirals*, besides other things: enough to do, but not too much; for I see my way through all, and was never in better trim for work.

“And now, God bless you all! Rejoice, Baron Chinchilla, for I am coming again to ask of you whether you have everything that a cat’s heart can desire! Rejoice, Tommy Cockbairn, for I must have a new black coat! and I have chosen that it should be the work of thy hands, not of a London tailor. Rejoice, Echo, for the voice which thou lovest will soon awaken thee again in thy mountains! Rejoice, Ben Wilson, for sample clogs are to be sent into the west country, for the good of the Devonshire men!

R. S.”

To — —.

“ Keswick, March, 1837.

“ Madam*,

“ You will probably, ere this, have given up all expectation of receiving an answer to your letter of December 29. I was on the borders of Cornwall when that letter was written ; it found me a fortnight afterwards in Hampshire. During my subsequent movements in different parts of the country, and a tarriance of three busy weeks in London, I had no leisure for replying to it ; and now that I am once more at home, and am clearing off the arrears of business which had accumulated during a long absence, it has lain unanswered till the last of a numerous file, not from disrespect or indifference to its contents, but because, in truth, it is not an easy task to answer it, nor a pleasant one to cast a damp over the high spirits and the generous desires of youth.

“ What you are I can only infer from your letter, which appears to be written in sincerity ; though I may suspect that you have used a fictitious signature. Be that as it may, the letter and the verses bear the same stamp ; and I can well understand the state of mind which they indicate. What I am you might have learnt by such of my publications as have come into your hands ; and had you happened to be acquainted with me, a little personal knowledge would have tempered your enthusiasm. You might have

* The lady to whom this and the next letter are addressed, is now well known as a prose writer of no common powers.

had your ardour in some degree abated by seeing a poet in the decline of life, and witnessing the effect which age produces upon our hopes and aspirations ; yet I am neither a disappointed man nor a discontented one, and you would never have heard from me any chilling sermons upon the text, ‘ All is vanity.’

“ It is not my advice that you have asked as to the direction of your talents, but my opinion of them ; and yet the opinion may be worth little, and the advice much. You evidently possess, and in no inconsiderable degree, what Wordsworth calls ‘ the faculty of verse.’ I am not depreciating it when I say, that in these times it is not rare. Many volumes of poems are now published every year without attracting public attention, any one of which, if it had appeared half a century ago, would have obtained a high reputation for its author. Whoever, therefore, is ambitious of distinction in this way, ought to be prepared for disappointment.

“ But it is not with a view to distinction that you should cultivate this talent, if you consult your own happiness. I, who have made literature my profession, and devoted my life to it, and have never for a moment repented of the deliberate choice, think myself nevertheless bound in duty to caution every young man who applies as an aspirant to me for encouragement and advice, against taking so perilous a course. You will say, that a woman has no need of such a caution : there can be no peril in it for her. In a certain sense this is true ; but there is a danger of which I would, with all kindness and all earnestness, warn you. The day dreams in which you

habitually indulge are likely to induce a distempered state of mind; and in proportion as all the ordinary uses of the world seem to you flat and unprofitable, you will be unfitted for them without becoming fitted for anything else. Literature cannot be the business of a woman's life, and it ought not to be. The more she is engaged in her proper duties, the less leisure will she have for it even as an accomplishment and a recreation. To those duties you have not yet been called, and when you are you will be less eager for celebrity. You will not seek in imagination for excitement, of which the vicissitudes of this life, and the anxieties from which you must not hope to be exempted, be your state what it may, will bring with them but too much.

“But do not suppose that I disparage the gift which you possess; nor that I would discourage you from exercising it. I only exhort you so to think of it, and so to use it, as to render it conducive to your own permanent good. Write poetry for its own sake; not in a spirit of emulation, and not with a view to celebrity: the less you aim at that, the more likely you will be to deserve, and finally to obtain it. So written, it is wholesome both for the heart and soul; it may be made the surest means, next to religion, of soothing the mind, and elevating it. You may embody in it your best thoughts and your wisest feelings, and in so doing discipline and strengthen them.

“Farewell, Madam. It is not because I have forgotten that I was once young myself, that I write to you in this strain; but because I remember it. You

will neither doubt my sincerity, nor my good will; and, however ill what has here been said may accord with your present views and temper, the longer you live the more reasonable it will appear to you. Though I may be but an ungracious adviser, you will allow me, therefore, to subscribe myself, with the best wishes for your happiness here and hereafter,

Your true friend,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To the same.

"Keswick, March 22. 1837.

"Dear Madam,

"Your letter has given me great pleasure, and I should not forgive myself if I did not tell you so. You have received admonition as considerately and as kindly as it was given. Let me now request that, if you ever should come to these lakes while I am living here, you will let me see you. You would then think of me afterwards with the more good will, because you would perceive that there is neither severity nor moroseness in the state of mind to which years and observation have brought me.

"It is, by God's mercy, in our power to attain a degree of self-government, which is essential to our own happiness, and contributes greatly to that of those around us. Take care of over excitement, and endeavour to keep a quiet mind (even for your health it is the best advice that can be given you): your

moral and spiritual improvement will then keep pace with the culture of your intellectual powers,

“And now, Madam, God bless you !

Farewell, and believe me to be your sincere friend,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To H. Taylor, Esq.

“Keswick, March 30. 1837.

“My dear H. T.,

“I too, as you may suppose, speculate (and sometimes more largely than is wise) upon Cuthbert’s past, present, and future. The past is past, and could not, I believe, all things considered, have been changed for the better; for the good and evil of public education and of private, as compared with each other, are so nearly balanced, that it would be difficult to say on which side the advantages preponderate. But life is uncertain, and it was a great object with me, feeling that uncertainty, to make his boyhood happy. Moreover the expense of a public school would have cost me no little anxiety, and must have put me to my shifts.

“For the future, he knows my predilection, and knows also that he is just as free to choose his own profession, as if I had none. I indulge in no dreams respecting my life or his, — or into which their prolongation enters. But if he lives, I think he would be happier in a country parsonage than at the bar, or as a physician, or in a public office. He is free to

choose. I may live to see his choice, but not to know the result of it. God bless you!

R. S.

“If you have never read Roger North’s *Lives of the Lord Keeper Guildford*, and his other two brothers, let me recommend them to you. Bating the law matters, you will be amused by every thing else. There is an edition in three octavos, published a few years ago. His *Examen* is also well worth reading by any one who wishes to understand our history from the Restoration to the Revolution.

“The influenza is leaving me slowly, and I wait for milder weather to get out of doors.”

To the Rev. W. L. Bowles.

“Keswick, April 25, 1837.

“My dear Mr. Bowles,

“I have to thank you for the honour which you intend me in your forthcoming edition, — a very great honour I cannot but consider it; especially remembering (what I shall never forget) the improvement, as well as the delight, which I derived from your poems more than forty years ago, and have acknowledged in a general preface (just drawn out) to my own. The Conscript Fathers of the Row have set me upon a collected edition of them.

“The booksellers in one respect have rendered me a service by accelerating what I looked forward to as a posthumous publication; for I might otherwise have

deferred the necessary preparations, waiting for a more convenient season, till it would have been too late. Indeed, it requires some resolution to set about a task which brings in review before me the greater part of my life — old scenes, old feelings, and departed friends. No doubt the reason why so many persons who have begun to write their own lives have stopt short when they got through the chapter of their youth is, that the recollections of childhood and adolescence, though they call up tender thoughts, excite none of that deeper feeling with which we look back upon the time of life when wounds heal slowly and losses are irreparable.

“The mood in which I have set about this revision is like that a man feels when he is setting his house in order. I waste no time in attempting to mend pieces which are not worth mending; but upon Joan of Arc, which leads the way, as having first brought me into notice, a good deal of patient labour has been bestowed. The faults of language have been weeded out, and as many others as it was possible to extirpate. This would have been a preposterous attempt if the poem had been of a piece before; but it was written in 1793, re-written in 1795, and materially altered in 1797, and what has been done now makes the diction of the same character throughout. Faults enough of every other kind remain to mark it for a juvenile production.

“The men who are now in power are doing the greatest injury they can to the Church by strengthening the only strong argument that can be brought up against the alliance between Church and State. They

certainly overlook all considerations of character, station, acquirements, and deserts in the disposal of their preferment, and regard nothing but the interests of their own party. It will tend to confirm the American Episcopalians in the only point upon which they differ from their English brethren; and I am more sorry for this than for the handle which it gives to the dissenters at home; for in these dark times, the brightest prospect is that of the Episcopal Church in America, and yet without an alliance with the State, and endowments for learned and laborious leisure, it never can be all that a church ought to be.

“ I am a good hoper, even when I look danger full in the face. We are now in great danger of a severer dearth than any within our memory. Here in Cumberland, at this time, there is scarcely the slightest appearance of spring. Last year the hay failed, and the sheep are now dying for want of food. The gardens have suffered greatly by frosts, which continued till last week, and most of the grain which was sown in the early spring is lost. The manufacturers are out of employ, and the cold fit of our commercial disease is likely to be the most formidable that we have ever experienced. Mischief of course is at work in the manufacturing countries, and it will be tremendously aided by the New Poor Laws, which are not more useful in some of their enactments than they are inhuman in others. I fear, however, nothing so much as a premature change of ministry. Let the present men remain to reap what they have sown. You and I cannot live to see the issue of all these

changes that are in progress; but, as an old man in this neighbourhood said, ‘mayhap we may hear tell.’

“God bless you, my dear Sir. Present my kind regards to Mrs. Bowles, and believe me,

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To Edward Moxon, Esq.

“Keswick, July 19. 1837.

“My dear Sir,

“I received Lamb’s Letters yesterday evening, and not very wisely looked through both volumes before I went to bed; for, as you may suppose, they kept possession of me during the night. Of late, I have seen much of myself in a way that thus painfully brings back the past; Sir Walter’s Memoirs first, then Joseph Cottle’s Recollections of so many things which had better have been forgotten; and now these Memorials of poor Charles Lamb. What with these, and the preparation of my own poems for an edition which I have set about in the same mood of mind as if it were designed for posthumous publication, my thoughts and feelings have been drawn to the years that are past far more than is agreeable or wholesome.

“I wish that I had looked out for Mr. Talfourd the letter * which Gifford wrote in reply to one in which

* See Vol. V. p. 151.

I remonstrated with him upon his designating Lamb as a poor maniac. The words were used in complete ignorance of their peculiar bearings, and I believe nothing in the course of Gifford's life ever occasioned him so much self-reproach. He was a man with whom I had no literary sympathies; perhaps there was nothing upon which we agreed, except great political questions; but I liked him the better ever after for his conduct on this occasion. He had a heart full of kindness for all living creatures except authors; *them* he regarded as a fishmonger regards eels, or as Isaac Walton did slugs, frogs, and worms. I always protested against the indulgence of that temper in his Review; and I am sorry to see in this last number that the same spirit still continues there.

“A few remarks I will make upon these volumes as they occur to me. There was nothing emulous intended in Coleridge's *Maid of Orleans*. When *Joan of Arc* was first in the press (1795), he wrote a considerable portion of the second book, which portion was omitted in the second edition (1798), because his style was not in keeping with mine, and because the matter was inconsistent with the plan upon which the poem had been in great part re-cast. All that Coleridge meant was to make his fragment into a whole.

“I saw most of Lamb in 1802, when he lived in the Temple, and London was my place of abode,—for the last time, God be thanked.

“It was not at Cambridge that Lloyd was attracted to Coleridge. He introduced himself to him at Bristol in 1796, resided with him afterwards at

Stowey, and did not go to Cambridge till three or four years later, after his own marriage.

Remember me to Mrs. Moxon ;

And believe me always,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

“Remember me most kindly to Mr. Rogers when you see him. I am sorry that Cary has been so ill-treated. It may be hoped that the Archbishop may think it fitting to mark his sense of the transaction by giving him some preferment.

“Mr. Talfourd has performed his task as well as it could be done, under all circumstances. The book must be purely delightful to every one, the very few excepted to whom it must needs recall melancholy recollections.”

The reader will have observed, from various passages in my father's letters, the extreme pains and trouble he had taken to conceal the true authorship of *The Doctor*; the publication of this book, and the mystification about it, in which he contrived to involve so many people, being one of his chief sources of amusement—indeed his only recreation during his later years.

The two first volumes had been published at hazard, the work being so unlike any other that had ever appeared, that he could form no anticipation of what its reception would be. With that reception (although the sale was never a large one) he was

fully satisfied, and encouraged to continue it at much greater length than he at first intended; indeed, had his faculties and life been spared, there is no knowing where it would have ended.

When first he determined upon anonymous publication, it is certain he did not expect that the authorship would be so uniformly and confidently ascribed to him as proved to be the case, otherwise he might have hesitated at a step which ultimately involved him in so many statements, which, if not amounting to an absolute denial of the fact, yet sounded like it to the persons to whom they were written; and in some cases his friends felt hurt at what he had said in pure playfulness, and at being led on by his own expressions to assert positively that they knew he was not the author. He was himself from the first determined that this should not be like the authorship of the *Waverley Novels* — a secret and no secret. The vast extent of odd and out of the way reading manifested, the peculiar vein of humour, the admixture (distasteful to some minds, delightful to others,) of light topics with grave ones, and the strong opinions so plainly expressed on political and social subjects, — all combined to stamp him so positively as the author, to those who knew him personally or his writings well, that it required something more than a mere playful shifting off of the charge to convince them to the contrary. To some of these persons he admitted it, in a way which did not commit them to keeping it a secret, and yet enabled them to escape acknowledging that they knew him to be the writer; to others whom he was more

anxious to mystify, he said more than they thought he ought to have said. But, after all, it must be said he never denied the authorship in direct terms, nor indeed said more on the subject than is asserted in hundreds of cases when any secret is intended to be kept; and if the matter seemed to occupy more of his attention and call forth more ingenuity than it was worth, it must be remembered it was the amusement of what would otherwise have been sad hours, and a relief from painful recollections and melancholy thoughts.

Among other expedients to put the critics and literary public on a wrong scent, one was to send all the original letters of acknowledgment for the first two volumes (among them an ingenious one from himself) to the late Theodore Hook, as a person who might fairly be suspected of having been the writer; and it was hoped he would have spoken of this hoax being passed upon him, and thus have given a fair pretext for fixing the authorship upon him. It does not appear, however, that he took up the joke with any zest, or that the matter was heard of until the letters were found among his papers after his death.

To H. Taylor, Esq.

“ Keswick, Aug. 12. 1837.
My 63d Birthday.

“ My dear H. T.,

“

I am amused to hear that before the fourth volume could be permitted to circulate in the Book

Club at Harrow, the chapter relating to the Loves of Nobs's Sire and Dam was cut out, as being too loose and licentious for this virtuous age. O soul of Sir John Falstaff!

"I think of a special Inter-chapter upon the occasion, proposing a reform of our vocabulary: for example, that as no one ventures to pronounce the name of a she-dog before female ears, the principle of decency should be *carried through*, (as reformers phrase it,) and we should speak of a she-horse, a she-cow; he-goat and she-goat are in use, so ought he-sheep and she-sheep to be; or Tom-sheep, as no one has objected to Tom-cat: then touch upon the Family Shakspeare, and hint at a Family Bible upon a plan different from all others.

· · · · ·
 "People say they *know* me to be the author. As how? There are two ways: one is, by being in the secret. Now it must be presumed that none who are, would commit so gross a breach of confidence as to proclaim it. The other way is, they know it by particular circumstances, and by internal evidences; their knowledge, therefore, is worth just what their opinion may be, — no more.

"This is certain, that some of my nearest relations and oldest friends have not been entrusted with the secret: in this way we have a good right to discredit the assertions of persons who show so little sense of what they ought to have considered a moral obligation.

"God bless you!

R. S.

“We dined yesterday in the bed of one of the Borodale streams. Karl, and Erroll Hill, Kate, Miss Muckle, Davies, and I. Just when we had finished our dinner came on a noble thunder-storm. The subject would have been good for a picture: rocks and umbrellas sheltered some of us well. I was among the fortunate. Erroll and Davies got well soaked. We sate it out like so many Patiences, except that Patience, though she may have been in as heavy a storm, was never in so merry a mood. The force of the storm was at Armboth, about two miles from us, where some sheep were killed and other mischief done. Lowdore was nearly dry in the morning; and on our return it was in great force. I did not think an hour’s rain could possibly have swollen the streams so much. God bless you!

R. SOUTHEY.”

The following letter refers to some apprehension my father had been, and indeed was then under, respecting the payment for his *Life of Cowper*, and labour in editing his works, in consequence of the insolvency of the firm of Baldwin and Cradock, who were the publishers, and who had engaged him to prepare the edition. With his usual equanimity, however, in such matters, although the sum at stake was, for him, a large one, he had not suffered himself to be at all discomposed, and patiently awaited the result; which was not so favourable as he had anticipated, for in addition to much trouble, and of necessity some anxiety, he received 250*l.* less than the stipulated payment.

To Mrs. Hodson.

“ Keswick, Oct. 27. 1837.

“ My dear Mrs. Hodson,

“ Happily, pecuniary assistance is not needed. There is reason to think I shall suffer no eventual loss. The price to have been paid me was 1000 guineas. That sum not having been paid upon the completion of the work, the copyright rests with me, and the property of the edition cannot be sold without my assignment. The sum was intended to cover Cuthbert's expenses through his University course. Even if it should be materially diminished, or lost, it will not distress me. Dr. Bell left me 1000*l.*: that sum is vested in the French funds, and, if need be, may be drawn out for this purpose. But my own opinion is, that the copyright is good security for payment in full. I had written good part of a letter in reply to yours, saying that I have no other concern with the publishers of my poems than to receive from them half the eventual profits, which half is not the lion's half. I was writing also playfully about *The Doctor*; but it was an effort, and I had no heart to go on, for our long tragedy is drawing to its close. The change has been very rapid. Thank God, there is no suffering either of body or mind. How long this may last it is impossible to say. To all appearance she is in the very last stage of emaciation and weakness. There is no strength for suffering left, she will probably fall asleep like an infant, and you may imagine what a comfort it is for me to believe, as I verily do, after two and forty years of

marriage, that no infant was ever more void of offence towards God and man. I never knew her to do an unkind act, nor say an unkind word.

“We are as well as we can be in this state. The event has long been to be desired, — the worst has long been past, — and when one sharp grief is over, we shall be thankful for her deliverance from the body of this death.

“God bless you, my dear Mrs. Hodson!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To Dr. Shelton Mackenzie.

“Keswick, Nov. 3. 1837.

“My dear Sir,

“I am greatly obliged to you for the efficient and timely assistance* which you have given to a publication that needs all the aid it can muster. Longman proposed it, not because there was any call for such an edition, but because he did not like that Galignani should have the market to himself. My own intention was to prepare for a posthumous collection, which I was confident would prove a good post-obit for my children. The Conscript Fathers of the Row thought that the present ought not to be neglected for prospective views, and I gave up my own opinion, thinking that they were better qualified

* Dr. S. Mackenzie had reviewed the new edition of my father's poems in the Liverpool paper which he conducted, and had strongly urged him, by letter, not to be too brief in his autobiographical prefaces.

to form a judgment upon such points. They then proposed giving only a vignette title-page. Upon that point I represented that any such parsimony would be fatal to the project; for if they made the book inferior in its appearance to the other works which had been published in the same manner and at the same price, it was neither more nor less than a confession that they had no reliance upon their own speculation, and did not think the work in sufficient repute for them to venture the same outlay upon it, which was readily advanced upon the credit of more fashionable names. They yielded to this argument, and have performed their part well.

“What I aimed at in my Prefaces was to say neither too little nor too much, and to introduce no more of my own history than was naturally connected with the rise and progress of the respective poems. But of this there will be a great deal. Many years ago I began to write my own Life and Recollections in letters to an old and dear friend. About half a volume was produced in this way, till it became inconvenient to afford time for proceeding, — and, to confess the truth, my heart began to fail. This, no doubt, is the reason why so many autobiographies proceed little beyond the stage of boyhood. So far all our recollections are delightful as well as vivid, and we remember everything; but when the cares and the griefs of life are to be raised up, it becomes too painful to live over the past again.

“Doubtful, or more than doubtful, as it is, whether I shall ever have heart to proceed with these letters,

your advice shall have the effect of making me say more than I had thought of saying in these prefaces.

“Wat Tyler is printed in the second volume, and in the third there will be the Devil’s Walk at much greater length than it has ever appeared.

“You will have your reward for refusing to conduct a journal that aims at a mischievous end. The time is fast coming when it will be seen that measures of true reform are to be expected from those only one of whose chief endeavours it is to preserve what is good.

“Farewell, my dear Sir, and believe me always,

Very truly and thankfully yours,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To ———.

“Keswick, Nov. 3. 1837.

“My dear Sir,

“I have never seen the book to which you allude, but I suppose it to be that which bears the fictitious name of Search. The end which I should propose and expect from any theological investigation would be simply a conviction that Christianity is neither a fable cunningly devised, nor a superstition which has sprung from a combination of favouring causes, but that it is a scheme of Providence indicated by prophecies, and proved by miracles. With this consent of the understanding, I should be satisfied in Y——’s case. The rest would assuredly follow in due time and in natural course.

“I could agree with you that ‘personal identity unbroken by death’ were little to be desired, if it were all, — if we were to begin a new life in the nakedness of that identity. But when we carry with us in that second birth all that makes existence valuable, our hopes and aspirations, our affections, our eupathies, our capacities of happiness and of improvement; when we are to be welcomed into another sphere by those dear ones who have gone before us, and are in our turn to welcome there those whom we left on earth, surely, of all God’s blessings the revelation which renders this certain is the greatest. There have been times in my life when my heart would have been broken, if this belief had not supported me. At this moment it is worth more than all the world could give.

.

“Nov. 4.

“The end cannot be far off, and all is going on most mercifully. For several days when I have supported her down stairs, I have thought it was for the last time; and every night when she has been borne up, it has seemed to me that she would never be borne down alive. Thank God, there is no pain, no suffering of any kind; and only such consciousness as is consolation.

“God bless you!

R. S.”

To Joseph Cottle, Esq.

“ Keswick, Nov. 16. 1837.

“ My dear Cottle,

“ It pleased God to release my poor dear Edith this morning from a pitiable state of existence, though we have always had the consolation of thinking it was more painful to witness than to endure. She had long been wasting away, and for the last month rapidly. For ten days she was unable to leave her bed. There seemed to be no suffering till excess of weakness became pain, and at no time any distress of mind; for being sensible where she was and with whom, and of the dutiful affection with which she was attended, she was sensible of nothing more.

“ My poor daughters have been mercifully supported through their long trial. Now that the necessity for exertion is over, they feel that prostration which in such cases always ensues. But they have discharged their duties to the utmost, and they will have their reward. It is a blessed deliverance! — the change from life to death, and from death to life! inexpressibly so for her.

My dear old friend,

Yours affectionately, in weal or in woe,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.” *

* This is endorsed, “ The last letter which Joseph Cottle received from his old friend Robert Southey.”

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MELANCHOLY THOUGHTS.—INTENDED MOVEMENTS.—REFLECTIONS ON HIS WIFE'S DEATH.—LETTER FROM MR. BEDFORD.—THE COPYRIGHT BILL.—REVIEW IN THE EXAMINER.—HIS WIFE CONTINUALLY BROUGHT TO MIND.—WEAK STATE OF HIS HEALTH AND SPIRITS.—MISS EDGEWORTH.—INVITATION TO C. SWAIN.—LETTER TO HIS SON ON COMMENCING A COLLEGE LIFE.—STATE OF HIS HEALTH AND SPIRITS.—LITERARY OCCUPATIONS.—FROUDE'S REMAINS.—THE DOCTOR.—TOUR IN FRANCE.—RETURN HOME.—GREAT STORM.—SAVONAROLA.—CHATTERTON.—MARRIAGE WITH MISS BOWLES.—FAILURE OF MIND.—HIS DEATH.—1837—43.

I HAVE just closed a melancholy chapter, and I must open another—the last—in which there is nothing cheerful to record. During the three years that my mother's afflicted state continued, my father had borne up wonderfully, and after the first shock had passed away, his spirits, though of course not what they had been, were uniformly cheerful; and he had found in the performance of a sacred duty that peace and comfort which in such paths is ever to be found. But when the necessity for exertion ceased, his spirits fell and he became an altered man. Probably the long-continued effort began now to tell upon him, and the loss of her who for forty years, in sickness and health, had been the constant object of his thoughts, now caused a blank that

nothing could fill. "I feel," he says, in one of his letters, "as one of the Siamese twins would do if the other had died, and he had survived the separation." He seemed, indeed, less able to accommodate himself to his altered circumstances, than might have been expected from the turn of his mind, and the nature of his pursuits.

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

"Keswick, Nov. 20. 1837.

"My dear H. T.,

"An ever-present sense of the uncertainty of all human projects does not, and indeed ought not, to prevent me from forecasting what course it may be best to pursue under any probable circumstances. For this I have had but too much opportunity for some time past, and temptation to it as well, for it was some kind of relief from the present and the past.

"About the middle of January Karl must begin his residence at Oxford. I think of giving him charge of Kate, to London, from whence she will proceed to Tarring.

"Bertha and I must winter where we are. The house cannot be left without a mistress.

"We shall find salutary occupations enough till Cuthbert returns about the end of March, for a month's recreation. That brings me to the month of May. By that time my extraordinaries will be provided for by the Admirals (whatever becomes of

Cowper) or by the Q. R., for which I have two papers in hand (Sir T. Browne, and Lord Howe). Then, too, Miss Fricker will come from the Isle of Man to keep Mrs. Lovel company ; and, in fact, look after the house during the summer months, thus placing Bertha and myself at liberty.

“ In May then (I do not look so far forward without misgivings),—but if all go on well, by God’s blessing in May,—I hope to leave home with Bertha, and our invaluable Betty, whose services to us for five-and-twenty years, through weal and woe, have been beyond all price, who loves my children as dearly as if they were her own, and loved their poor mother with that sort of attachment which is now so rarely found in that relation, and served her with the most affectionate and dutiful fidelity to the last. The house might safely be left in her charge, but she needs recruiting as much as we do. So I shall go first with Bertha and her into Norfolk, and pass a week or ten days with Neville White, discharging thus a visit which was miserably prevented three years ago. Then we go to London, making little tarriance there, and that chiefly for Betty’s sake, on whom the sight of London will not be thrown away. By that time Kate will have got through both her stay at Tarring, and her visit to Miss Fenwick ; and depositing Bertha at Tarring, I think of taking Kate with me to the West. One friend there I have lost since my last journey ; it must have been about this very day twelvemonths that I shook hands with him, little thinking that it was for the last time. But there are still some persons there who will rejoice to see us. Old as my

good aunt is, she may very probably be living; there is Elizabeth Charter there, and there is Lightfoot, with either of whom we should feel at home; on our way back there would be Miss Bowles; and very possibly Mrs. Brown may be in Devonshire.

“God bless you!

R. S.

“It has been snowing this morning for the first time in the valley, but the snow having turned to rain, I shall presently prepare for my daily walk, from which nothing but snow deters me.”

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

“Keswick, Nov. 24. 1837.

“My dear G.,

“This event could not have been regarded otherwise than as a deliverance at any time, since there ceased to be a hope of mental restoration; and for several weeks it was devoutly to be desired. Yet it has left a sense of bereavement which I had not expected to feel, lost as she had been to me for the last three years, and worse than lost. During more than two-thirds of my life, she had been the chief object of my thoughts, and I of hers. No man ever had a truer helpmate! no children a more careful mother. No family was ever more wisely ordered, no house-

keeping ever conducted with greater prudence, or greater comfort. Every thing was left to her management, and managed so quietly and so well, that except in times of sickness and sorrow, I had literally no cares.

“I always looked upon it as conducing much to our happiness, that we were of the same age, for in proportion to any perceptible disparity on that point, the marriage union is less complete. And so completely was she part of myself, that the separation makes me feel like a different creature. While she was herself I had no sense of growing old, or at most only such as the mere lapse of time brought with it ; there was no weight of years upon me, my heart continued young, and my spirits retained their youthful buoyancy. Now, the difference of five and thirty years between me and Bertha continually makes me conscious of being an old man. There is no one to partake with me the recollections of the best and happiest portion of my life ; and for that reason, were there no other, such recollections must henceforth be purely painful, except when I connect them with the prospect of futurity.

“You will not suppose that I encourage this mood of mind. But it is well sometimes to look sorrow in the face ; and always well to understand one’s own condition.

“Meantime you may be assured that I shall not be wanting in self-management, as far as that can avail ; that I shall think as little as I can of the past,

and pursue as far as possible my wonted course of life. *

“Remember me most kindly to Miss Page. God bless you, my dear Grosvenor !

R. S.”

* I transcribe here the chief part of Mr. Bedford’s admirable reply to this letter : —

“My dear Southey,

“Your letter, as you may suppose, is one of the highest interest to me, as affording a perfect picture of your present state of mind and feelings ; and it is also satisfactory.

“However much the separation may have been anticipated, or, for her sake, even desirable, I am not at all surprised that you feel the sense of bereavement as you do at this moment, or that your recollection rather reverts to her in her happier days than in the last few years of sickness and helplessness. It is quite natural, and the period for such recollections will run its course, to be succeeded by a tender, a cherished, and in its effects a most consolatory feeling.

“If you and I had not resembled each other in some material points, we could not have maintained an unbroken intimacy for five and forty years, and when I speak from observation and experience of myself, I speak for you also. I may therefore on these grounds say that I believe few men have preserved the youth of their minds as long as we have. For my own part I am truly grateful for this, for I consider such a possession as one of Heaven’s best blessings, inasmuch as it affords a protection against the evils of life, and, like youth of body, contains an elastic power of resistance to every blow, and encourages the spring and growth of hope in the very depth of misfortune. My dear Southey, I have no hesitation in believing that in due time you will again be such as you have been. You have great and happy means within your own reach for attaining this desirable state, in the society of your own excellent children, with whom you have ever lived so much like a brother, that I cannot believe the difference in your mutual years can create any strong line of demarcation between you. You will now consider them with (if possible) increased love, and they will look to you with more reverent affection. Surely these must operate to break down the bar which difference of years might else interpose between you, to prevent that perfect intercourse and fellow-feeling which will constitute so much of your happiness and theirs. Recollection will operate to strengthen the tie on both sides. I have often called to mind the last act of my dear father’s life that displayed consciousness, and always with such pleasure as I look for for you. Henry and I were standing on each side of the bed, with one of his hands in each of ours. He had long lain quite still, and only breathed, when to our joint surprise he lifted one, the disabled arm, and brought our two hands in union across his

To H. Taylor, Esq.

“ Keswick, Dec. 2. 1837.

“ My dear H. T.,

“ I have received Spring Rice’s circular about the pensions, and take for granted that it comes as a mere circular, and therefore requires no answer.

“ Moore and I being coupled upon this occasion, it is not likely that our pensions will be objected to, on either side of the House, upon the ground that literature, like any other profession, brings with it its own emoluments. But if that argument should be used against an enlargement of the copyright, which is not unlikely, it will be fitting that some one should state how the case stands in my instance. That followed as a profession, with no common diligence, and no ordinary success, it has enabled me to live respectably (which without the aid of my first pension it would not have done), and that all the provision I have been able to make for my family consists in a life-insurance, of which about three-fourths are covered by the salary of the Laureateship. Were I to die before Talfourd’s Bill passes, the greater part of my poems, and no little of my prose, would be seized immediately by some rascally booksellers, as property which the law allowed them

breast. After that he never moved for several hours ; but passed imperceptibly to a state, I hope and trust, of happiness. Excuse me for this, but I always dwell upon the recollection of that act with delight, and though it be of the tenderest character, it is unmingled with pain.

Ever yours, my dear Southey,

G. C. BEDFORD.”

to scramble for. It is true that, as the law now stands, I secure a new term of copyright by the corrected edition now in course of publication. But these fellows would publish from the former copies, and thereby take in all those purchasers who know nothing about the difference between one edition and another.

“It is well that Windham is not living, and that there is no one in either House on whom his mantle has fallen. For he would surely have taken the opposite side to Talfourd, and argued upon the folly of altering an established law, for the sake of benefiting one or two individuals in the course of a century. He would ask what the copyrights are which would at this time be most beneficial to the family of the author: the Cookery Book would stand first: within my recollection, the most valuable would have been Blair’s Lectures, the said Blair’s Sermons, Taplin’s Farriery, Burn’s Justice, and Lindley Murray’s English Grammar.

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“Monday, 4.

“Thank you for the Examiners; they shall be duly returned. I would never desire better praise, and must not complain because there is more of it than is good. In the piece which they praise as resembling Cowper, there is nothing Cowperish. And on the other hand, in the substitution of the general crimes of the Terrorists in France, for the instances of Brissot and Madame Roland, there is nothing but what is in perfect accord with the pervading sentiment of the poem.

Madame Roland's praise is left where it was appropriate, in the second volume. As for Brissot, I knew him only by newspapers, when his death, and that of the great body of the Girondists with him, kept me (as I well remember) a whole night sleepless. But I know him now by two volumes of his *Memoirs*, which though *made up*, are from family materials; and I know him by nine volumes of his own works, and thereby know that he was a poor creature. And I know by Garat's book, that the difference between the Brissotines and the Jacobines was that, playing for heads, the Brissotines lost the game.

"God bless you!

R. S."

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

"Keswick, Dec. 14. 1837]

"My dear H. T.,

"

It cannot often have happened that any one should have a lost wife brought to his mind in the way that I am continually reminded of my poor Edith. Before any of my children were old enough to make extracts for me, it was one of her pleasures to assist me in that way. Many hundred notes in her writing (after so many have been made use of) are arranged among the materials to which every day of my life I have occasion to refer. And thus she will continue to be my helpmate as long as I live and retain my senses. But all these notes bring with them the vivid recollection of the when and the where,

and the why they were made; and whether the sight of her hand-writing will ever be regarded without emotion, is more than I can promise myself.

“God bless you!”

R. S.”

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

“Keswick, Dec. 29. 1837.

“My dear G.,

“I was not aware that it was so long since you had heard *from* me; *of* me you could only have heard from H. T., with whom I have a pretty constant communication, owing to the transmission of proofs. These come thick; there has been little tinkering in the third volume, but the sixth, on which I am at work, requires a good deal, in repairing some old wefts and strays, and preparing prolegomena. Moreover, I am reviewing Barrow’s *Life of Lord Howe*; so you see I am not idle.

“In other respects, I can give no good report of myself. There is every possible reason to be thankful for my poor Edith’s release, and God knows I am truly thankful for it. But my spirits, which bore up through three trying years, and continued to do so while there was immediate necessity for exertion, show as yet no tendency to recover that elasticity which they lost when the necessity ceased. Time will set all to rights. As the days lengthen, I shall be able to rise earlier, which will be a great benefit, the worst hours being those in which I lie awake, and

they are many. The best are those when I am employed, and you know I am not given to idleness; but it behoves me to manage myself in this respect. Except in the main point of sleep, the bodily functions go on well. I walk duly and dutifully. But I am as much disposed to be silent in my own family now, as I ever was in company for which I felt little or no liking; and if it were not plainly a matter of duty to resist this propensity, I should never hear the sound of my own voice.

.

“Nothing more has been heard of Baldwin and Cradock’s affairs. But I must tell you what it will give you pleasure to hear. As soon as Lightfoot learnt that the sum which I had (as I thought) provided for carrying Cuthbert through the University, was supposed to be in danger of being lost, he offered to relieve me from all anxiety upon that score. Knowing the sincerity of that offer, I am just as much obliged to him as if there were any necessity for accepting it. But Dr. Bell’s legacy is available for that purpose. And as for my Cowperage, if it be recovered, as I think it will, so much the better; if it be lost, it will never enter into the thoughts that keep me wakeful at night, or in the slightest degree trouble me by day.

.

“To-day (30th) the sun shines, and it is some satisfaction to see that there still is a sun, for he has been so long among the *non-apparentibus*, that if I jumped to my conclusions as eagerly as some of our

modern philosophers, I might have pronounced him to be not in existence.

“Your brother ought to reflect that though it is many a poor fellow’s duty to expose his life upon deck, and to lose it there, it is no man’s duty to die at the desk. And as I once heard a medical student say, when he expressed his satisfaction at having escaped being taken upon a resurrectionary party, ‘there is no glory in it.’ The first duty of any man, upon whose life the happiness or the well-being of others is in great degree dependent, is to take care of it. God bless you! Our love to Miss Page.

R. S.”

To Dr. Shelton Mackenzie.

“Keswick, Jan. 25. 1838.

“My dear Sir,

“I am much obliged to you for your good services in one paper, and the Canadian news in another. It has never been my fortune to be engaged with any bookseller who made good use of the periodical press to promote the sale of any of my works. They lay out lavishly in advertisements, when a tenth part of the money so expended would, if laid out in extracts, produce ten times the effect.

“I recollect hearing of Miss Edgeworth* at Dr.

* Dr. Mackenzie had mentioned to Miss Edgeworth that my father was employed in working up materials for his own life, and had communicated the substance of her reply, which was as follows :—

“I thank you for telling me that Southey is engaged in literary biography. His *Life of Nelson* is one of the finest pieces of biography I know. I have seen its effects on many young minds. I had the

Holland's, but have no recollection of seeing her there; but I very well remember seeing her more than once at Clifton in 1800, at which time her father said to me, 'Take my word for it, Sir, your genius is for comedy.' He formed this opinion, I believe, from some of the *Nondescripts*, and one or two *Ballads* which had just then appeared in the *Annual Anthology*. This, I think, will be worth mentioning in the Preface to the *Ballads*. When you write to Miss Edgeworth, present my thanks for her obliging message, and say that I am pleased at being remembered by her.

"It is mortifying to think how few situations there are in this country for men of letters, — fewer I believe than in any other part of civilised Europe, — and what there are, leave the occupant very little leisure to profit by the stores of learning with which he is surrounded. The Editorship of the ———, or of any *Literary Journal*, would be a more agreeable office than that of a public librarian, in this respect that your own mind would have more scope. And private librarians there are very few. Lord Spencer, I suppose, must have one as a matter of necessity. The only instance within my knowledge in which a man of letters was invited to such an appointment, not because the library was extensive enough to need

honour of meeting Mr. Southey some years since, at our mutual friend's, Dr. Holland's, in London. But such is the nature of that sort of town intercourse, that I had not opportunity of hearing much of his conversation, and he none of mine; therefore I can hardly presume that he remembers me. But I would wish to convey to him, through you, the true expression of my respect for his character, and admiration of his talents, and of the use he has made of them."

his attendance, but because it was thought desirable for him, is that of Jeremiah Wiffen, and no doubt he owed it to his being a native of Woburn. The Duke of Bedford might otherwise never have heard of him, nor cared for him if he had.

“Farewell, my dear Sir.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To Charles Swain, Esq.

“Keswick, March 9. 1838.

“My dear Sir,

“Since you heard from me last I have been so much shaken that there is little likelihood of my ever being myself again. But it would be ungrateful indeed, in me to complain, who have had a greater share of happiness than falls to the lot of one in ten thousand, and that happiness of a higher degree, and of much longer continuance, with health that had scarcely ever been interrupted, and with a flow of spirits that never ebbed. I cannot be too thankful for these manifold blessings, let the future be what it may.

“Cuthbert comes home the first week in April, for about a month’s vacation. Can you give yourself a holiday, and pass with us as much of that month as you can spare? — I cannot now climb the mountains with you, — not for want of strength, still less of inclination, but because of an infirmity (I know not how or when occasioned) but recently discovered,

which condemns me to caution at least, for the rest of my life. But I shall be heartily glad to see you, and to make your visit as pleasant as I can. You were the last guest whom my dear Edith received with pleasure.

“Most persons, I believe, are displeased with any alterations that they find in a favourite poem; the change, whether for the better or the worse, baulks them as it were, and it is always unpleasant to be baulked. In tinkering one’s old verses there is a great chance of making two flaws where you are mending one. However, to my great joy, I have now done with tinkering; the last pieces which required correction on the score of language are in that volume of Ballads (beginning with *The Maid of the Inn*), which come next in order of publication. I know not yet how the adventure is likely to turn out. The number struck off at first was 1500, which the publishers say will just about cover the expenses, leaving the profit to arise from any farther use of the stereotype and the engravings. Something may be expected from the occasional sale of separate portions, for which merely a new title-page will be required; in that way the long poems may tempt purchasers by their cheapness. But apart from all other considerations I am very thankful that I was persuaded, against my inclination and in some degree also against my judgment, to undertake such a revision of my poetical works. The sort of testamentary feeling with which it was undertaken may prove to have been *an ominous one*: certain it is, that if the task had been deferred but a few months, I should never have had heart to per-

form it, though it was a duty which I owe to myself and to the interests of my family.

“And now, my dear Sir, God bless you !

Yours with sincere regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To C. C. Southey, Esq.

“Keswick, Feb. 7. 1838.

“My dear Cuthbert,

“It is right that you should clearly understand what you have to reckon on for your ways and means. Two hundred a year will be a liberal allowance, probably above the average at Queen’s, which has not the disadvantage of being an expensive college. Whether I live or die, this is provided for you. If I live and do well, my current occupations will supply it. In any other event, there is Dr. Bell’s Legacy in the French Funds, even if the Cowperage should not be forthcoming.

“It is an uncomfortable thing to be straitened in your situation ; but for most undergraduates it is far more injurious to have too much. If you can save from your income I shall be glad ; and I have confidence enough in you to believe that you would have much more satisfaction in saving from it, than you could derive from any needless expenditure. I do not mean that you should receive less from me, if you find that you can do with less ; but that you should lay by the surplus for your own use. Next to moral and religious habits, habits of frugality are

the most important ; they belong, indeed, to our duties. In this virtue your dear mother never was surpassed. Had it not been for her admirable management, this house could not have been kept up, nor this family brought up as they were. God never blessed any man with a truer helpmate than she was to me in this and in every other respect, till she ceased to be herself.

“ I dwell upon this, not as supposing you need any exhortation upon the subject, for I have the most perfect confidence in you ; no father ever had less apprehension for a son in sending him to the University. But frugality is a virtue which will contribute continually and most essentially to your comfort ; without it it is impossible that you should do well, and you know not how much nor how soon it may be needed. It is far from my intention, if I should live till you take your degree, to hurry you into the world, and bid you shift for yourself as soon as you can. On the contrary, there is nothing on which I could look forward with so much hope, as to directing your studies after you have finished your collegiate course, and training you to build upon my foundations. That object is one which it would be worth wishing to live for. But when you take your degree, I, if I should then be living, shall be hard upon three score and ten. My whole income dies with me. In its stead there would be (at this time) about 8000*l.* immediately, from the Insurance, and this is all that there will be (except 2 or 300*l.* for current expenses) till my papers and copyrights can be made available. At first, therefore, great frugality

will be required, though eventually there may be a fair provision for all. I make no estimate of my library, because if it please God that you should make use of the books in pursuing my course, they would be of more value to you than any sum that could be raised by dispersing them.

“It is fitting that you should bear all this in mind; but not for discouragement. Your prospects, God be thanked, are better than if you were heir to a large estate, — far better for your moral and intellectual nature, your real welfare, your happiness here and hereafter.

“God bless you, my dear Cuthbert!

Your affectionate Father,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To the Rev. Neville White.

“Keswick, Feb. 14. 1838.

“My dear Neville,

“Long ago I ought to have written to you, but to you and my other friends, I have as little excuse to offer as an insolvent debtor can make to his creditors. Of late, indeed, I have waited not so much for a more convenient season as for better spirits and for better health. I have been very much out of order in many ways — old infirmities reappeared and brought others in their train, and I could both see and feel such changes in myself, as induced a not unreasonable apprehension that my constitution was breaking up. I have had recourse,

under my brother's direction, to tonics and opiates; they have quieted the most distressing symptoms, and abated others, and I hope that milder weather, when it comes, will rid me of what I suppose to be rheumatic affection in the right hip. So much for my maladies. No one can have enjoyed better health than I have been favoured with during what has now not been a short life; nor has any one been blessed with a greater portion of happiness — happiness not to be surpassed in this world in its kind and degree, and continued through a long course of years. I never can be too thankful to the Giver of all good.

“I have recovered sufficiently to be in trim for work, though it is hardly to be expected that I should do anything with the same heart and hope as in former days. However, I shall do my best, and endeavour by God's mercy to take the remaining stage of my journey as cheerily as I can.

“Remember me most kindly to your fireside; and believe me always, my dear Neville,

Yours with true and affectionate regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

At this time he was labouring under apprehension of an infirmity which, though not dangerous, would have prevented him taking active exercise, and caused him great inconvenience and discomfort, and this naturally preyed somewhat on his spirits; fortunately, however, he determined at once to seek London advice, and went up to town to consult Sir

B. Brodie, who quickly relieved his apprehension, pronouncing that there was no real cause for alarm.

He consequently returned home, reassured on this point.

To Miss Charter.

“ Keswick, April 11. 1838.

“ Dear Miss Charter,

“ I am much obliged to you for all the trouble you have taken; trouble being, I am sorry to say, the only privilege accruing at present from the title of friend, which you have possessed with me for so many years, and will continue to hold while we retain any remembrance of the past.

“ I have now been returned a week, in which time I have been fully employed in writing letters and correcting proof sheets, except yesterday, when great part of the day was passed upon the sofa, for the sake of putting to sleep a cold in the head. The weather has been wet and stormy; and it is better that I should keep within doors, than continue to brave all weathers, as I was wont to do, till I get into good condition again, if it please God. Shaken as I have been, there is still a reasonable hope of this.

“ Kate is at Mr. Rickman's now. Bertha was very busily employed during my absence in painting and papering; making alterations which are not the less melancholy because it was necessary that they should be made. She has made

a good choice in her cousin Herbert ; and happy man is his dole, I may say with equal truth. They may have long to wait before he gets a living ; but meantime there is hope, without which life is but a living death. He loves literature ; and his situation as second librarian at the Bodleian is favourable for literary pursuits. My papers may be entrusted to his care, if I should die before Cuthbert is old enough to superintend their publication.

“ Cuthbert’s vacation is only for a month. He must be at chapel on Sunday the 29th. I shall proceed the more earnestly with my work that I may have the shorter time to pass in solitude and silence. What I have to do is to get through a volume of the Admirals, in which little progress has been made, and a reviewal of Sir Thomas Browne’s works. My Poems require no farther tinkering ; I have only to correct the proofs of the remaining three volumes, and to write the prefaces to them. Arranged and dated as the Poems now are, they communicate to those who have known me well much of my history and character ; and a great deal has been reserved which there would have been no propriety in telling the public while I am in the land of the living. There is nothing, thank God, which I could wish to be concealed after my death ; but the less that a living author says of himself (except in verse) the better. God bless you, dear Miss Charter !

Yours with sincere regard,

R. S.”

To ———.

“Easter Monday (April 16.), 1838.

“My dear Sir,

“

God forgive those who bring upon others any unhappiness which could be prevented by a wiser and kinder course of conduct. If we could be spared the misery which others make for us, little would there be but what might be borne with wholesome resignation as the appointment of Providence, or as the proper consequence of our own errors and misdeeds.

“Time will do all for you, and will probably not be long in doing it. With an old subject like me there is more to do, and of that kind that there is little hope it can be done before the curtain falls. I could always, when I went from home, leave all my habits behind me. It is a far different thing to feel that I have lost them; that my way of life is changed, the few points which are unchangeable serving only to make the change in all other respects more sensible.

“I thank God I am well in health, having easily got rid of a cold: and now that all the proofs in your packet have been got through, and directions given to the printer concerning the eighth volume, I shall make up my despatches, set my clogs by the fire, and emerge from my solitude; not to look for society which is not to be found, nor to be wished for, out of a very small circle which every year contracts, but to take a dutiful walk. God bless you!

R. S.”

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

“ Keswick, June 10. 1838.

“ My dear H. T.,

“ Whether Hope and I shall ever become intimate again in this world, except on the pilgrimage to the next, is very doubtful; nor ought it to be of much importance to a man in his sixty-fourth year. I have had a large portion of happiness, and of the highest kind: five-and-thirty years of such happiness few men are blest with. I have drunk, too, of the very gall of bitterness; yet not more than was wholesome: the cup has been often administered, no doubt because it was needed. The moral discipline through which I have passed has been more complete than the intellectual. Both began early; and, all things considered, I do not think any circumstances could have been more beneficial to me than those in which I have been placed. If not hopeful, therefore, I am more than contented, and disposed to welcome and entertain any good that may yet be in store for me, without any danger of being disappointed if there should be none.

“ I am very glad that Kate is to join Miss Fenwick; but I must warn both Kate and Dora against converting dormitories into loquitories, and talking each other to death before they get to the end of their journey. God bless you!

R. S.”

To the Rev. John Miller.

“Keswick, July 21. 1838.

“My dear Sir,

“I was very much pleased with Bishop Jebb’s first opinion of your Bampton Lectures, and not less pleased with the greater part of his more elaborate critique. I did not agree with him in any of his objections, nor has a fresh perusal of that critique, after reading your Preface, altered or even modified my first impression in the slightest degree. It appears to me that you were right in noticing his remarks as fully as you have done, and that it could not have been done in a better spirit nor in a more conclusive manner.

“The publication of Froude’s Remains is likely to do more harm than — is capable of doing. ‘The Oxford School’ has acted most unwisely in giving its sanction to such a deplorable example of mistaken zeal. Of the two extremes — the too little and the too much — the too little is that which is likely to produce the worst consequence to the individual, but the too much is more hurtful to the community; for it spreads, and rages too, like a contagion.

“I hear, though I have not seen, that another volume of *The Doctor* is announced. You and I, therefore, may shortly expect it, if the masked author keeps his good custom of sending it to us. Some letters, published in the *Sheffield Mercury*, have been

collected into two small volumes, entitled ‘The Tour of the Don.’ They contain a chapter which is headed ‘Doncaster and the Doctor.’ The writer reminds the Doncasterians of the visit, ‘not a clandestine one,’ of the worthy Laureate to their good town, some ten years ago, accompanied, as some may recollect, by his lovely daughter, ‘the dark-eyed Bertha;’ and this he mentions as one of the facts which ‘appear indubitably to identify the author of The Doctor with the author of Thalaba.’ The conclusion would not have followed, even if the premises had been true. But the truth upon which he has built a fallacious argument is, that about ten years ago I passed a night at *Sheffield* on the way to London. My daughter *Edith* was one of our travelling party; and certainly there was nothing clandestine in the visit; for I wrote notes to Montgomery and to Ebenezer Elliott, to come to me at the inn — the only time I ever saw either of those remarkable men. James Everett, a Methodist preacher, and also a remarkable man, heard from one of them where I was, and volunteered a visit. So it was soon known that I was in Sheffield. It is not often that a mistake of this kind can so plainly be explained. ‘Well,’ Latimer used to say, ‘there is nothing hid, but it shall be opened.’

“Farewell, my dear Sir; and believe me always,

Yours with sincere regard and respect,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

For some time my father had been meditating a short journey on the Continent, to which his friends

also urged him, in the hopes it might aid in re-establishing his health and spirits, which, though both were somewhat amended, seemed greatly to need some change. A party of six was accordingly soon formed for the purpose, and a tour arranged, through Normandy, Brittany, and a part of Touraine, to terminate at Paris.

The party consisted of Mr. Senhouse, of Netherhall, who had been with my father in Switzerland in 1817; Mr. Kenyon, also a friend of long standing; Mr. Henry Crabbe Robinson, and Captain Jones, R.N.; my father and myself made up the number. At the end of August we all met in London, and, crossing to Calais, commenced our excursion, the course of which is indicated in the next letter, and which proved as agreeable as favourable weather, an interesting line of country, and a party disposed to be pleased with everything, could make it.

In all we saw, my father took much interest, and while we were actually travelling, the change and excitement seemed to keep his mind up to its usual pitch. He bore all inconveniences with his wonted good humour; and his vast stores of historical knowledge furnished abundant topics of conversation.

Still, however, I could not fail to perceive a considerable change in him from the time we had last travelled together:—all his movements were slower, he was subject to frequent fits of absence, and there was an indecision in his manner, and an unsteadiness in his step, which was wholly unusual with him.

The point in which he seemed to me to fail most was, that he continually lost his way, even in the

hotels we stopped at; and, perceiving this, I watched him constantly, as, although he himself affected to make light of it, and laughed at his own mistakes, he was evidently sometimes painfully conscious of his failing memory in this respect.

His journal also, for he still kept up his old habit of recording minutely all he saw, is very different from that of former journeys, — breaks off abruptly when about two-thirds of our tour was completed, and shows, especially towards the close, a change in his handwriting, which, as his malady crept on, became more and more marked, until, in some of the last notes he ever wrote, the letters are formed like the early efforts of a child.

To John May, Esq.

“Dieppe, Sept. 2. 1838.

“My dear John May,

“Thus far our journey has been in all respects favourable. You saw us proceeding with weather which was only too fine, inasmuch as it soon became hot and dusty, such weather bringing with it a plague of flies, who insisted upon being inside passengers, and whenever I was inclined to doze, and indeed could not keep awake, some one of the Egyptian enemies presently awakened me by alighting upon the most prominent feature of my face. We had a short and pleasant passage the next morning, and remained one day at Calais for the purpose of engaging carriages for the journey: Kenyon having recom

mended that we should travel post, as the only means by which we could command our own time, choose our own route, stop where we would, and remain as long as seemed good to us at any place. This I had found the most advisable mode when travelling with poor Nash and Senhouse in 1817.

“I am now writing at Blois, on Friday, Sept. 28. Our faces were turned homeward when we left Nantes on Sunday last, Sept. 23. We had then accomplished the two chief objects of our journey; that is, we had been to Mount St. Michael’s and to Carnac, the only two days concerning which there could be any solicitude concerning the state of the weather. In both instances we were most fortunate. We came to the mount during the neap tides, and in a clear day, escaping thus all dangers and inconveniences that, at ordinary tides, the state of the weather might have occasioned, and fogs at any time. Cuthbert and I had seen our own St. Michael’s Mount in 1836. The French is the more remarkable, because of its position, which is always a waste either of water or of sand. The mount itself is not much higher, if at all, I think, than the Cornish Mount, but the superstructure of building is much greater, including a small fishing town, a large prison, a garrison, houses for the governor and other officers, and, on the summit, a church. Our own mount, on the contrary, is far the more beautiful object, and except a few mean houses at the landing places, there is nothing to excite any uncomfortable reflections. The rock itself reminded me of Cintra in this respect, that it consisted in great part of rocks piled on rocks, and on the summit the

governor's house and the church very much resembled in their situation the Penha Convent. The mount stands also in a small bay, and is itself a beautiful object, in a part of the country which is itself regarded as the most genial part of the West of England.

“ Another place which we were desirous of seeing was the great Druidical monuments, known by the name of Carnac, from the nearest village. They are the most extensive Druidical remains that have yet been discovered, the stones at the lowest computation not being fewer than four thousand, and extending in parallel lines over a great extent of country; none of these are so large as those of Stonehenge, and they are all single stones. But there are many of considerable magnitude, and many have been destroyed before a stop was put by authority to such destruction, and many are built up in walls; but there remains enough to astonish the beholder.

“ To-day we have seen the Castle of Amboise, which Louis Philippe began to repair when he was Duke of Orleans; but which, though it is a beautiful place, commanding fine views, and in itself a comfortable palace, there being nothing too large to be inconsistent with comfort, he has never set foot in himself. I can account for this only by supposing that as the very beautiful chapel which they are repairing contains the intended mausoleum for himself and his royal family, that consideration may dispose him to regard it with a melancholy feeling, which he is not willing to induce.

“ To-morrow we shall see what is most worth see-

ing at Blois, and proceed after breakfast to Orleans, where we shall remain on Sunday. I should tell you that I have seen Joan of Arc's monument at Rouen, and the Castle of Chinon, and the apartment in the ruins there in which she had her first interview with the king. So when I shall have seen Orleans I shall have sufficient knowledge of the localities to correct any mistakes into which I may, indeed must, have fallen.

“The other places of most interest which we have seen are Havre, by which port I propose returning, Honfleur, Caen, Bayeux, Granville, St. Malo, Nantes, Angers, Saumur, Tours. Normandy and Bretagne we have seen satisfactorily, and were as much delighted with Normandy as we were surprised by the miserable condition and more miserable appearance of our Breton cousins: they seem not to partake in the slightest degree of that prosperity which is every where else apparent in France. Louis Philippe is both Pontifex and Viafex maximus, if there be such a word. The roads are undergoing, at the expense of government, a most thorough repair, greatly to our annoyance in travelling over them in the course of remaking. I know not how many suspension bridges we have seen, finished or in progress, and every large place bears evident marks of improvement upon a great scale.

“I hope to be at Paris on the 4th or 5th of October. There our party separates: Kenyon and Captain Jones proceed to the Low Countries; Robinson remains awhile at Paris; Cuthbert, I, and Mr. Senhouse make our way by one steamer down the Seine

to Havre, and by another from Havre to Southampton. From thence Cuthbert proceeds to London and Oxford, Senhouse to Cumberland, and I to Lymington, where I shall remain a few weeks with Miss Bowles, and get through some work, where I shall be free from all interruption.

“I have had no opportunity of purchasing any books, there being no old book shops in any of the great towns through which we have passed; but at Paris my only business will be to look for those which I want.

“And now, my dear old friend, God bless you! Remember me to your dear daughters, and believe me always,

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To John Rickman, Esq.

“Buckland, Lymington, Oct. 1838.

“My dear R.,

“I heard good accounts of you on my journey, and having since seen that you were present at the prorogation, venture to infer that you are no longer under the oculist’s care.

“Nothing could be more fortunate than my expedition was in every thing. The weather was as fine as it could be. During six weeks there was not one wet day; what rain fell was generally by night, and never more than sufficed for laying the dust and cooling the air. We got to Carnac. Chantrey had de-

sired me to look for some small red stones*, which Buckland, or some of his disciples, had been much puzzled about, because they are not pebbles of the soil, and have all evidently been rubbed down to different angles. Just such stones so rubbed are used by Chantrey's own people in polishing the finer parts of their statuary: and he fancied this was proof that the people who erected the stones at Carnac must have used them for some similar purpose. I came to the conclusion that the *Celts*, which are so hard and so highly polished, were brought to that high polish by these instruments.

“The Bretons are the most miserable people I have ever seen, except those inhabitants of the Alps who suffer with goitres, and among whom the Cretons are found. They look, indeed, as if they lived in an unhealthy country, and as if they were only half fed. Yet I know not that there are any causes to render it insalubrious: it is not ill cultivated, and there is no want of industry in the inhabitants. The only cause that I can imagine for their squalid appearance, and their evidently stunted stature, (if that cause be sufficient) is their extreme uncleanness. The human animal cannot thrive in its own filth, like the pig; and the pig, no doubt, is a very inferior creature in its tame state to what it is when wild in the forest.

“I never saw so many dwarfs any where as in

* We found a number of these stones, all in one place, as if they had been poured out in a heap, nearly overgrown with grass and weeds. I brought some home, and took them to Sir. F. Chantrey, who recognised them as of the same description as those he had seen before. —ED.

Brittany,—more, indeed, when travelling through that province than in the whole course of my life.

“There is one work which Mr. Telford would have regarded with great interest if he ever happened to see it. The *Levéé*, as it is called, which protects a large tract of country from the inundations of the Loire. This work is of such antiquity that it is not known when it was commenced, but it seems first to have been taken up as a public work by our Henry II. Perhaps there is no other embankment which protects so great an extent of country.

“I am finishing here the reviewal of Telford’s book, which I hope to complete in about a week’s time, taking care not to make it too long, and therefore passing rapidly over his latter works, and winding up in the way of an eulogium, which no man ever was more worthy of.

“I derived all the benefit that I hoped for from my journey, and am in good condition in all respects.

“God bless you !

R. S.”

To Mrs. Hodson.

“Keswick, Feb. 18. 1839.

“My dear Mrs. Hodson,

“My movements last year did not extend beyond Normandy and Bretagne, and when I turned my face towards England, it was in a steam packet from Havre to Southampton, by good fortune just before that stormy weather set in, which, with few intervals

and those but short, has continued ever since. Normandy pleased me as much as I had expected, and my expectations were pitched high. We were six in company, and no journey could have been more prosperous in all respects. The weather never prevented us from seeing any thing that we wished, and we met with no mishap of any kind.

“Cuthbert and I parted when we left the steam packet. He made the best of his way to Oxford; I remained some weeks in Hampshire, and on returning to Keswick found my youngest daughter suffering under a serious attack of the influenza*; an insidious disease, from which, though we were assured that she was well recovered, she has not yet regained strength. You may possibly have heard from the newspapers that I have resolved upon a second marriage. I need not say that such a marriage must be either the wisest or the weakest action of a man's life. But I may say that in the important points of age, long and intimate acquaintance, and conformity of opinions, principles, and likings, no persons could be better suited to each other. The newspapers, indeed, have stated that Miss Bowles is thirty years younger than me, which, if it were true, would prove me to be something worse than an old fool.

“You will be glad to hear that I am likely to recover something from Baldwin and Cradock. The trustees of their affairs had the modesty to expect that I should receive a dividend of one shilling in the pound, to be followed by a second and final dividend

* Upon this a sharp attack of pleurisy had supervened, and we were for some little time in alarm as to the result. — Ed.

of the same amount. But upon finding that I was prepared to file a bill in Chancery against them, they have proposed to pay me eight hundred pounds, — a composition which I am advised to accept, and shall think myself fortunate when it is fairly paid.

“ This place and the surrounding country suffered greatly in the late hurricane : it was quite as violent as that which I witnessed at Dawlish, and of much longer duration. I never felt the house so shaken. Indeed, there were persons who came as soon as it was daybreak to see what had become of us, and whether we were buried in the ruins of the house. Happily we suffered no serious injury, having chiefly to regret that the whole front of the house, which was covered with ivy, has been completely stript of it. The havoc among the trees * has been such as the oldest persons do not remember to have seen or heard of. Few days have passed without a storm since the great one. The winds are piping at this time, and so continued is the sound that my head is almost as much confused by it as if I were at sea. The weather concerns me much more than the affairs of State, and I know as little of current literature, as if there were neither magazines nor reviews. My state is the more gracious. And if there were no newspapers in the world, and no railroads, I should begin to think that we might hope to live once more in peace and quietness.

* “ A poplar, mentioned in the proem to the Tale of Paraguay, was torn up by the roots. It had become for some years a mournful memorial, and though I should never have had heart to fell it, I am not sorry that it has been thus removed. But do not suppose that I ever give willing admission to thoughts of unprofitable sadness.”— *To H. Taylor, Esq., Jan. 8. 1839.*

“ I heard of Landor during my last transit through London, and saw one of the very best portraits of him by a young artist that I ever remember to have seen. The picture, too, was as good as the likeness. The artist did not succeed so well with Kenyon, whose head upon the canvas might very well have passed for the Duke of York’s.

“ You will think that I am bent upon continuing in the old ways when I tell you that it is my intention never again to travel by a railway, if there be any means of proceeding by any other mode of conveyance. It is very certain that the rapidity of railway travelling, if long continued, has a tendency to bring on a determination of blood to the head ; this is one of the unforeseen and unforeseeable results of a mode of travelling so unlike any thing that was ever before in use. Mail coach travelling will be fast enough for me, if I should ever travel again after the journey to which I am now looking forward of four hundred miles, which I mean to take with no other rest than what is to be had in the mail. But I expect to doze away the time. When I was a schoolboy there was nothing I should have liked better than such a journey.

“ Present my kind remembrances to Mr. and Mrs. Blencowe, &c.

Believe me, my dear Mrs. Hodson,

Yours with sincere regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

“Buckland, March 31. 1839.

“My dear Landor,

“The portrait of Savonarola is safely lodged at Keswick; I should have thanked you for it sooner, if I had known whither to direct to you. I have seldom seen a finer picture or a finer face; the countenance seems to bespeak credit for one whose character may perhaps be still considered doubtful.

“Mr. C. Bowles Fripp wrote to me some time last year, asking me to supply an epitaph for the proposed monument to Chatterton. I said to him, in reply, that I was too much engaged to undertake it; that, as far as related to Chatterton, I had done my duty more than thirty years ago; that of all men, men of genius were those who stood least in need of monuments to perpetuate their memory. Moreover, as to an epitaph, I never would attempt to compose any thing of the kind, unless I imagined that I could do it satisfactorily to myself, which in this case appeared to me impossible. How, indeed, could the circumstances of Chatterton’s history be comprised in a monumental inscription? It is to the credit of Bristol that my fellow-townsmen should show how different a spirit prevails among them now from that which was to be found there fifty years ago; but how this might best be effected I know not.

“The portrait of Chatterton, which Mr. Dix discovered, identifies itself if ever portrait did. It brought his sister, Mrs. Newton, strongly to my

recollection. No family likeness could be more distinctly marked, considering the disparity of years.

“ My daughter Bertha’s marriage to her cousin, Herbert Hill, is especially fortunate in this respect, that for a few years it will remove her no farther from Keswick than Rydal. Very different has been her elder sister’s lot ; for being, to all likelihood, fixed upon the coast of Sussex (and the very worst part of it), she has been lost to us ever since. I have now only one daughter left, and my son divides the year between college and home. Oxford has done him no harm ; indeed, I never apprehended any. Reduced in number as my family has been within the last few years, my spirits would hardly recover their habitual and healthful cheerfulness, if I had not prevailed upon Miss Bowles to share my lot for the remainder of our lives. There is just such a disparity of age as is fitting ; we have been well acquainted with each other more than twenty years, and a more perfect conformity of disposition could not exist ; so that, in resolving upon what must be either the weakest or the wisest act of a sexagenarian’s life, I am well assured that, according to human foresight, I have judged well and acted wisely, both for myself and my remaining daughter. God bless you !

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

On the 5th of June, my father was united to Miss Bowles, at Boldre Church, and returned to Keswick with her the latter end of the following August.

I have now almost arrived at the conclusion of my

task, yet what remains to be said calls up more painful recollections than all the rest.

The reader need not be told that the sorrows and anxieties of the last few years of my father's life had produced, as might be expected, a very injurious effect upon his constitution, both as to body and mind. Acutely sensitive by nature, deep and strong in his affections, and highly predisposed to nervous disease, he had felt the sad affliction which had darkened his latter years far more keenly than any ordinary observer would have supposed, or than even appears in his letters. He had, indeed, then, as he expressed himself in his letter declining the Baronetcy, been "shaken at the root;" and while we must not forget the more than forty years of incessant mental application which he had passed through, it was this stroke of calamity which most probably greatly hastened the coming of the evil day, if it was not altogether the cause of it, and which rapidly brought on that overclouding of the intellect which soon unequivocally manifested itself.

This, indeed, in its first approaches had been so gradual as to have almost escaped notice; and it was not until after the sad truth was fully ascertained, that indications of failure (some of which I have already alluded to) which had appeared some time previously, were called to mind. A loss of memory on certain points, a lessening acuteness of the perceptive faculties, an occasional irritability (wholly unknown in him before); a confusion of time, place, and person; the losing his way in well-known places, — all were remembered as having taken place, when

the melancholy fact had become too evident that the powers of his mind were irreparably weakened.

On his way home in the year 1839, he passed a few days in London, and then his friends plainly saw, what, from the altered manner of the very few and brief letters he had latterly written, they had already feared, that he had so failed as to have lost much of the vigour and activity of his faculties. The impressions of one of his most intimate friends, as conveyed at the time by letter, may fitly be quoted here. "I have just come home from a visit which affected me deeply. . . . It was to Southey, who arrived in town to-day from Hampshire with his wife. . . . He is (I fear) much altered. The animation and peculiar clearness of his mind quite gone, except a gleam or two now and then. What he said was much in the spirit of his former mind as far as the matter and meaning went, but the tone of strength and elasticity was wanting. The appearance was that of a placid languor, sometimes approaching to torpor, but not otherwise than cheerful. He is thin and shrunk in person, and that extraordinary face of his has no longer the fire and strength it used to have, though the singular cast of the features and the habitual expressions make it still a most remarkable phenomenon. Upon the whole, I came away with a troubled heart." . . . After a brief account of the great trials of my father's late years, the writer continues:—"He has been living since his marriage in Hampshire, where he has not had the aid of his old habits and accustomed books to methodize his mind. All this considered, I think we may hope that a year or two

of quiet living at his own home may restore him. His easy cheerful temperament will be greatly in his favour. You must help me to hope this, for I could not bear to think of the decay of that great mind and noble nature,—at least not of its premature decay. Pray that this may be averted, as I have this night.”*

On the following day the same friend writes: “I think I am a little relieved about Southey to-day. I have seen him three times in the course of the day, and on each occasion he was so easy and cheerful that I should have said his manner and conversation did not differ, in the most part, from what it would have been in former days if he had happened to be very tired. I say for the most part only though; for there was once an obvious confusion of ideas. He lost himself for a moment; he was conscious of it, and an expression passed over his countenance which was exceedingly touching,—an expression of pain and also of resignation. I am glad to learn from his brother that he is aware of his altered condition and speaks of it openly. This gives a better aspect to the case than if he could believe that nothing was the matter with him. Another favourable circumstance is, that he will deal with himself wisely and patiently. The charm of his manner is perhaps even enhanced at present (at least when one knows the circumstances), by the gentleness and patience which pervade it. His mind is beautiful even in its debility.”

Much of my father's failure in its early stages was

* August 24. 1839.

at first ascribed by those anxiously watching him, to repeated attacks of the influenza—at that time a prevailing epidemic—from which he had suffered greatly, and to which he attributed his own feelings of weakness; but alas! the weakness he felt was as much mental as bodily (though he had certainly declined much in bodily strength), and after his return home it gradually increased upon him. The uncertain step—the confused manner—the eye once so keen and so intelligent, now either wandering restlessly or fixed as it were in blank contemplation—all showed that the over-wrought mind was worn out.

One of the plainest signs of this was the cessation of his accustomed labours; but while doing nothing (with him how plain a proof that nothing could be done), he would frequently anticipate a coming period of his usual industry. His mind, while any spark of its reasoning powers remained, was busy with its old day-dreams—the History of Portugal—the History of the Monastic Orders—the Doctor;—all were soon to be taken in hand in earnest—all completed, and new works added to these.

For a considerable time after he had ceased to compose, he took pleasure in reading, and the habit continued after the power of comprehension was gone. His dearly prized books, indeed, were a pleasure to him almost to the end, and he would walk slowly round his library looking at them, and taking them down mechanically.

In the earlier stages of his disorder (if the term may be fitly applied to a case which was not a perversion of the faculties, but their decay) he could still converse

at times with much of his old liveliness and energy. When the mind was, as it were, set going upon some familiar subject, for a little time you could not perceive much failure; but if the thread was broken, if it was a conversation in which new topics were started, or if any argument was commenced, his powers failed him at once, and a painful sense of this seemed to come over him for the moment. His recollection first failed as to recent events, and his thoughts appeared chiefly to dwell upon those long past, and as his mind grew weaker, these recollections seemed to recede still farther back. Names he could rarely remember, and more than once, when trying to recall one which he felt he ought to know, I have seen him press his hand upon his brow and sadly exclaim, — “Memory! memory! where art thou gone?”

But this failure altogether was so gradual, and at the same time so complete, that I am inclined to hope and believe there was not on the whole much painful consciousness of it; and certainly for more than a year preceding his death, he passed his time as in a dream, with little, if any, knowledge of what went on around him.

One circumstance connected with the latter years of his life deserves to be noticed as very singular. His hair, which previously was almost snowy white, grew perceptibly darker, and I think, if anything, increased in thickness and a disposition to curl.

But it is time I drew a veil over these latter scenes. They are too painful to dwell on.

“A noble mind in sad decay,
When baffled hope has died away,

And life becomes one long distress
In pitiable helplessness.
Methinks 'tis like a ship on shore,
That once defied the Atlantic's roar,
And gallantly through gale and storm
Hath ventured her majestic form ;
But now in stranded ruin laid,
By winds and dashing seas decayed,
Forgetful of her ocean reign,
Must crumble into earth again."*

In some cases of this kind, towards the end some glimmering of reason reappears, but this must be when the mind is obscured or upset, not, as in this case, apparently worn out. The body gradually grew weaker, and disorders appeared which the state of the patient rendered it almost impossible to treat properly ; and, after a short attack of fever, the scene closed on the 21st of March, 1843, and a second time had we cause to feel deeply thankful, when the change from life to death, or more truly from death to life, took place.

It was a dark and stormy morning when he was borne to his last resting place, at the western end of the beautiful churchyard of Crosthwaite. There lies his dear son Herbert—there his daughters Emma and Isabel—there Edith, his faithful helpmate of forty years. But few besides his own family and immediate neighbours followed his remains. His only intimate friend within reach, Mr. Wordsworth, crossed the hills that wild morning to be present.

Soon after my father's death, various steps were taken with a view to erecting monuments to his

* Robert Montgomery. The fourth line is altered from the original.

memory; and considerable sums were quickly subscribed for that purpose, the list including the names of many persons not only strangers to him personally, but also strongly opposed to him in political opinion. The result was that three memorials were erected. The first and principal one, a full length recumbent figure, was executed by Lough, and placed in Crosthwaite church, and is certainly an excellent likeness, as well as a most beautiful work of art. The original intention and agreement was that it should be in Caen stone, but the sculptor, with characteristic liberality, executed it in white marble at a considerable sacrifice.

The following lines by Mr. Wordsworth are inscribed upon the base:—

“Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here; on yon
His eyes have closed; and ye loved books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown
Adding immortal labours of his own,—
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal
For the state's guidance or the church's weal,
Or fancy disciplined by curious art
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings meet in holier rest.
His joys — his griefs — have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to Heaven was vowed
Through a life long and pure, and steadfast faith
Calm'd in his soul the fear of change and death.”

But this was not the only tribute to my father's memory paid in connection with the church where he had so long worshipped. The structure itself, though not unecclesiastical in its style and plan, had

little architectural beauty; and the interior at the time I am referring to was much in the same state as ordinary country churches, — a flat ceiling, the stone pillars and arches covered with whitewash, and a multitude of pews of all shapes and sizes and colours. A small gallery at the west end had been added a few years before, and a very handsome organ presented by James Stanger, Esq., of Lairthwaite, Keswick. This gentleman had taken a most active part in furthering the erection of the monument; and rightly deeming that the introduction of a beautiful work of art would only show in a strong light the deficiencies of the structure, as well as moved by the pious wish to dedicate largely of his substance to the Church, he determined upon a total renovation of the building, of the heavy expense of which he bore by far the largest part. The exterior stonework was renewed, the pillars and arches restored to their original state, an open roof with ornamented rafters was substituted for the flat ceiling, the pews were taken away, the chancel was fitted with oak stalls beautifully carved, and the nave and aisles with uniform open seats. He also presented a very handsome painted east window. This good example was not lost, for three other painted windows and a beautiful communion service were presented by residents in the immediate neighbourhood; and a fourth was added by the parishioners generally, as a testimonial to Mr. Stanger.

When all was completed, the monument was removed to its appointed place, immediately facing the east door, and together with the changes and em-

bellishments of the church itself, forms a most lasting and gratifying testimonial to the estimation in which my father was held in the place where so large a portion of his life had been spent.

Committees were also formed in London and in Bristol for the same purpose, and Busts and Tablets erected in Westminster Abbey, and in the Cathedral church of his native city.

I must now make a few observations upon the materials which have passed through my hands in the preparation of these volumes. I stated at the commencement my intention of making my father his own biographer, and I have endeavoured to render this work consistent with itself throughout in its autobiographical character.

In selecting from the masses of correspondence which have passed through my hands there has necessarily been considerable labour and difficulty, the amount and nature of which can only be understood by those who have been similarly employed. One of my chief difficulties has been to avoid repetition, for the same circumstance is commonly to be found related, and the same opinions expressed to most of his frequent and familiar correspondents; so that what a Reviewer calls "significant blanks and injudicious erasures" are very often nothing more than what is caused by the cutting out of passages, the substance of which has already appeared in some other letter, and, according to my judgment, more fully and better expressed. It may probably be observed that

my selections from the correspondence of the later years of his life are fewer in proportion than of the former ones; but for this several reasons may be given. A correspondence is often carried on briskly for a time, and then dropped almost entirely, as was the case between Sir Walter Scott and my father, although the friendly feelings of the parties were undiminished; in other cases the interchange of letters continued, though they contained nothing sufficiently interesting for publication. With others, again, as with Mr. Rickman, Mr. H. Taylor, and Mr. Bedford, the correspondence increased in frequency, and necessarily the interest of single letters diminished, as it was carried on by a multitude of brief notes; and this, which in these two cases resulted from facilities in franking, it seems likely will be so general a result of the New Postage system, that in another generation there will be no correspondences to publish. With respect to the correspondence with Mr. Wynn, much to my regret, I was unable to procure any letters of later date than 1820, owing to their having been mislaid; since his decease they have been found and kindly transmitted to me by his son; but unfortunately it was too late for me to make any present use of them.

In addition to these causes, it may also be mentioned, that his correspondence with comparative strangers and mere acquaintances occupied a continually increasing portion of his time. The number of letters he received from such persons was very great, and almost all had to be answered, so that but little time was left for those letters he had real

pleasure in writing. Every new work he engaged in entailed more or less correspondence, and some a vast accession for a time, and these letters generally would not be of interest to the public. The Life of Cowper involved him in a correspondence of considerable extent with many different persons: many of these letters I could have procured, and some were sent to me; but they were not available, from the limits of this work, neither would their contents be of general interest. I may, however, take this opportunity of expressing my thanks to those gentlemen who have sent me letters of which I have not made any use, but for whose kindness I am not the less obliged.

While, however, I have necessarily been obliged to leave out many interesting letters, I feel satisfied that I have published a selection abundantly sufficient to indicate all the points in my father's character — to give all the chief incidents in his life, and to show his opinions in all their stages. I am not conscious of having kept back anything which ought to have been brought forward, — anything excepting some free and unguarded expressions which, whether relating to things or persons, having been penned in the confidence of friendship and at the impulse of the moment, it would be as unreasonable in a reader to require, as it would be injudicious and improper in an editor to publish. And if in any case I may have let some such expression pass by uncanceled, which may have given a moment's pain to any individual, I sincerely regret the inadvertency.

APPENDIX.

A.

LIST OF THE PUBLICATIONS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

1. Poems by R. Southey and R. Lovell. 1 vol. Cottle, 1794
2. Joan of Arc. 1 vol. 4to. Cottle, 1795.
3. Letters from Spain and Portugal. 1 vol. Cottle, 1797
4. Minor Poems. 2 vols. Cottle, 1797—1799.
5. Annual Anthology. 2 vols. Biggs and Cottle, 1799—1800.
6. Thalaba. 2 vols. Longman, 1801.
7. Chatterton's Works, edited by R. Southey and J. Cottle. 3 vols. 1802.
8. Amadis of Gaul. 4 vols. Longman, 1803.
9. Metrical Tales and other Poems. 1 vol. 1805.
10. Madoc. 1 vol. 4to. Longman, 1805.
11. Palmerin of England. 4 vols. Longman, 1807.
12. Specimens of English Poets. 3 vols. Longman, 1807.
13. Letters from England, by Don Manuel Espriella. 3 vols. Longman, 1807.
14. Remains of Henry Kirk White, edited by R. Southey. 2 vols. Longman and others, 1807.
15. Chronicle of the Cid. 1 vol. 4to. Longman, 1808.
16. Curse of Kehama. 1 vol. 4to. Longman, 1810.
17. Omiana. 2 vols. Longman, 1812.
18. Life of Nelson. 2 vols. Murray, 1813.
19. Roderick the Last of the Goths. 1 vol. 4to. Longman, 1814.
20. Carmen Triumphale and Carmina Aulica. 1 vol. Longman, 1814.
21. Minor Poems (re-arranged, &c.) 3 vols. Longman, 1815.
22. Lay of the Laureate. 1 vol. Longman, 1816.
23. Specimens of later British Poets.
24. Pilgrimage to Waterloo. 1 vol. Longman, 1816.
25. Morte d'Arthur. 2 vols. 4to. Longman, 1817.
26. Letter to William Smith. A Pamphlet. Murray, 1817.
27. History of Brazil. 3 vols. 4to. Longman, 1810—1817—1819.
28. Life of Wesley. 2 vols. Longman, 1820.
29. Expedition of Orsua. 1 vol. Longman, 1821.
30. A Vision of Judgement. 1 vol. 4to. Longman, 1821.
31. Book of the Church. 2 vols. Murray, 1824.
32. Tale of Paraguay. 1 vol. Longman, 1825.

33. *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*. 1 vol. Murray, 1826.
 34. *History of the Peninsular War*. 3 vols. 4to. Murray. 1822—1824—1832.
 35. *Lives of Uneducated Poets — Prefixed to Verses by John Jones*. 1 vol. Murray, 1829.
 36. *All for Love, and the Legend of a Cock and a Hen*, 1 vol. Longman, 1829.
 37. *Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society*, 2 vols. Murray, 1829.
 38. *Life of John Bunyan, for an Edition of the Pilgrim's Progress*. Murray, and Major, 1830.
 39. *Select Works of British Poets, from Chaucer to Jonson, edited with Biographical Notices*. 1 vol. Longman, 1831.
 40. *Naval History of England*. 4 vols. and part of the 5th, in *Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia*. Longman, 1833—1840.
 41. *The Doctor, &c.* 7 vols. Longman. Vols. 6 and 7. edited by the Rev. J. Wood Warter. 1834—1847.
 42. *The Life and Works of Cowper, edited*. 15 vols. Baldwin and Cradock, 1835—1837.
 43. *Collected Edition of his Poems*. 10 vols. Longman, 1837, 1838. Also complete in 1 vol. 1847.
 44. *Common-place Book*, 1st, 2d, and 3d Series. A fourth is announced. Edited by the Rev. J. Wood Warter. Longman.
 45. *Oliver, Newman, and other Fragments*. Edited by the Rev. H. Hill. 1 vol. Longman, 1845.

Contributions to Periodical Literature.

Articles communicated by Robert Southey to the first four volumes of the *Annual Review*.

VOL. I. (1802.)

- Sauer's account of Commodore Billing's Expedition to the Northern part of Russia.
 Mackenzie's Voyages from Montreal, &c.
 Fischer's Travels in Spain.
 Acerbi's Travels in Sweden.
 Mrs. Guthrie's Travels in the Crimea.
 Pallas's Travels in the S. Provinces of Russia.
 Olivier's Travels in Turkey.
 Wrangham's Poems.
 Poetry by the Author of Gebir.*

VOL. II. (1803.)

- Burney's History of Discoveries in the South Sea.
 Clarke's Progress of Maritime Discovery.

* My father reviewed Gebir in the *Critical Review*. I regret that I cannot obtain a list of his contributions to that periodical.—ED.

Curtis's Travels in Bombay.
 Grandpré's Voyage to Bengal.
 Davies's Travels in America.
 Muirhead's Travels in the Low Countries.
 New Military Journal.
 Wittman's Travels in Turkey.
 Malthus on the Principles of Population.
 Transactions of the Missionary Society.
 Myle's History of the Methodists.
 Godwin's Life of Chaucer.
 Ritson's Ancient English Romances.
 Mant's Life of J. Warter.
 Hayley's Poems.
 Kirk White's Clifton Grove.
 Lord Strangford's Camoëns.
 Owen Cambridge's Works.

VOL. III. (1804.)

Barrow's Travels.
 Barrow's China.
 Froissart's Chronicles.
 Address from the Society for the Suppression of Vice.
 Seward's Life of Darwin.
 Scott's Sir Tristram.
 Cupid turned Volunteer.
 Falconer's Shipwreck.
 Churchill's Poems.
 Crowe's Lewesdon Hill.
 Transactions of the Missionary Society.

VOL. IV. (1805.)

Bruce's Travels to the Source of the Nile
 Clarke's Naufragia.
 Present State of Peru.
 Griffith's Travels.
 Roscoe's Life of Leo X.
 Cayley's Life of Sir Walter Raleigh.
 Tisbault's Anecdotes of Frederick the Great.
 Greswell's Memoirs of Angelus Politianus.
 Ellis's Specimens of Early Metrical Romances.
 Todd's Spenser.
 Bowles's Spirit of Discovery.
 Hayley's Ballads.
 Boyd's Penance of Hugo.
 Report on the Poems of Ossian.

The Historical part of the Edinburgh Annual Register for
 1808, 1809, and 1810.

Articles contributed to the Quarterly Review from 1808 to 1838; viz.

- No. 1. Baptist Mission in India.
- 2. Portuguese Literature.
- 3. South Sea Missionaries.
- Lord Valencia's Travels.
- 4. Holmes's American Annals.
- 5. Life of Nelson. Enlarged afterwards, and published separately.
- 6. Veeson's Residence at Tongataboo.
- Graham's Georgics.
- 7. Observador Portuguez. On the French Occupation of Portugal.
- 8. Faroe Islands.
- On the Evangelical Sects.
- 11. Bell and Lancaster. Enlarged afterwards, and published separately.
- 12. The Inquisition.
- Montgomery's Poems.
- 13. Sir G. Mackenzie's Iceland.
- 14. French Revolutionists.
- 15. Landor's Count Julian.
- D'Israeli's Calamities of Authors.
- 16. On the Manufacturing System and the Poor.
- 19. Bogue and Bennet's History of the Dissenters.
- 21. Nicobar Islands.
- Montgomery's World before the Flood.
- 22—23. Chalmers' British Poets.
- 23. Forbes's Oriental Memoirs.
- 24. Lewis and Clark's Travels in North America.
- Remains of Barré Roberts.
- 25. Miot's French Expedition to Egypt.
- 26—27. Life of Wellington.
- 28. Alfieri.
- 29. Madame La Roche Jacquelin's Memoirs.
- On the Poor.
- 30. Ali Bey's Travels in Morocco.
- Foreign Travellers in England.
- 31. Parliamentary Reform.
- 32. Koster's Travels in Brazil.
- Rise and Progress of Disaffection.
- 33. Mariner's Tonga Islands.
- 35. Lope de Vega.
- 39. Evelyn's Memoirs.
- On the Means of Improving the People.
- 41. Copyright Act.
- 42. Cemeteries and Catacombs of Paris.

- No. 43. Monastic Institutions.
 45. Coxe's Life of Marlborough.
 46. New Churches.
 48. Life of W. Huntington, S. S.
 50. Life of Cromwell.
 52. Dobrizhoffer.
 53. Camoëns.
 55. Gregoire's History of Religious Sects.
 56. Gregoire's History of Theophilanthropists.
 57. Burnet's Own Times.
 58. Dwight's Travels in New England.
 61. New Churches.
 62. Life of Hayley.
 — Mrs. Baillie's Lisbon.
 — 63. Church Missionary Society.
 64. Life of Bayard.
 65. Roman Catholic Church and Waldenses.
 66. Sœur Nativité.
 67. Sumatra.
 68. Britton's Cathedral Antiquities.
 69. Dr. Sayers's Poems.
 — Head's Journey across the Pampas.
 72. Butler's Reply concerning Sœur Nativité.
 73. Hallam's Constitutional History of England.
 74. Emigration Report.
 75. Ledyard's Travels.
 — Chronological History of the West Indies.
 76. Roman Catholic Question and Ireland.
 77. Elementary Education, and the New Colleges in
 London.
 78. Surtees's History of Durham.
 81. State of Portugal.
 82. Poems by Lucretia Davidson.
 — Smyth's Life of Captain Beaver.
 83. Head's Forest Scenes in Canada.
 85. Ellis's Polynesian Researches.
 86. Negro New Testament.
 87. Dymond's Essays on Morality.
 — Moral and Political State of the Nation.
 88. Life of Oberlin.
 89. Babœuf's Conspiracy.
 90. Doctrine de St. Simon.
 91. Life and Death of Lord E. Fitzgerald.
 93. Mary Colling.
 94. Lord Nugent's Life of Hampden.
 95. Prince Polignac and the Three Days.
 97. Life of Felix Neff.

113. Mawe's Voyage down the Amazon, and Capt. Smyth.
 118. Mrs. Bray's Tamar and Tavy, and Sir George Head's Home Tour.
 123. Barrow's Life of Lord Howe.
 126. Life of Telford.

In the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Barantes' History of the Dukes of Burgundy.

On the Spanish Moors.

Life of Ignatius Loyola.

B.

PRINCE POLIGNAC TO R. SOUTHEY, ESQ.

"Ham, ce 14. 7bre, 1832.

"MONSIEUR,

"J'ai appris, par l'intermédiaire d'un ami à qui je suis tendrement attaché, que vous vous occupiez en ce moment d'un travail relatif aux circonstances qui ont accompagné la lutte que le trône des Bourbons a eu à soutenir dans les derniers jours de Juillet, 1830, vous proposant pour but, dans ce travail, de rectifier les erreurs qu'une calomnie victorieuse a cherché à propager dans le public.

"Personne mieux que vous, Monsieur, ne peut accomplir si noble tâche, et avec plus d'espoir de succès; votre talent bien connu, vos principes, vos sentiments généreux feront obtenir à la vérité ce triomphe que la force et les passions du moment ont pu seules lui arracher.

"Quant à moi, dont le nom se trouve nécessairement associé au drame révolutionnaire dont la malheureuse France a offert le spectacle à l'Europe, il me serait impossible de vous peindre tous les élans de ma reconnaissance; ceux-là seuls peuvent en mesurer l'étendue qui, habitués à étudier le cœur humain, comprendront ce que le mien a dû souffrir en me voyant, en face d'un peuple égaré et irrité, forcé de garder le silence. J'ai dû accepter, — ainsi que je le mandais à un de mes amis, à une époque peu éloignée de celle où nous sommes, — j'ai dû accepter tous les genres d'accusation qu'on a voulu entasser sur ma tête.

Je me suis considéré comme le chef d'un vaisseau, au moment d'un grand naufrage ; le vaisseau, c'était la Royauté exilée qu'on cherchait encore à atteindre en me frappant ; j'ai gardé pour moi les coups qu'on lui reservait ; l'équipage, c'était mes collègues ; un devoir impérieux m'imposait l'obligation de ne pas compromettre leur sûreté ; je me suis tû lorsque cette sûreté pourrait être compromise. L'histoire, j'ose le dire, ne retrace pas une situation plus compliquée que celle dans laquelle je me suis trouvé ; jamais plus de sentimens de diverse nature froissés et brisés, n'ont torturé le cœur d'un homme ; jamais l'honneur ne désarma mieux sa victime.

“ Ces moments cruels sont passés sans doute ; le temps est venu calmer l'irritation des esprits ; les évènements qui se sont succédés ont pu désiller bien des yeux, désabuser bien des esprits, et l'on pourrait se demander, si le moment ne serait pas enfin arrivé de révéler les mystères du passé et de présenter quelques explications devenues nécessaires pour ma justification.

“ Je pourrais faire à cette question une réponse affirmative ; mais j'ajouterai que je ne saurais être la personne chargée d'une semblable tâche ; ma présence dans la lice réveillerait des amours propres, raviverait des ressentimens presque éteints ; elle pourrait troubler ce repos momentaire que la lassitude du mal entraîne souvent après lui. Il est des circonstances où le bon citoyen doit même savoir accepter les effets de la calomnie par amour pour la paix. La postérité, ou peut-être de mon temps encore, la plume de quelque main amie expliquera mon silence ; il sera compris par l'homme de bien.

“ D'ailleurs, le langage et les actes de ceux qui se sont faits mes accusateurs ont déjà commencé ma justification, et celle-là, au moins, n'a aucun des inconvénients que je viens de signaler.

“ En effet, quelques-uns d'entr'eux reprochent aux ministres de Charles X. d'avoir violé la charte de 1814, en faisant une fausse application de l'article 14. renfermé dans cette même charte ; mais eux, qu'ont-ils fait le 29.

Juillet, 1830, après que les fameuses ordonnances furent retirés par Charles X. ? ils brisèrent la charte toute entière ; ils détrônèrent le souverain à qui ils avaient prêté serment de fidélité, qui, d'après cette charte, était irresponsable, et dont la personne devait être inviolable ; ou bien, ils ne cherchaient alors qu'un prétexte pour détruire la charte qu'ils invoquaient et pour renverser le trône qu'ils entouraient de leurs serments ; et, dans ce cas, il y avait hypocrisie de leur part, ou bien les reproches qu'ils dirigent aujourd'hui contre les ministres de Charles X. doivent retomber sur eux ; car, en supposant que les ministres de ce monarque aient fait une fausse interprétation de l'article 14., leurs accusateurs ont fait plus, ils ont brisé une charte et une couronne.

“ D'autres, par leurs aveux, justifient d'une manière plus éclatante encore les ordonnances de Charles X. Ils déclarent qu'il y a eu, sous la restauration, une conspiration permanente contre les Bourbons ; ils en nomment les chefs, ils en indiquent et la marche et le but, lequel était, disent ils, de renverser à la fois et le trône et la charte ; ils se vantent d'avoir, dans les derniers temps du règne des Bourbons, rendu tout gouvernement *impossible* ; c'est ainsi, qu'en révélant leur anciens projets, qui, au reste, étaient bien connus du gouvernement en 1830, ils disculpent le souverain qu'ils ont détrôné, puisqu'ils prouvent qu'il n'a agi que dans un but de défense personnelle et pour repousser des attaques qui menaçaient le trône et la tranquillité publique.

“ Il suffirait donc aujourd'hui, pour justifier Charles X. et ses conseillers, d'enregistrer les aveux qui remplissent les colonnes des journaux français. L'histoire impartiale se chargera sans doute de ce soin.

“ Dans une brochure que j'ai publiée au commencement de cette année, et que je prie la personne qui a la bonté de vous transmettre cette lettre, de vouloir bien vous faire passer, j'ai prouvé la légalité des ordonnances du 27. Juillet, 1830 ; j'ai même prouvé que les adversaires de la couronne avaient, soit dans leurs discours à la tribune parlementaire, soit dans leurs écrits, interprété le sens de

l'article 14. de l'ancienne charte de la même manière que l'avait interprété la couronne en 1830. Or, que disait cet article ? *que le roi pourrait faire des ordonnances pour la sûreté de l'état.* Qui oserait dire aujourd'hui que l'état n'était pas alors en danger ? qui pourrait nier que le trône ne fut, à cette époque, miné de tous côtés, et qu'une révolution ne menaçât la France ? mais les passions frappent et ne raisonnent pas.

“ Vous excuserez, Monsieur, la longueur des détails dans lesquels je suis entré ; j'ai cru devoir vous les soumettre, sachant que votre judicieux discernement et votre impartialité vous portent à ne pas juger des causes seulement par leurs effets, ni à vous laisser séduire par des apparences trompeuses. Je terminerai cette lettre par quelques observations sur la note que vous avez entre les mains, intitulée *Note sur quelques circonstances relatives aux évènements de Juillet, 1830.*

“ De graves erreurs, à ce qu'il me semble, se sont propagées concernant le nombre de troupes confiées au Maréchal Duc de Raguse, lors des troubles qui éclatèrent à Paris vers la fin de Juillet, 1830. Vous pouvez maintenant juger combien sont erronnées les bruits qu'on s'est plu à répandre à ce sujet. Une simple observation suffit pour en démontrer la fausseté. N'est-il pas évident, en effet, que, si le Duc de Raguse n'eût eu à sa disposition que cinq à six mille hommes, comme on la prétendu, il y eût eu, de sa part, une coupable impéritie à adopter le plan qu'il suivit le 28. Juillet, au moment où l'insurrection avait acquis son plus haut degré d'intensité. Ce plan consistait, comme on le sait, à diviser ses troupes en trois colonnes, lesquelles devaient traverser Paris dans sa plus grande longueur, puis se répandre dans les rues nombreuses de la capitale. L'exécution de ce plan me parut même audacieux ; les résultats n'en furent point heureux ; la plus grande partie des troupes, ainsi divisées en petits corps épars dans des rues étroites, eurent beaucoup de peine à revenir sur leurs pas, et à surmonter les obstacles et les dangers qui s'opposaient à leur retour. Quoiqu'il en soit, on ne peut, sans faire injure aux talents militaires,

ou aux sentiments de loyauté et de fidélité du Maréchal Duc de Raguse, supposer que, dans l'état de fermentation générale dans laquelle se trouvait alors la capitale, il eût osé tenter l'exécution d'un semblable plan avec cinq, huit, et même dix mille hommes ; cependant il la tenta ; donc, il crut que les forces qu'il commandait étaient suffisantes pour en assurer la réussite.

“ Ce n'est point tout, après la journée du 28. la seule, on peut le dire, dans laquelle les rues de Paris furent le théâtre d'une lutte sanglante, puisque le lendemain matin la capitale fut évacuée, le Duc de Raguse, malgré la résistance opiniâtre qu'il avait rencontrée, dit hautement à mes collègues, à moi-même et à d'autres officiers présens, qu'il se maintiendrait un mois dans la position qu'il occupait alors ; cette position était le Louvre, les Thuilleries, les deux quais de la rivière et les Boulevards : il ajouta qu'elle *était inexpugnable*, et insista pour que j'en donnasse connaissance au roi, ce que je fis aussitôt. Il est donc hors de doute, qu'à cette époque, le Duc de Raguse avait encore la ferme conviction, que ses forces étaient suffisantes pour s'opposer aux efforts de l'insurrection, bien que toutes les troupes, qui des divers points de la division militaire placée sous son commandement se dirigeaient sur Paris, ne l'eussent point encore rejoint.

“ Ainsi voilà deux faits avérés, incontestables, l'un desquels s'est passé avant l'action et l'autre après l'action, qui, sans autre commentaire, prouvent l'absurdité des bruits que des journaux français et étrangers se sont plus à accréditer relativement à l'insuffisance des forces qui furent confiées au Duc de Raguse, au mois de Juillet, 1830.

“ Le 29. Juillet, au matin, Paris fut tout-à-coup évacué, presque sans coup férir ; je cessai d'être ministre, et de prendre par conséquent part aux évènements qui se sont succédés : qu'elles furent les causes de cette retraite précipitée, qui livra la capitale aux insurgés et la monarchie à ses ennemis, c'est à l'histoire qu'il appartient de les approfondir : quant à moi je les ignore encore.

“ Il n'est peut-être pas inutile, Monsieur, que je pré-

vienne une objection qui pourrait être faite à deux assertions contenues dans la note qui vous a été transmise, et qui, au premier abord, semblent se contredire. Il y est dit, au commencement de la 2^{me} page, que, dans le court délai de trois semaines qui s'écoula depuis le moment où le principe des ordonnances fut arrêté, et celui où elles furent signées, *tout mouvement considérable de troupes devenait impossible* : plus loin, à-peu-près à la septième page, il est dit, au contraire, que *dans l'espace de huit ou dix jours, une force d'environ cinquante-cinq à soixante mille hommes se serait trouvée sous les murs de Paris*. Ces deux assertions, quoique contradictoires en apparence, ne le sont cependant pas. Il suffit, pour s'en assurer, de réfléchir à quelle époque se rapportent les mouvements militaires auxquels l'une et l'autre de ces assertions fait allusion. La première époque se rapporte à un temps qui précédait les évènements de Juillet, auquel temps il était important de ne pas éveiller l'attention publique, ni celle des journaux, sur des déplacements de troupes que le gouvernement n'eût pu expliquer, et qui eût pu faire naître des soupçons sur la nature des mesures qu'on voulait adopter ; la seconde époque se rapporte, au contraire, à un temps subséquent à l'insurrection de Paris. Toutes les précautions indiquées ci-dessus devenaient alors inutiles : à la première époque, les mouvements de troupes devaient se combiner avec la sûreté de quelques localités importantes qui exigeaient une surveillance spéciale, telles que Lyon, Rouen, Nantes, Bordeaux, &c., qu'on ne pouvait laisser dépourvues de forces militaires. On jugea même prudent d'augmenter, dans le courant de Juillet, le nombre de troupes qui étaient alors en garnison dans quelques-unes des villes que je viens de citer. À l'autre époque, au contraire, tout devait céder devant la nécessité de sauver la capitale. On pouvait, on devait même négliger la sûreté de quelques points moins importants. Enfin, à la première époque, les mouvements de troupes ne pouvaient s'opérer que régulièrement, étapes par étapes, ce qui les rendaient difficiles et lents, tandis, qu'à l'autre époque, la rapidité de ces mouvements en faisait seule le

mérite : l'ordre était donné aux troupes de s'avancer à *marches forcées* ; les étapes étoient doublées ; on eût pu même, au besoin, transporter les troupes en chariots.

“J’ai cru, Monsieur, devoir vous donner ces explications, qui furent devenues inutiles si le rédacteur de la note que vous avez entre les mains eût mieux exprimé sa pensée ; les détails qu’elle contient seront rapportés avec plus de développement dans un travail qui se prépare, mais dont la publication doit être encore ajournée ; et c’est à vous, Monsieur, que je serai redevable du premier essai qui aura été tenté d’éclairer le public sur des circonstances peu connues des uns et calomnieusement interprétées par les autres : une semblable tâche ne pouvait être entreprise par une plume plus éloquente, plus habile, ni qui fit mieux présager le succès.

“C’est avec regret, Monsieur, que je me suis vu forcé d’emprunter une main étrangère pour tracer les lignes que j’ai l’honneur de vous adresser ; mais la faiblesse de mes yeux et d’autres incommodités inhérentes à la position dans laquelle je me trouve en ce moment, m’en ont fait une nécessité. Je n’ai pas, cependant, voulu terminer ma lettre sans charger moi-même de vous réitérer l’expressions de ma vive reconnaissance, ni sans vous prier d’agréer ici l’assurance de mes sentimens d’estime et de haute considération.

“ LE PRINCE DE POLIGNAC.

“ To Dr. SOUTHEY,
&c. &c. &c.”

THE END.

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